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HISTOIRE D'UN CRIME  
PAR  
VICTOR HUGO

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# HISTORY OF A CRIME

(DEPOSITION OF A WITNESS)

BY

VICTOR HUGO

*TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH*

BY

HUNTINGTON SMITH

VOL. I

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THIS book is more than timely ; it is needed.

I publish it.

V. H.

PARIS, October 1, 1877.

## NOTE.

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THIS book was written twenty-six years ago, at Brussels, during the first months of exile. It was begun on the fourteenth of December, 1851, the day after the author reached Belgium, and it was completed on the fifth of May, 1852, as if chance would commemorate the anniversary of the death of the first Bonaparte with the condemnation of the second. Chance also, by an accumulation of labor, care, and sorrow, has delayed the publication of this history till the present eventful year of 1877. Had chance also something to do with the coincidence that brings the affairs of the past and the affairs of to-day in juxtaposition? We trust not.

As we have said, the story of the *Coup d'État* was written by a hand still hot with battling against the *Coup d'État*. The exile at once became an historian. In his outraged memory he bore the impress of a crime, and he desired that nothing should be lost. Hence this book.

The manuscript of 1851 has been only slightly retouched. As it was, it remains; abounding in details, alive, we might almost say bleeding, with reality.

The author sits as trial justice; his companions in combat and exile all appear before him and proffer their evidence. His own testimony is added to theirs. History now has the facts. She will decide.

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# HISTORY OF A CRIME.

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## FIRST DAY.—THE AMBUSCADE.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### SECURITY.

ON the first of December, 1851, Charras shrugged his shoulders and unloaded his pistols. Belief in the possibility of a *Coup d'État* had become, in truth, humiliating. The theory that M. Louis Bonaparte contemplated unlawful violence vanished upon serious examination. The question of the moment was the Devinck election; it was clear that the government thought of nothing else. As to an attack upon the Republic and upon the People, who could be thinking of such a thing? Where was the man capable of entertaining such a project? For a tragedy, an actor is needed; and here, assuredly, the actor was lacking. To violate justice, suppress the Assembly, abolish the Constitution, throttle the Republic, abase the nation, sully the flag, dishonor the army, prostitute the clergy and the magistracy; to succeed, to triumph, to govern, to administrate, to exile, to banish, to transport, to ruin, to assassinate, to reign, with complicities that rendered law a hot-bed of vice,—what! all these enormities were to be committed? And by whom? By a Colossus? No! By a dwarf. The idea was laughed at. People did not say, “What a crime!” but, “What a farce!” For the truth was, they thought over the matter. Great deeds are done by great men. There are crimes too high for some hands to reach. For an eighteenth Brumaire there must be in the past, Arcola, and in the future, Austerlitz. It is not given to every one to be a great bandit. People said: “What

is this son of Hortense? Behind him he has Strasbourg instead of Arcola, and Boulogne instead of Austerlitz. He is a Frenchman born a Dutchman, and naturalized a Swiss. He is a cross between a Bonaparte and a Verhuell. He is celebrated only for the artlessness of his imperial affectation. Pluck a feather from this eagle, and you find a goose-quill in your hand. This Bonaparte has no popularity with the army. He is a counterfeit effigy, with more lead in him than gold. Certainly, French soldiers never will take the money of this pseudo Napoleon, and, in return, render rebellions, atrocities, massacres, outrages, treasons. If he attempts any knavery, he will fail. Not a regiment will move. Moreover, why should he attempt anything? No doubt he has his weak spots, but why suppose him absolutely to be a rascal? Such extraordinary actions are beyond him; he is incapable of them materially, why think him capable morally? Is he not bound by his oath? Has he not said, 'No one in Europe doubts my word. Fear nothing?'" To all of which the reply was: "Crimes are committed in a grand manner or in a petty manner. In the first case we have a Cæsar; in the second case, a Mandrin. Cæsar crosses the Rubicon; Mandrin straddles the gutter." But wise men interposed: "Don't mislead us with such offensive suspicions. This man has been exiled and unfortunate; exile enlightens, misfortune ameliorates."

Louis Bonaparte, moreover, was energetic in his protests. There was an abundance of facts in his favor. Why should he not be trustworthy? He had made extraordinary pledges. Towards the end of October, 1848, being then a candidate for the presidency, he went to see somebody at No. 37 Rue de la Tour d' Auvergne, and said: "I have come to make an explanation. People slander me. Do I seem like a fool? Do they think I intend to imitate Napoleon? There are two men who are models for a lofty ambition: one is Napoleon; the other, Washington. One was a man of genius, the other was a man of virtue. It is absurd to say, 'I will be a man of

genius'; it is noble to say, 'I will be a man of virtue.' Which depends upon ourselves, which is within our wills? To be a genius? No. To be upright? Yes. It is not practicable to strive after genius, but it is to strive after virtue. What could I imitate from Napoleon? One thing only, — a crime. Noble ambition! Why think me a madman? The Republic being established, I am not a great man, I shall not imitate Napoleon; but I am an honest man, I shall imitate Washington. Two pages in the history of France will bear my name, the name of Bonaparte; on the first there will be crime and glory, on the second there will be integrity and honor. And the second will perhaps be worth as much as the first. Why? Because if Napoleon is the greater, Washington is the better. Between the guilty hero and the upright citizen, I choose the upright citizen. Such is my ambition."

From 1848 to 1851 three years passed away. Louis Bonaparte had long been suspected; but prolonged suspicion disarms intelligence and wearies by its profitless duration. Louis Bonaparte had had deceitful ministers, like Magne and Rouher, but he had also had straightforward ministers, like Léon Faucher and Odilon Barrot, and the latter affirmed that he was upright and sincere. He had been seen to strike his breast before the doors of Ham; his foster sister, Madame Hortense Cornu, wrote to Mieroslawsky, — "I am a good Republican and I will answer for him"; his friend at Ham, Peauger, a loyal man, said, "Louis Bonaparte is incapable of treason." Had not Louis Bonaparte written a book on "Pauperism?" In the inner circles of the Elysée, Comte Potocki was a Republican, and Comte d'Orsay a Liberal. To Potocki, Louis Bonaparte said, "I am a man of the Democracy"; to d'Orsay, "I am a man of Liberty." The Marquis du Hallays was against the *Coup d'État* and the Marquise was for it. Louis Bonaparte said to the Marquis, "Fear nothing"; to the Marquise, "Don't be uneasy." The Assembly, after displaying at intervals some indications of disquietude, had settled into calm. There was General Neumayer, who was "sure"

and who from Lyons could march upon Paris. Changarnier wrote, "Representatives of the people, deliberate in peace." Louis Bonaparte himself had uttered these famous words, "I shall regard him who would change by force what is established by law, as an enemy to my country." More than that, "force" was the Army, the Army had commanders, beloved and victorious commanders — Lamoricière, Changarnier, Cavaignac, Le Flô, Bedeau, Charras. Could the African Army be imagined as arresting the African generals? On the twenty-eighth of November, 1851, Louis Bonaparte had said to Michel de Bourges: "If I wished to do wrong, I could not. Yesterday, Thursday, I had by invitation, five colonels of the Paris garrison at my table. I had the whim to question each one of them separately. The whole five declared that the Army never would countenance a resort to force or assault the inviolability of the Assembly. You may tell this to your friends." "He smiled," said Michel de Bourges, reassured, "and I smiled also." After that, Michel de Bourges said from the Tribune, "This is the man for me." In that same month of November, on the plea of libel upon the President of the Republic, the editor of a satirical journal was condemned to fine and imprisonment for a caricature representing Louis Napoleon in a shooting gallery, using the Constitution as a target. The minister of the interior, Morigny, declared in Council, before the president, that a guardian of power ought never to violate the law; if he did he would be — "a dishonest man," said the president. All these sayings and incidents were known to the public. The material and moral impossibility of a *Coup d'État* was plain to every one. Attack the National Assembly, arrest the representatives, what folly! As we have seen, Charras, who had been for a long time upon his guard, renounced all precautions. Security was complete and all-pervading. There were, to be sure, in the Assembly, some few of us who were still a little doubtful and who at times shook our heads; but we were regarded as imbeciles.

## CHAPTER II.

### PARIS SLEEPS: A RING AT THE BELL.

ON the second of December, 1851, Representative Versigny, of the Haute-Saône, — who while in Paris lived at No. 4 Rue Léonie, — was asleep. He slept very soundly; he had worked part of the night. Versigny was a young man, thirty-two years old, fair haired, gentle of countenance, energetic of mind, with a bent toward social and economical studies. He had passed the first portion of the night in reading and annotating a book by Bastiat; then, placing the open book upon the table, he fell asleep. All at once he was awakened by a sharp ring at the bell. He sat upright. Daylight had come. It was about seven o'clock in the morning.

Not expecting a visit at so early an hour, and thinking that some one had mistaken the door, he lay down again, and was about to fall asleep once more when a second ring, more emphatic than the first, awoke him thoroughly. He got up in his night-shirt and went to the door.

Michel de Bourges and Théodore Bac entered. Michel de Bourges was Versigny's neighbor. He lived at No. 16, Rue de Milan. Théodore Bac and Michel were pale, and seemed to be greatly agitated.

"Versigny," said Michel, "dress yourself quickly. Baune has been arrested."

"Bah," cried Versigny, "is it the Mauguin business over again?"

"It is something more serious," replied Michel. "Baune's wife and daughter came to my house half an hour ago. They had me awakened. Baune was arrested in his bed at six o'clock this morning."

"What does it all mean?" demanded Versigny. There was another ring at the door.

"There is some one who probably can tell us," Michel de Bourges responded. Versigny went to the door. It was Representative Pierre Lefranc. He brought the key to the mystery.

"Do you know what has happened?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied Michel; "Baune is in prison."

"The Republic is imprisoned," said Pierre Lefranc. "Have you read the placards?"

"No."

Pierre Lefranc then told them that the walls were covered with placards, that people were gathering out of curiosity to read them, that he himself went up to one posted at the corner of his street, and that the blow had fallen.

"The blow!" cried Michel; "say the crime!"

Pierre Lefranc went on to say that there were three placards, a decree and two proclamations, all three on white paper, and posted up side by side. The decree was in very large type.

The ex-Assemblyman Laissac, who, like Michel de Bourges, lived in the vicinity (at No. 4 Cité Gaillard) now entered. He brought the same news, and said that other arrests had been made in the night.

There was not a minute to be lost. They hastened to warn Yvan, the secretary of the Assembly, who had been the candidate of the Left, and who lived in the Rue de Boursault. They must unite in the task of warning and getting together such Republican representatives as were still at liberty. Versigny said, "I am going to see Victor Hugo."

It was eight o'clock in the morning; I was awake and writing in bed. My servant entered and said, with an air of alarm, —

"A representative of the people wishes to speak with you."

"Who?"

"Monsieur Versigny."



"Bring him here."

Versigny came in and told me what had happened. I leaped out of bed. He told me of the meeting to be held at Laissac's.

"Go at once and notify the other representatives," I said.

He went away.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

PRIOR to the fatal days of June, 1848, the Esplanade of the Invalides was made up of eight large grassplots, surrounded by wooden railings, between two clumps of trees, and separated perpendicularly by a street leading to the front of the Invalides. This street was intersected by three other streets running parallel to the Seine. There were great lawns where the children used to play. At the centre of the eight grassplots was a pedestal which bore, under the Empire, the bronze lion of St. Mark, brought from Venice; under the Restoration, a statue of Louis XIV. in white marble; and under Louis Philippe, a plaster bust of Lafayette. As the palace of the Constituent Assembly had been at the mercy of the insurgents on the twenty-second of June, 1848, and as there were no quarters for troops in the neighborhood, General Cavaignac had built several long rows of buildings on the grassplots, at about three hundred yards distant from the Invalides. In these barracks, which were capable of giving shelter to three or four thousand men, lodged the soldiers especially appointed to guard the National Assembly.

On the first of December, 1851, two regiments were installed in the barracks on the Esplanade—the Sixth and the Forty-second of the line; the Sixth under the command of Colonel Garderens de Boisse (famous before the second of December), and the Forty-second under Colonel Espinasse, who became famous after that date.

The usual night guard at the Palace of the Assembly was composed of a battalion of infantry and of thirty artillerymen,



with a captain. Besides these, the minister of war provided several soldiers to serve as orderlies. In a small, rectangular courtyard, called the artillery court, and to the right of the court of honor, were two mortars and six field pieces, with their ammunition wagons. The chief of battalion, who was military commandant of the palace, was himself under the immediate control of the auditors of the Assembly. When night came, the gratings and doors were fastened, sentinels were posted, orders were given out, and the palace was as secure as a citadel. The countersign was the same as that used in the Place de Paris.

By the especial command of the auditors, no armed force other than the guard on duty, was permitted to enter.

On the nights of the first and second of December, the legislative palace was guarded by a battalion of the Forty-second. The sitting of the first of December, which had been very quiet, and devoted to an examination of the municipal law, had finished at a late hour, with a tribune vote. At the moment when Monsieur Baze, one of the auditors, mounted to the tribune to deposit his vote, a representative belonging to what was called "the Élysée benches," approached him, and said in a low voice, "To-night you will be in custody." Warnings like this were heard every day, and at last, as we have already asserted, no one paid any attention to them. However, when the sitting was over, the auditors summoned the special commissary of police for the Assembly. President Dupin was present. The commissary, being questioned, declared that his agents reported "a dead calm" — that was the phrase he used — and there certainly was nothing to be feared on that night. And when the auditors went on with their questions, President Dupin said, "Bah!" and went away.

On this same day, the first of December, as General Le Flô's father-in-law was crossing the boulevard in front of Tortoni's, about three o'clock in the afternoon, some one passed rapidly by and whispered in his ear these significant

words: "Eleven o'clock — midnight." Not much attention was paid to this at the auditor's office, and some, in accordance with custom, laughed. But General Le Flô would not go to bed until the hour named had gone by, and he remained at the office till nearly one o'clock.

The outside stenographic service of the Assembly was in the charge of four messengers, connected with the *Moniteur*, whose duty it was to carry copy to the compositors, and bring back the proof-sheets to the Assembly palace, where M. Hippolyte Prévost corrected them. M. Hippolyte Prévost, the head of the stenographic service, who had suitable quarters at the legislative palace, was also musical editor of the *Moniteur*. On the first of December he went to the Opéra Comique, to witness the first representation of a new piece, and he did not return till after midnight. The fourth messenger of the *Moniteur* was waiting for him with the proof of the last galley. Monsieur Prévost corrected the proof, and the messenger took his departure. At that moment, a little after one o'clock, everything was quiet; with the exception of the guard, every one in the palace was asleep.

About this time a singular incident took place. The captain-adjutant-major of the Assembly battalion guard went to the major, and said: "The colonel has sent for me," and, in accordance with military custom, he asked, "Will you permit me to go?" The major was surprised. "Go," he said, somewhat sharply, "but the colonel ought not to interfere with an officer on duty." One of the soldiers on guard heard the major walk to and fro, and mutter several times, "What the devil does he want with him?"

Half an hour later, the adjutant-major returned.

"Well," asked his chief, "what did the colonel want?"

"Nothing," replied the adjutant; "he simply gave me orders for to-morrow."

The night passed on. About four o'clock in the morning the adjutant came again to his chief, and said: "Major, the colonel has sent for me again."

“Again!” cried the major, “this is getting mysterious — but go.”

Among his other duties, the adjutant gave instructions to the guard, and he could, of course, revoke them.

When the adjutant had departed, the major was so uneasy that he thought it his duty to notify the military commandant of the palace. He went up to the commandant's apartments. Lieutenant-Colonel Niols, the commandant, had gone to bed, and his attendants had retired to their rooms in the attics. The major, who was a stranger in the palace, felt his way along the corridors, and, knowing little of his surroundings, rang at a door which he thought might be that of the military commandant. No one came; the door did not open; the major went back without speaking to any one. The adjutant had returned to the palace, but the major did not see him. He remained near the Place de Bourgogne gate, wrapped in his cloak, and pacing to and fro, as if waiting for somebody.

At the moment when the hour of five rang out from the great clock in the dome, the troops sleeping in the barracks of the Invalides were suddenly awakened. Orders were given in low tones within the dormitories that they should take their arms in silence. A little later, two regiments, the Sixth and the Forty-second, with knapsacks on their backs, were marching towards the Assembly palace.

At this same hour — five o'clock — all the infantry in Paris emerged noiselessly from their quarters, with their colonels at their head. Louis Bonaparte's aides and orderlies were stationed in the various barracks, and took charge of the call to arms. The cavalry were not set in motion till three-quarters of an hour after the infantry, for fear that the horses' hoofs on the pavements would awaken sleeping Paris.

M. de Persigny, who had brought the order calling out the troops from the Élysée to the Invalides, marched at the head of the Forty-second, by the side of Colonel Espinasse. It was said in army circles — nowadays, wearied as we are with instances of fallen honor, such stories are told with a sort

of sombre indifference—it was said in army circles, that at the moment when his regiment was going out, one of the colonels who might be named, hesitated, and that the man from the Élysée taking a sealed packet out of his pocket, said: “Colonel, I know you are running a great risk; in this envelope, which I am commissioned to hand to you, are a hundred thousand francs in bank notes, *for emergencies.*” The envelope was accepted and the regiment moved on. On the night of the second of December, this colonel said to a certain woman: “I won this morning, one hundred thousand francs and a general’s epaulets.” The woman showed him the door. Xavier Durrieu, who told us the story, had the curiosity to go and see this woman. She confirmed what he had heard. Certainly she had driven the scoundrel away—a soldier who had betrayed his flag dared to visit her! she receive such a man? No, not she! And, according to Xavier Durrieu, she added: “I am not very rigid in my ideas of propriety, either!”

Another mystery was in progress at the prefecture of police. Inhabitants of the city, who got home at a late hour, noticed that a great many cabs were stationed at various points, in groups, in the vicinity of the Rue de Jérusalem. From nightfall till eleven o’clock, the special officers and the eight hundred policemen were held at the prefecture, on the pretext that refugees were coming to Paris from Genoa and London. At three o’clock in the morning, orders were issued calling in the forty-eight commissaries of Paris and the suburbs, and also the peace officers. In an hour, all had come in. They were put into a room by themselves, and isolated from one another as much as possible.

At five o’clock, a bell was struck several times in the prefect’s office. The prefect, Maupas, summoned the commissaries, one after the other, told them what was to take place, and assigned to each his part in the crime. No one refused; several of them thanked him.

The plan was to arrest seventy-eight democrats, who, being

influential in their districts, were feared by the *Élysée* as possible commanders of barricades. More audacious still was the proposal to arrest sixteen representatives of the people at their own homes. For this latter enterprise, those were chosen from among the commissaries who showed the greatest aptitude for brigandage. To each magistrate was allotted a representative. Courtille had Charras, Desgranges had Nadaud, the elder Hubaut had M. Thiers, the younger Hubaut had General Bedeau; General Changarnier was given to Lerat, and General Cavaignac to Colin; Dourlens had Representative Valentin; Benoist, Representative Miot; Allard, Representative Cholat; Barlet had M. Roger du Nord, General Lamoricière fell to Commissary Blanchet, Commissary Gronfier had Representative Greppo, and Commissary Boudrot had Representative Lagrange; the auditors were assigned, Baze to Primorin, and General Le Flô to Bertoglio.

Warrants bearing the names of the representatives had actually been made out in the prefect's office. The names of the commissaries were left blank. These were filled in at the moment of departure. Besides the armed force held in readiness to assist them, each commissary was accompanied by two guards, one of regular policemen, the other of officers in plain clothes. In accordance with Prefect Maupas's promise to M. Bonaparte, the captain of the Republican guard, Baudinet, was assigned to Commissary Lerat for the arrest of General Changarnier. About half-past five, the waiting cabs were called, and all went away, each with his special instructions.

Meanwhile, in another part of Paris,—the old *Rue du Temple*,—in the venerable Soubise mansion which had been transformed into the royal printing office, and which is to-day the national printing office, another part of the game was going on. About one o'clock in the morning a passer, who was approaching the *Rue du Temple* from the *Rue Vieilles-Haudriettes*, noticed, at the angle formed by these two streets, several long and high windows which were brilliantly illuminated. These were the windows of the workrooms of the



national printing office. He turned to the right and entered the old Rue du Temple and a moment later passed before the crescent-shaped space in front of the printing office. The principal entrance was closed, and two sentinels guarded the side door. This door was partly opened and the passer-by, glancing into the printing-office courtyard, saw that it was filled with soldiers. The soldiers refrained from speech, no noise was heard, but the glitter of bayonets was visible. The astonished passer drew near. One of the sentinels thrust him rudely back, and cried: "Go away!"

The workmen at the national printing-office, like the policemen at the prefecture, had been held for night work. At the moment when M. Hippolyte Prévost returned to the legislative palace, the director of the national printing office went also to his quarters, for he also had been to the Opéra Comique to see the new piece, which was by his brother, M. de Saint-Georges. As soon as he entered, the director, who had received his orders during the day from the Élysée, took a pair of pocket pistols, and walked down to the vestibule which leads by a short flight of steps to the courtyard. A little later, the street gate opened, a cab entered, and a man carrying a large portfolio got out. The director went up to the man, and said, —

"Is it you, Monsieur de Béville?"

"Yes," said the man.

The cab was put in the coach house, the horses taken to the stables, and the coachman was installed in a lower room, where he was given something to drink and a purse was put in his hand. A bottle of wine and a few gold pieces form the working capital of this sort of politics. The coachman drank and fell asleep. The door of the room was fastened.

Scarcely had the great door of the printing office been shut, when it opened again and gave passage to armed men, who entered silently, and the door was once more closed. It was a company of the militia, the fourth of the First Battalion, under the command of a captain named La Roche-d'Oisy. It will be

seen from what follows that in all delicate enterprises the men of the *Coup d'État* were careful to employ the Mobile and the Republican Guard. Both organizations were composed of former members of the Municipal Guard, and all had at heart a bitter memory of the events of February.

Captain la Roche-d'Oisy bore a letter from the minister of war, placing him and his troop at the command of the director of the national printing office. Without a word they loaded their muskets, and placed sentries in the workrooms, in the corridors, at the door, at the windows, everywhere; two were placed at the street gate. The captain asked what orders he should give the soldiers.

"Nothing more easy," said the man who had come in the cab. "If any one tries to get out, or to open a window, shoot him."

This man, who was no other than M. de Bévillé, orderly to M. Bonaparte, went with the director to the main office on the first floor, a retired room overlooking the garden. There he showed the director what he had brought: the decree dissolving the Assembly, the appeal to the army, the appeal to the people, the decree convoking the electors, Prefect Maupas's proclamation, and the prefect's letter to the commissaries of police. The first four documents were entirely in the president's handwriting. Here and there were several erasures.

The compositors were waiting. Each one was placed between two soldiers, with orders not to utter a word, and then the documents to be printed were distributed through the room, cut up into "takes" so small that no one compositor had an entire phrase. The director announced that he would give them an hour to do the whole business. As each "take" was set up, the type was brought to Colonel Bévillé, who arranged it in proper order, and corrected the proofs. The printing was done with the same precautions; two soldiers were stationed at each press. But, in spite of all their diligence, the work lasted for two hours, the soldiers watching the workmen and Bévillé watching Saint-Georges.

When the work was done, there occurred a suspicious incident which looked very much like a betrayal of treason. A traitor at the mercy of a greater traitor, — crime of this sort is always subject to such chances. Bévillé and Saint-Georges, — the two servitors to whom had been entrusted the secret of the *Coup d'État* and the safety of the president, — a secret which was on no account to be divulged till the critical moment, for fear of ruining everything, — Bévillé and Saint-Georges conceived the idea of communicating it at once to two hundred men, “to see what the effect would be,” as Colonel Bévillé somewhat artlessly explained a little later. They read the mysterious, newly-printed documents to the soldiers drawn up in the courtyard. The former municipal guards applauded. If they had hooted, what would have been the effect on the two agents of the *Coup d'État*? Perhaps Monsieur Bonaparte would have been awakened from his dream at Vincennes.

The coachman was set at liberty, the horses were hitched to the cab, and at four o'clock in the morning the orderly and the director of the national printing-office, henceforth two criminals, arrived at the prefecture of police with the bundles of placards. There they received the first brand of shame; the prefect, Maupas, took them by the hand. Bands of bill posters, hired for the occasion, scattered in every direction with the decrees and proclamations.

At the same hour, the palace of the National Assembly was surrounded by troops. In the Rue de l'Université there is a gate to the palace which was the former entrance to the Palais Bourbon, and which is at the end of the avenue leading to the house of the president of the Assembly. This gate, called the presidency gate, was, according to custom, guarded by a sentinel. For some time the adjutant-major, who had been sent for twice by Colonel Espinasse, remained motionless and silent near this sentinel. Five minutes after they had left their barracks, the Forty-second of the line, followed at some distance by the Sixth, through the Rue de Bourgogne,



emerged into the Rue de l' Université. The regiment, according to an eyewitness, marched as softly as if moving about a sick room. With stealthy steps they came to the presidency gate. It was an ambushade against law.

The sentinel, observing the approach of the troops, paused, but before he could cry "Who goes there?" the adjutant-major seized him by the arm and by his authority as an officer empowered to countermand instructions, he ordered that the Forty-second should be allowed to pass, and at the same time told the astounded porter to open the gate. The gate swung back on its hinges, the soldiers swarmed into the avenue, and Persigny entering with them said, "It is done!" The National Assembly was invaded. At the noise of footsteps, the commandant, Meunier, ran out.

"Commandant," cried Colonel Espinasse, "I have come to relieve you of your battalion."

The commandant turned pale and gazed fixedly for a moment at the ground. Then he suddenly lifted his hand and tore off his epaulets, drew his sword and broke it across his knee, threw the two fragments on the pavement, and, trembling with emotion, exclaimed in a solemn voice, "Colonel, you dishonor the number of your regiment."

"Well, well!" said Espinasse.

The presidency gate was left open, but all the other entrances were closed. All the guards were relieved, the sentinels were changed, the battalion which had been on duty was sent back to the camp on the Invalides, and the soldiers stacked their arms in the avenue and the court of honor. The Forty-second silently took possession of the outer doors, the inner doors, the courtyard, the lower rooms, the galleries, the corridors, the passages, — and all this time every one in the palace slept.

Two little "forty-sous" coupés and two cabs soon drove up, escorted by two detachments of the Republican Guard and the Vincennes Rangers, and by a detail of police. From the two coupés, the commissaries Bertoglio and Primorin descended.

As the carriages drove up, a person who was bald but still young appeared at the grating of the Place de Bourgogne. This person looked like a man of the world just come from the opera, and in fact he did come from thence, although by way of a brigand's cave. He came from the Élysée. It was M. de Morny. He looked for a moment at the soldiers stacking their arms; then he pushed his way up to the presidency gate and exchanged a few words with M. de Persigny. A quarter of an hour later, accompanied by two hundred and fifty of the Vincennes Rangers, he took possession of the ministry of the interior, surprising the alarmed M. de Thorigny in his bed, and brusquely handing him a letter of thanks from M. Bonaparte. Several days before, the candid M. de Thorigny, whose artless words we have already quoted, said to a group of men, as M. de Morny was passing, —

“How these ultra-radicals slander the president! to violate his oath, to bring about a *Coup d'État*, he would indeed be a scoundrel.”

Awakened suddenly in the middle of the night, and relieved of his office, as the sentinels had been relieved of their duties, the good man was astonished, rubbed his eyes, and stammered, —

“Eh, then the president is a —”

“Yes,” said Morny, with an outburst of laughter.

He who writes these lines knew Morny. Morny and Walewsky occupied in the quasi-reigning family, one the position of a royal, and the other the position of an imperial, bastard. Who was this Morny? We will describe him. A celebrated wit, an intriguer, but not austere; a friend of Romieu, and a supporter of Guizot, having the manners of the world and the morals of a gambler; self-satisfied, shrewd, liberal in his ideas, but ready in an emergency to resort to crime, concealing his artful purposes under a gracious bearing; leading a life of pleasure; dissipated, but never effusive; ugly, good-tempered, resolute, well-dressed, bold; ready to leave his brother in a prison cell and to sacrifice his life for the emperor; having the

same mother as Louis Bonaparte, and, like Louis Bonaparte, having some sort of a father; entitled to call himself Flahaut or Beauharnais, and calling himself Morny; pursuing literature to the limit of light comedy, and politics to tragedy; following pleasure to the death, possessing all the frivolity of which an assassin could be capable, a subject for a sketch by Marivaux or for a historical monologue by Tacitus; devoid of conscience, irreproachable in bearing, infamous and amiable; at need a perfect aristocrat, — such was this malefactor.

It was not yet six o'clock in the morning. Troops were beginning to assemble in the Place de la Concorde, where Leroy Saint-Arnaud on horseback held a review.

The commissaries, Bertoglio and Primorin, placed two companies in battle array under the dome of the grand staircase in the auditors' department; but they did not ascend that way. They were accompanied by detectives who knew all the secret resources of the Palais Bourbon. They went through hidden passages.

General Le Flô had apartments in the wing occupied by Monsieur Feuchères in the time of the Duc de Bourbon. General Le Flô had with him that night his sister and his brother-in-law, who had come to visit him in Paris. The door of the room where they slept opened into one of the palace corridors. Commissary Bertoglio dashed at this door, forced it open, and he and his agents forcibly entered a room where a woman was in bed. The general's brother-in-law sprang up, and called to the auditor, who slept in an adjoining room, —

“Adolphe, they are forcing the doors, the palace is full of soldiers, get up!”

The general opened his eyes and saw Commissary Bertoglio standing by his bed. He sprang up.

“General,” said the commissary, “I have come to fulfil a duty.”

“I understand,” said General Le Flô, “you are a traitor.”

The commissary stammered something about “a plot against the safety of the state,” and showed a warrant. The general,

without a word, struck the infamous paper with the back of his hand. Then he dressed himself, put on the uniform he had worn at Constantine and Médéah, fondly imagining, in his loyal, soldierly fashion, that he had yet some influence as an African general with the soldiers he would meet on his way. But the only generals of any account now were traitors. His wife embraced him. His son, a child of seven years, in his night-shirt, wept and said to the commissary, —

“Have pity, Monsieur Bonaparte.”

The general, as he pressed his wife to his heart, whispered in her ear, —

“There are cannon in the courtyard; try to fire an alarm.”

The commissary and the agents led him away. He looked at the police with disdain, and would hold no speech with them; but, when he got to the courtyard and saw the soldiers and recognized Colonel Espinasse, the heart of the soldier and the Breton swelled with wrath.

“Colonel Espinasse,” he exclaimed, “you are a villain, and I hope I shall live long enough to tear the buttons from your uniform.”

Ex-Colonel Espinasse hung his head and stammered, “I do not know you.” A major waved his sword and cried, “We have had enough of these law-making generals.” Several soldiers crossed their bayonets in front of the unarmed prisoner, three policemen forced him into a cab, and a sub-lieutenant, approaching the vehicle and looking into the face of the man who as a citizen, was his representative, and as a soldier, his general, flung at him the shameful word, “Canaille !”

In the meantime, Commissary Primorin had taken a circuitous route that he might the more surely surprise the other auditor, Monsieur Baze. The apartment occupied by Monsieur Baze had a door opening into a corridor which communicated with the Assembly chamber. At this door, Primorin knocked.

“Who is there ?” asked a servant, who was dressing himself.

"The commissary of police," replied Primorin.

The servant, thinking that he was the commissary of the Assembly, opened the door. At this moment Monsieur Baze, who had been awakened by the noise, put on a dressing-gown and exclaimed, —

"Don't open the door."

He had scarcely spoken these words when an officer in plain clothes and three policemen in uniform rushed into the room. The officer threw back his coat, showing his tricolored badge, and asked, —

"Do you recognize this?"

"Miserable scoundrel," said Monsieur Baze. The agents seized him by the arm.

"You shall not take me away," he cried. "You, commissary, are a magistrate and know what you are doing, — you are assaulting the legislative power, you are violating the law, you are a criminal!"

A struggle followed, hand to hand, four against one, Madame Baze and her two little daughters crying aloud in dismay, while the servant was struck with the policemen's fists and driven back.

"You brigands," cried Monsieur Baze.

They carried him away in their arms, still struggling, nearly naked, his dressing-gown in rags, his body covered with bruises, his wrist torn and bleeding. The staircase, the lower hall, the courtyard, were full of soldiers with fixed bayonets and grounded arms. The auditor appealed to them, —

"They are arresting your representatives, you were not given arms to break the laws." A sergent wore a brand-new cross. "Did you get the cross for this?" The sergent replied, "We know only one master." "I shall remember your number," said Monsieur Baze; "you belong to a dishonored regiment." The soldiers listened with a stolid air and seemed still to be half asleep. "Do not answer him; it is nothing to you," said Primorin. They



carried the auditor across the courtyard to the guard-house near the black gate, — the little gate under the vault opposite the treasury of the Assembly and opening opposite the Rue de Lille into the Rue de Bourgogne. Sentinels were stationed at the door of the guard-house and at the top of the little flight of steps leading thither, and there Monsieur Baze was left in charge of three policemen. Several unarmed soldiers came and went in their shirt-sleeves. The auditor appealed to them in the name of military honor. "Do not answer him," said the policemen to the soldiers.

Monsieur Baze's two little daughters followed their father with terror-stricken eyes. When they lost him from sight, the younger burst into sobs. "Sister," said the elder, who was seven years old, "we will say our prayers." The two children clasped their hands and knelt upon the floor.

Commissary Primorin, with his horde of agents, rushed into the auditor's study and laid hands on everything. The first papers he saw upon the table, and which he seized, were the famous decrees prepared in case the Assembly should agree to the propositions made by the auditors. All the drawers were opened and their contents overhauled. This overhauling of papers, called by the commissary "a domiciliary visit," lasted more than an hour.

Monsieur Baze had been supplied with his clothing. When the "domiciliary visit" was over, he was taken from the guard-house. There was a cab in the courtyard. Monsieur Baze entered it, and three policemen got in with him. The cab, on it's way to the presidency gate, went through the court of honor and then through the artillery court. Day was approaching. Monsieur Baze looked about the court to see if the cannon were still there. He saw the ammunition wagons arranged in order with shafts raised, but the six cannon and the two mortars had disappeared.

In the avenue to the presidency the cab stopped for a moment. Two rows of soldiers, standing at ease, lined the sidewalks on either hand. Three men were standing to-

gether under a tree,—Colonel Espinasse, whom Monsieur Baze at once recognized, a sort of lieutenant-colonel, who wore a black and orange ribbon around his neck, and a major of lancers, all three with swords in their hands and talking together. The cab windows were closed. Monsieur Baze wanted to put them down, that he might call to the three men. The policemen grasped his arms. Commissary Primorin appeared, and entered the little two-seated coupé in which he had come.

“Monsieur Baze,” he said, with the villanous courtesy characteristic of all the criminal agents of the *Coup d’État*, “you are uncomfortable with those three men in the cab, you are crowded, get in here with me.”

“Let me alone,” said the prisoner. “I am crowded with these three men; with you, I should be defiled.”

An escort of infantry formed on both sides of the cab. Colonel Espinasse called to the coachman, “Drive slowly along the Quai d’Orsay till you meet a cavalry escort. The cavalry will take charge, and the infantry will return.”

They started. As the cab turned into the Quai d’Orsay, a picket of the Seventh Lancers came up at full gallop. It was the escort. The troopers surrounded the cab and went on their way. Nothing particular occurred during the journey. Here and there, at the sound of trotting horses, windows opened and heads appeared. The prisoner, who had finally succeeded in putting down a window, heard alarmed voices asking, “What’s the matter?” The cab stopped.

“Where are we?” asked Monsieur Baze.

“At Mazas,” said a policeman.

The auditor was taken into the prison office. As he entered, he saw Baune and Nadaud brought out. A table was in the middle of the room, and there Commissary Primorin, who had followed in his coupé, took his seat.

While the commissary was writing, Monsieur Baze noticed on the table a paper, evidently a jail register, on which these names were written in the following order: Lamoricière,

Charras, Cavaignac, Changarnier, Le Flô, Thiers, Bedeau, Roger (du Nord), Chambolle: this is probably the order in which the representatives were brought to the prison. When Primorin had finished writing, Monsieur Baze said, —

“You will now receive my protest, and add it to your official report.”

“It is not an official report,” said the commissary; “it is simply an order for committal.”

“I intend to write my protest at once,” said Monsieur Baze.

“You will have time enough in your cell,” smilingly remarked a man standing by the table. Monsieur Baze turned.

“Who are you?”

“I am the governor of the prison,” the man replied.

“In that case, I am sorry for you,” said Monsieur Baze, “for you know what a crime you are perpetrating.”

The man turned pale and stammered out several unintelligible words. The commissary rose. Monsieur Baze quickly took possession of the chair, seated himself at the table, and said to Primorin, —

“You are a public official. I ask you to add my protest to your official report.”

“Very well; so be it,” said the commissary. Monsieur Baze wrote the following protest, —

“I, the undersigned, Jean Didier Baze, representative of the people and auditor of the National Assembly, taken by violence from my domicile in the palace of the National Assembly, and brought to this prison by an armed force which I have been unable to resist, do hereby solemnly protest, in my own name and in the name of the National Assembly, against the outrage on national representation committed upon my colleagues and upon myself.

“Done at Mazas, this second day of December, 1851, at eight o’clock in the morning.

“BAZE.”

While this was taking place at Mazas, the soldiers were laughing and drinking in the courtyard of the assembly. They made coffee in saucepans. They lighted enormous fires in the court, and the flames, driven by the wind, some-



times reached the walls of the chamber. One of the officials of the auditors' department, an officer in the National Guard, M. Ramond de la Croisette, took the liberty of saying: "You will set fire to the palace." A soldier struck him with his fist. Four of the pieces taken from the artillery court were trained in a battery against the Assembly; two in the Place de Bourgogne were pointed at the grating, and two on the Pont de la Concorde were pointed towards the grand staircase. As a footnote to this instructive record, let us include one more interesting fact. The Forty-second of the line was the same regiment that had arrested Louis Bonaparte at Boulogne. In 1840, this regiment was the strong arm of the law against the conspirator; in 1851, it was the strong arm of the conspirator against the law. Such are the charms of passive obedience.

## CHAPTER IV.

### OTHER EVENTS OF THE NIGHT.

DURING this same night, acts of brigandage occurred in all parts of Paris. Unknown men, at the head of armed troops, and themselves armed with hatchets, mallets, pincers, crow-bars, loaded clubs, swords concealed under their coats, pistols with butts showing under their clothing, — gathered silently in front of some particular house, took possession of the street, guarded the approaches, picked the lock of the door, bound the porter, invaded the staircase, burst through the door upon a sleeping man, and when this man, rudely awakened, asked of these bandits, "Who are you?" the leader replied, "The commissary of police."

Thus it was with Lamoricière, who was seized by Blanchet, and threatened with the gag; with Greppo, who was brutally handled and thrown down by Gronfier and his six men carrying a dark lantern and an axe; with Cavaignac, who was secured by Colin, that suave brigand, who pretended to be shocked at the oaths of his victim; with Monsieur Thiers, seized by the elder Hubaut, who added falsehood to crime by asserting that the prisoner "trembled and wept"; with Valentin, who was assaulted in his bed by Dourlens, taken by the feet and shoulders, and thrust into a padlocked police van; with Miot, who was destined to the tortures of the African casemates; with Roger du Nord, who with bold and ironical wit offered sherry to his assailants.

Charras and Changarnier were taken by surprise. They lived in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, nearly opposite one another; Changarnier at No. 3, Charras at No. 14. Since the ninth of September, Changarnier had dispensed with the

fifteen armed men by whom he had hitherto been guarded at night, and, as we have said, on the first of December, Charras unloaded his pistols. The empty pistols were lying on the table when the police entered. The commissary threw himself upon them.

"You fool," said Charras, "if they had been loaded, you would have been a dead man."

These pistols, we may observe in passing, had been given to Charras, after the capture of Mascara, by General Renaud, who, at the moment of Charras' arrest by the *Coup-d'État* was on horseback in the street, a servant of the *Coup-d'État*. If the pistols had been loaded, and, if General Renaud had been sent to arrest Charras, it would have been singular if Renaud's pistols had killed Renaud. Charras, certainly, would not have hesitated. We have already given the names of the rascally police, and it is useless to repeat them here. Courtille arrested Charras; Lerat arrested Changarnier; Desgranges arrested Nadaud. The men who were thus seized in their own homes were representatives of the people, their persons were sacred; so, to the crime of the violation of personal rights, was added high treason, the violation of the Constitution.

Impudence was not lacking in the perpetration of these outrages. The police were in excellent spirits. Some of the droll fellows indulged in jests. At Mazas, the under-jailers chuckled around Thiers; Nadaud reprimanded them severely. The younger Hubaut awoke General Bedeau.

"General, you are a prisoner."

"My person is sacred."

"Not if you are caught in the act."

"Well" said Bedeau, "I am caught in the arms of sleep." They took him by the collar and dragged him to a cab.

When they met at Mazas, Nadaud clasped hands with Greppo, and Lagrange took the hand of Lamoricière. This made the police laugh. A certain Thirion, a colonel who wore the commander's cross at his neck, was present when the generals and representatives were brought in.

"Look me in the face," said Charras. Thirion moved away.

Thus, without counting arrests which took place later on, sixteen representatives and seventy-eight citizens were arrested during the night of the second of December. The two criminal agents sent in their accounts to Louis Bonaparte. "Locked up," wrote Morny; "jugged," wrote Maupas. One used the slang of the drawing-room; the other, the slang of the hulks. Subtle distinctions of language.

## CHAPTER V.

### DARKNESS OF CRIME.

VERSIGNY had just left me. While I was dressing myself in great haste, a man in whom I had the utmost confidence entered. He was a poor but worthy cabinet-maker out of work, named Girard, a woodcarver, not illiterate, to whom I had given shelter in a room of my house. He came from the street. He was trembling.

"Well," I asked, "what do the people say?"

"They are perplexed," said Girard. "The thing is done in such a way that they do not understand what has happened. Workmen read the placards, say not a word, and go about their business. Only one out of a hundred speaks, and he says, 'Good.' This is the way it looks to them: The law of May 31st is abolished. 'Very good.' Universal suffrage is reëstablished. 'That is better.' The reactionary majority is overthrown. 'Good enough.' Thiers is arrested. 'Excellent.' Changarnier is in custody. 'Bravo.' There are emissaries around every placard. Ratapoil explains the *Coup d'État* to Jacques Bonhomme, and Jacques Bonhomme swallows the bait. To put it briefly, my opinion is that the people will consent."

"So be it," said I.

"But what are you going to do, Monsieur Hugo?" Girard asked.

I took my official scarf from a wardrobe and showed it to him.

He understood.

We shook hands.

As he went out, Carini entered.

Colonel Carini is a brave man. He commanded the cavalry under Mieroslawsky during the Sicilian insurrection. He has told, in a few touching and enthusiastic pages, the story of that heroic revolt. Carini is one of the Italians who love France as we Frenchmen love Italy. Every true-hearted man in this century has two fatherlands, — the Rome of the past and the Paris of the present.

"Thank God," said Carini; "you are still free. The blow," he went on to say, "has been struck in a most formidable manner. The Assembly is invested. I just came from there. The Place de la Révolution, the quays, the Tuileries, the boulevards, are crowded with troops. The soldiers are provided with knapsacks. Horses are harnessed to the batteries. If fighting takes place, it will be a desperate business."

"There will be fighting," I responded. And I added, with a laugh, "You have proved that colonels can write like poets, now the poets must show that they can fight like colonels."

I went into my wife's chamber. She knew nothing of what was going on, and was peacefully reading a newspaper in bed. I had about me five hundred francs in gold. I placed on my wife's bed a box containing nine hundred francs, all the money I had left, and I told her what had occurred. She turned pale, and said, —

"What are you going to do?"

"My duty."

She embraced me, and uttered but one word, —

"Go."

My breakfast was ready. I ate a cutlet in two mouthfuls. As I finished, my daughter came in. She was startled at the manner in which I embraced her, and asked, —

"What is the matter?"

"Your mother will tell you," I said. And I went out.

The Rue de la Tour-d'Auvergne was as quiet and deserted as usual. However, four workmen were standing near my door, talking. They saluted me.

"You know what has happened?" I cried out to them.

"Yes," they said.

"Well, it is treason. Louis Bonaparte has throttled the Republic. The people are attacked, and the people must defend themselves."

"They will defend themselves."

"You promise me that?"

"Yes," they cried; and one of them added, "We swear it."

They kept their word. Barricades were erected in my street (Rue de la Tour-d'Auvergne), in the Rue des Martyrs, the Cité Rodier, the Rue Coquenard, and at Notre-Dame de Lorette.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PLACARDS.

As I left these brave fellows, I could read at the corner of the Rue de la Tour-d'Auvergne and the Rue des Martyrs, the three infamous placards which had been posted during the night on the walls of Paris. Here they are :—

#### “PROCLAMATION

“BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.—APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

“FRENCHMEN ! The present situation can last no longer. Every day that passes increases the dangers of the country. The Assembly, which ought to be the firmest support of order, has become a hot-bed of conspiracy. The patriotism of three hundred of its members has not been able to check its fatal tendencies. Instead of making laws in the general interest, it forges arms for civil war ; it trespasses on the powers I hold directly from the people ; it encourages all manner of evil passions ; I have dissolved it, and I declare the whole people to be the judge between it and me.

“The Constitution, as you know, was drawn up with the object of diminishing beforehand the power you were about to confide to me. Six millions of votes were a decisive protest against it, and yet I have observed it faithfully. Provocation, calumny, and outrage have found me immovable. But now that the fundamental compact is no longer observed even by the men who so incessantly invoke it, now that these men who have destroyed two monarchies would tie my hands that they may overthrow the Republic, it is my duty to frustrate their perfidious plans, to maintain the Republic, and to save the country by invoking the solemn judgment of the only sovereign that I recognize in France — the people.

“I appeal, therefore, to a united and loyal nation. If you wish to perpetuate an unhappy and degrading condition that compromises our

future, choose another in my place, for I will no longer retain a power impotent for good, which makes me responsible for acts that I cannot control, and which binds me to the helm while I see the vessel driven towards the abyss.

“If, on the other hand, you have confidence in me, provide me with the means for accomplishing the great mission you have imposed upon me.

“This mission consists in putting an end to revolutions, in satisfying the legitimate needs of the people, and in protecting the people against subversive passions. It consists, above all, in creating institutions which are superior to men, and which at least will serve as foundations upon which something durable may be established.

“Persuaded that the instability of power and the preponderance of a permanent Assembly are continual sources of trouble and discord, I submit to your decision the following fundamental principles for a Constitution, to be subsequently developed by the Assemblies : —

“1. A responsible chief, appointed for ten years.

“2. Ministers dependent solely on the executive power.

“3. A Council of State, formed of the most eminent men, to prepare laws and bring them before the legislative chamber.

“4. A legislative body to discuss and vote laws, chosen by universal suffrage, and without the *scrutin de liste*, which falsifies elections.

“5. A second chamber, formed of all the illustrious men of the country, an equalizing power, a guardian of the fundamental compact, and of public liberty.

“This system, which was devised by the First Consul at the beginning of the century, has already given France repose and prosperity ; it would insure them to her in the future.

“Such is my firm conviction. If you share it, declare it by your votes. If, on the contrary, you prefer a government without strength, whether monarchical or republican, borrowed from some unknown past or some chimerical future, let your response be in the negative.

“Thus, for the first time since 1804, you will vote with a full knowledge of the facts, knowing exactly for whom and for what.

“If I do not secure a majority of your suffrages, I will summon a new Assembly and place in its hands the commission I have received from you.

“But if you believe the cause symbolized by my name, France regenerated by the Revolution of '89, and organized by the emperor, is still to be yours, — proclaim it, by sanctioning the powers I ask of you.

“Then France and Europe will be saved from anarchy, obstacles will be removed, rivalries will disappear, for all will respect the decision of the people as the decree of Providence.

“Done at the Palace of the Élysée, this second of December, 1851.

“LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.”

## "PROCLAMATION

"BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC TO THE ARMY.

"SOLDIERS! Be proud of your mission; you will save the country, for I count upon you not to violate the laws, but to respect the first law of the land, the national sovereignty, of which I am the legitimate representative.

"For a long time you have, like myself, suffered from obstacles which have interfered with the good I wished to do, and with your demonstrations of sympathy in my favor. These obstacles are destroyed.

"The Assembly has tried to assault the authority which I hold from the whole nation; it has ceased to exist.

"I make a loyal appeal to the people and to the army, and say, 'give me the means of insuring your prosperity, or choose another in my place.'

"In 1830, as in 1848, you were treated like vanquished men. After branding your heroic disinterestedness, they did not consult your sympathies or your wishes, and yet you are the flower of the nation. To-day, at this solemn moment, I desire that the army should hear my voice.

"Vote, then, freely, as citizens; but, as soldiers, do not forget that passive obedience to the head of the government is the rigorous duty of the whole army, from general to private soldier.

"It is for me, responsible as I am for my actions to the people and to posterity, to take such measures as seem to me desirable for the public welfare.

"As for you, remain steadfast in the bonds of discipline and honor. By your imposing attitude, aid the country to manifest its will with calmness and forethought.

"Be ready to repress all attempts against the free exercise of the popular sovereignty.

"Soldiers, I do not speak of the memories recalled by my name. They are graven upon your hearts. We are united by an indissoluble bond. Your history is mine. Between us, in the past, is a common tie of glory and of misfortune.

"There will be in the future a bond of sentiment and determination for the peace and the greatness of France.

"(Signed)

"L. N. BONAPARTE."

"IN THE NAME OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE

"THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC DECREES:

ARTICLE I.

"The National Assembly is dissolved.

ARTICLE II.

"Universal suffrage is re-established. The law of May 31 is abrogated.

ARTICLE III.

"The French people are convoked in their electoral districts, from the fourteenth of December to the twenty-first of December following.

ARTICLE IV.

"The state of siege is decreed throughout the first military division.

ARTICLE V.

"The Council of State is dissolved.

ARTICLE VI.

"The Minister of the Interior is intrusted with the execution of this decree.

"Done at the Palace of the Elysée, this second day of December, 1851.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"DE MORNAY,

*"Minister of the Interior."*

## CHAPTER VII.

### NUMBER SEVENTY RUE BLANCHE.

THE Cité Gaillard is rather hard to find. It is a deserted alley in the new quarter separating the Rue des Martyrs from the Rue Blanche; I found it, however. When I got to No. 4, Yvan came out of the gateway and said, —

“I am here to warn you. The police are watching this house. Michel is waiting for you at No. 70 Rue Blanche, close by.”

I knew No. 70 Rue Blanche. There lived Manin, the distinguished president of the Venetian Republic. But not in his rooms was the meeting to be held. The porter at No. 70 directed me to the second floor. The door opened, and the Baroness Coppens, a handsome grey-haired woman of forty, whom I had met in society and who had visited at my own house, ushered me into the drawing-room. Michel de Bourges and Alexandre Rey were there. Alexandre Rey was an ex-constituent, a brilliant writer, and a brave man; at that time he edited the *National*. We shook hands. Michel said, —

“Hugo, what are you going to do?”

“Everything,” I replied.

“I entirely agree with you,” he said.

A number of representatives came in, among others, Pierre Lefranc, Théodore Bac, Noël Parfait, Arnaud de l’Ariège, Démosthènes Ollivier, an ex-constituent, and Charamaule. The feeling of indignation was inexpressibly deep, but no words were wasted. All were possessed with the manly wrath that results in great resolutions.

They talked; they discussed the situation; each had some

news to tell. Théodore Bac had just come from Léon Faucher, who lived in the Rue Blanche. He had awakened Léon Faucher and told him what had happened. Léon Faucher's first words had been: "It is an infamous act."

In these first moments Charamaule displayed a courage which did not once flag throughout the four days' struggle. Charamaule was a man of lofty stature, an energetic face, and a decisive way of speaking. He voted with the Left, but sat on the Right. In the Assembly he was close by Montalembert and Riancey. He often quarrelled with them bitterly, and we looked on from a distance and were amused. Charamaule came to the meeting at No. 70, wearing a sort of military cloak of blue cloth and armed, as we found out later on.

The situation was serious. Sixteen representatives arrested, all the generals, and he who was more than a general, Charras. All the newspapers suppressed, and all the printing offices occupied by soldiers. On Bonaparte's side, an army of eighty thousand men; on our side, nothing. The people deceived, and, more than that, disarmed. The telegraph in their hands. The walls covered with their placards, and we without a printing case or a sheet of paper. No means of uttering a protest, no means for beginning the combat. The *Coup d'État* was in armor; the Republic was naked. The *Coup d'État* carried a speaking trumpet; the Republic wore a gag. What was to be done?

The raid on the Republic, on the Constitution, on justice, on law, on progress, on civilization, was in the charge of African generals. These brave men had conclusively shown that they were poltroons. They had taken their precautions well. Only fear can engender so much ability. They had arrested all the military men of the Assembly, and all the men of action belonging to the Left, — Baune, Charles Lagrange, Miot, Valentin, Nadaud, Cholat. Moreover, all the possible chiefs of barricades were in prison. The organizers of the ambushade had been careful to leave Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and myself at liberty, believing us to be creatures of the



tribune rather than men of action; wishing to leave the Left with men capable of resistance but not equal to victory, hoping to dishonor us if we did not fight, and to shoot us if we offered battle. However, there was no hesitation. Discussion began. Other representatives came in constantly, — Edgar Quinet, Doutre, Pelletier, Cassal, Bruckner, Baudin, Chauffour. The room was full; some sat, most were standing, crowded together, but not noisy. I was the first to speak.

I declared that we must begin the struggle at once. Blow for blow. My opinion was that the hundred and fifty representatives belonging to the Left should put on their official scarves, march in procession through the streets and boulevards to the Madeleine, and with the cry, "Long live the Republic! Long live the Constitution!" confront the troops, alone, calm, and unarmed, and summon might to submit to right. If the soldiers yielded, go to the Assembly and put an end to Louis Bonaparte. If the soldiers fired upon the legislators, scatter through Paris, call the populace to arms, and resort to barricades. Resistance should begin constitutionally, and, if that failed, have recourse to revolution. No time was to be lost.

"High treason," I said, "must be seized in the act. It is a great mistake to submit to an outrage even for a few hours. Every minute that passes is an accomplice, and gives its approval to crime. Beware of the calamity we call an accomplished fact. To arms!"

Many gave warm support to my opinion, among others Edgar Quinet, Pelletier, and Doutre. Michel de Bourges made serious objections. My way was to begin at once. His advice was to wait and see. According to him, there was danger in a hasty movement. The *Coup d'État* was organized, and the people were not. They were taken by surprise. There was no use in deceiving ourselves, the masses would not stir yet. Profound calm in the faubourgs. Surprise, yes; anger, no. The Parisian populace, intelligent as they were, did not understand what had happened.



"We are not in 1830," Michel went on to say. "When Charles X. expelled the 221 he was in danger of a rebuke,—the reëlection of the 221. Our situation is different. The 221 were popular, the present Assembly is not popular. A chamber unjustly dissolved, if supported by the people, is sure to conquer. So the people rose in 1830. To-day, they do not stir. They are duped as well as victimized. We must give the people time to understand, to become excited, and to rise," said Michel de Bourges, in conclusion. "It would be temerity for representatives to hasten matters. To march up in front of the troops would be simply to throw our lives away and so deprive a legal insurrection of its natural leaders, the representatives of the people. We should simply decapitate the popular army. It is well, on the other hand, to temporize. We must guard against too much zeal, we must hold ourselves in reserve. If we give way now, we shall lose the battle before it begins. We must not, for instance, attend the meeting called for this noon by the Right; all who go there will be arrested. We must remain free, we must remain in readiness, we must remain calm, and we must agitate until there is a popular rising. Four days of agitation without fighting would weary the army." However, Michel advised a beginning, and, as a first step, suggested that we should placard Article 68 of the Constitution. But where were we to find a printer?

Michel de Bourges spoke with a practical experience of revolution which I did not possess. For many years he had had direct relations with the masses. His advice was good. It should also be said that all the news we got supported his opinion and was against mine. Paris was dejected. The army had taken possession without opposition. They did not even tear down the placards. Nearly all the representatives present, and the most courageous at that, agreed with Michel's advice, to wait and see. "To-morrow night," they said, "the agitation will begin," and they ended with Michel de Bourges's opinion. The people must have time to think.

If we began too soon we might lose everything. The people could not be aroused at once. We must allow time for indignation to work in their hearts. If our manifestation was made prematurely, it would miscarry. Such was the general opinion. As I listened to them I was shaken. Perhaps they were right. It would be a mistake to give an empty signal for combat. What is the flash without the thunderbolt? To make ourselves heard, to utter a cry, to find a printer, — that was the first question. But was there still a free press?

The noble old ex-chief of the Sixth Legion, Colonel Forestier, came in. He took Michel de Bourges and me aside.

"Listen," said he, "I have come to find you. I have been dismissed from my command, but appoint me colonel of the Sixth in the name of the Left, sign an order, and I will go at once and call them out. In an hour the legion will be on foot."

"Colonel," I said, "I will do more than sign an order, I will go with you." I turned to Charamaule who had a carriage below.

"Come with us," I said.

Forestier was sure of two majors of the Sixth. We decided to see them at once, while Michel de Bourges and the other representatives waited for us at Bonlavet's in the Boulevard du Temple near the Café Ture. There they were to consult together. We set out. As we went on, we found crowds gathering in a formidable manner. The boulevards were covered with restless people. They came and went, accosted each other without previous acquaintance (a sure sign of public anxiety), and groups of men conversed in loud voices at the corners of the streets. The stores were closing.

"This looks better," cried Charamaule. He had wandered through the streets all the morning and observed the melancholy apathy of the masses.

At their homes we found the two majors upon whom Colonel Forestier counted. They were two rich dry-goods merchants who received us with some embarrassment. The clerks gathered at the windows and watched us go by. It

was mere curiosity. However, one of the majors gave up a journey he was expecting to make the next day and promised to give us his assistance.

"But," he added, "don't deceive yourselves. They will realize that they will be cut to pieces. Few men will march out."

Colonel Forestier said to us, "Watrín, who is now colonel of the Sixth, has no stomach for fighting. Perhaps he will be ready to turn over the command to me without any fuss. I will go and see him alone and frighten him, and then I will meet you at Bonlavet's."

Near the Porte Saint-Martin, Charamaule and I left the carriage and went along the boulevards on foot, to watch the people more closely and get some idea of the temper of the crowd. The recent grading of the highway had converted the boulevard of the Porte Saint-Martin into a deep cutting flanked by two embankments. At the summit of the embankments were footpaths guarded by railings. Carriages went through the cutting and pedestrians followed the footpaths.

Just as we reached the boulevard, a long column of infantry entered the cutting with a drum corps at their head. The undulating, multitudinous bayonets filled the square and stretched back into the depths of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. An enormous, thickly massed crowd covered the footpaths of the Boulevard Saint-Martin. There were many workmen in blouses leaning over the rails. As the head of the column deployed before the theatre of the Porte Saint-Martin, a cry of "Long live the Republic!" went up from every mouth as if it had been the shout of one man. The soldiers marched on in silence, but it seemed as if their pace relaxed a little, and many of them looked at the crowd in an undecided way. What was the meaning of this cry, "Long live the Republic"? was it an acclamation or a defiance? to me it seemed as if at this moment the Republic lifted its head and the *Coup d'État* bowed before it. Then Charamaule said to me, —

"You are recognized."

In fact, near the Château d'Eau the crowd surrounded me. Several young men cried, "Long live Victor Hugo!" and one of them asked me, —

"Citizen Victor Hugo, what shall we do?"

"Tear down the seditious placards of the *Coup d'État*, and cry, 'Long live the Constitution!'" was my answer.

"And if they fire upon us?" said a young workman.

"Resort to your arms."

"Bravo!" cried the crowd.

"Louis Bonaparte," I added, "is a rebel. He has to-day steeped himself in crime. We, the representatives of the people, declare him to be an outlaw, but, without our declaration, he has made himself an outlaw by an act of treason. Citizens, you have two hands; take your rights in one, your muskets in the other, and fall upon Bonaparte."

"Bravo! Bravo!" the people once more shouted.

"Don't speak so loud," said a tradesman who was closing his shop. "If they heard you talking like that, they would shoot you."

"In that case," I replied, "you would show my body, and my death would be a good thing if it would bring about the justice of God."

"Long live Victor Hugo!" they shouted.

"Cry, 'Long live the Constitution,'" I called to them. A formidable cry, "Long live the Constitution! Long live the Republic!" went up from every throat. Enthusiasm, indignation, and anger, flashed from every eye. I thought then, and I think now, that this perhaps was the critical moment. I was tempted to take the lead of the crowd and begin the struggle. Charamaule held me back. He said in a low voice, —

"You will bring about a useless attack. The people are unarmed. The infantry is only two paces away, and here comes the artillery."

I turned my head. Sure enough, several field pieces were

coming at full speed through the Rue de Bondy, behind the Château d'Eau. Charamaule's advice to hold back made its impression. Coming from such a man, one whose bravery was well known, there was no chance for suspicion. Moreover, I felt myself to be bound by the conclusion we had reached at the meeting in the Rue Blanche. I recoiled before the responsibility I had been ready to incur. If I had taken advantage of the moment, the result might have been victory, — it might also have been a massacre. Was I right, or was I wrong? The crowd about us increased every moment, so that it was difficult to advance. Nevertheless, we wanted to reach the place of meeting at Bonvalet's. Some one suddenly touched my arm. It was Léopold Duras, of the *National*.

"Don't go any farther," he murmured. "Bonvalet's restaurant is surrounded. Michel de Bourges tried to harangue the people, but the soldiers came. It was only with great difficulty that he succeeded in making his escape. They have arrested several representatives on their way to the meeting. Retrace your steps. We are going back to the former place of meeting in the Rue Blanche. I have hunted you up to tell you this."

A carriage was passing. Charamaule signalled to the coachman. We threw ourselves in, while the crowd followed, crying, "Long live the Republic! Long live Victor Hugo!" It seems at this very moment a squad of police entered the boulevard to arrest me. The coachman drove with all speed. Fifteen minutes later we were in the Rue Blanche.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### VIOLATION OF THE CHAMBER.

At seven o'clock in the morning, the Pont de la Concorde was still free. The great barred gate of the Assembly palace was closed, and through the grating was visible the portico whence the Republic had been proclaimed on the fourth of May, 1848, now covered with soldiers, whose arms were piled up on the landing behind the tall columns where, in the time of the constituent Assembly, after the fifteenth of May and the twenty-third of June, stood loaded mountain howitzers. A red-collared porter, wearing the livery of the Assembly, stood at the little door of the great gate. Representatives were constantly arriving. The porter would say, "The gentlemen are representatives?" and open the door. Sometimes he asked for their names. Monsieur Dupin's apartments could be entered without difficulty. Servants in livery were stationed in the great gallery, in the dining-room, and in the grand reception-room, and, as usual, they silently opened the doors.

Before daylight, immediately after the arrest of the auditors Baze and Le Flô, Monsieur de Panat, the only auditor remaining at liberty, he having been spared or disdained as a Legitimist, aroused Monsieur Dupin and begged him at once to summon the representatives from their homes. Monsieur Dupin made this extraordinary reply:—

"I see no need of any haste."

At about the same time with Monsieur de Panat, came the representative, Jérôme Bonaparte. He requested Monsieur Dupin to take his place at the head of the Assembly. Monsieur Dupin replied, —

"I cannot; I am guarded."

Jérôme Bonaparte burst out laughing. The truth was, they had disdained to place even one sentinel at Monsieur Dupin's door. They knew that he was guarded by his own meanness. Later on, towards midday, they took pity on him. They felt that they had shown him too much contempt, so they gave him two sentinels.

At half-past seven, fifteen or twenty representatives, among them Eugène Sue, Joret, de Rességuier, and de Talhouet, were gathered in Monsieur Dupin's drawing-room. They also had made vain efforts to argue with the president. In an embrasure of a window, a clever member of the majority, Desmousseaux de Givré, who was somewhat deaf and a good deal exasperated, very nearly got into a quarrel with a representative of his own group, whom he wrongly believed to be favorable to the *Coup d'État*. Monsieur Dupin, at a distance from the cluster of representatives, solitary, clad in black, his hands behind his back, his head bent down, walked to and fro before the fireplace, where a large fire was burning. They spoke freely of him in his own house and before his face, but he did not seem to hear. Two members of the Left, Benoit (of the Rhône) and Crestin, came in. Crestin, on entering the drawing-room, went straight up to Monsieur Dupin, and said, —

"President, you know what is taking place? How is it that the Assembly has not been summoned?"

Monsieur Dupin paused and answered, with his habitual shrug, —

"There is nothing to be done." And he resumed his walk.

"That's enough," said de Rességuier.

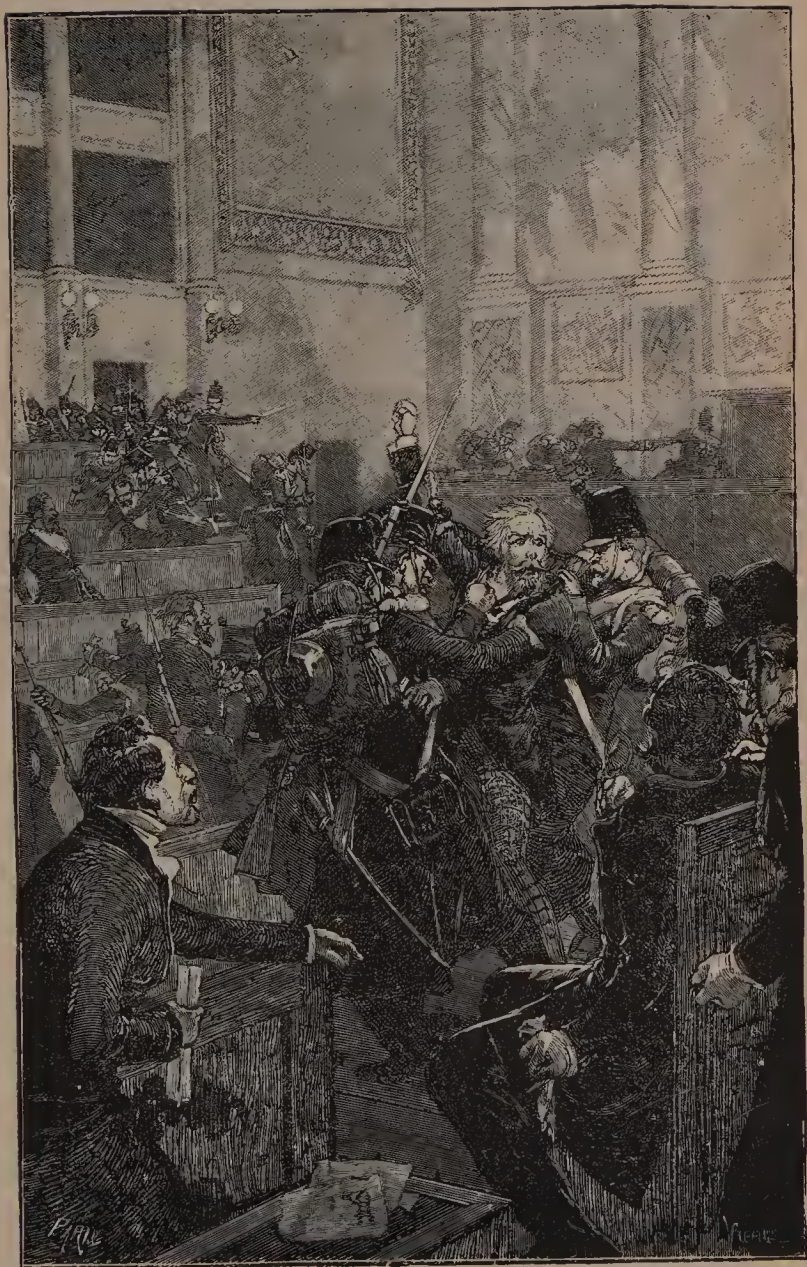
"It's too much," said Eugène Sue. All the representatives went out of the room.

Meanwhile, the Pont de la Concorde was covered with troops. General Vast-Vimeux, — small, lean, and old; his lank white hair plastered upon his temples; wearing his full uniform, his laced hat on his head, displaying two great



epaulets, and a military (not a legislative) scarf which was too long for him and dragged behind on the ground, — General Vast-Vimeux ran about the bridge on foot and saluted the soldiers with inarticulate cries in behalf of the empire and the *Coup d'Etat*. Figures like this were seen in 1814, only instead of wearing a big tricolored cockade, they wore a big white cockade. The phenomenon was the same — old fellows crying, “Long live the past!” Almost at the same moment, Monsieur de Larochejaquelin crossed the Place de la Concorde, surrounded by a hundred workmen in blouses, who followed him silently with an air of curiosity. Several regiments of cavalry were drawn up in the grand avenue of the Champs Élysées.

At eight o'clock the legislative palace was invested by a formidable force. All the approaches were guarded, and all the gates were closed. Nevertheless, several representatives succeeded in getting into the palace not, as has been falsely asserted, by means of the passage to the president's house, on the esplanade of the Invalides, but by the little gate in the Rue de Bourgogne called the black gate. This gate, for some reason which I cannot explain, was left open on the second of December, till nearly midday. And, yet the Rue de Bourgogne was full of troops. Squads of soldiers scattered about the Rue de l'Université, allowed the few pedestrians who appeared, to pass through. The representatives, who entered by the gate in the Rue de Bourgogne, made their way to one of the committee rooms where they met their colleagues who had come from Monsieur Dupin's. The apartment soon contained a numerous group of men, in which all parties in the Assembly were represented. Among them were Eugène Sue, Richardet, Fayolle, Joret, Marc Dufraisse, Benoit (of the Rhône), Canet, Gambon, Adelsward, Crépu, Répellin, Teilhard-Latérisse, Rantion, General Leydet, Paulin Durrieu, Chanay, Brilliez, Collas (of the Gironde), Monet, Gaston, Favreau, and Albert de Rességuier. Each new comer consulted with Monsieur de Panat.



VIOLETION OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.



“Where are the vice-presidents?”

“In prison.”

“And the two other auditors?”

“Also in prison. And I beg of you, to believe, gentlemen,” Monsieur de Panat added, “that I am not responsible for the insulting neglect to arrest me.”

Indignation was at its height. All differences were forgotten in the universal sentiment of disdain and anger, and Monsieur de Rességuier was no less active than Eugène Sue. For the first time, the Assembly seemed to have but one heart and one voice. At last, every one said exactly what he thought of the Élysée man, and they found that for a long time past, Louis Bonaparte had unwittingly brought the Assembly into perfect unanimity — the unanimity of contempt.

Monsieur de Panat went to and fro among the groups, informing the representatives that he had convoked the Assembly for one o’clock. But it was impossible to wait so long. Time pressed. In the Palais Bourbon, as in the Rue Blanche, the general feeling was that the lapse of every hour confirmed the *Coup d’État*; every one felt the burden of a remorseful weight of silence and inaction; the circle of iron was drawing closer, the tide of soldiers rose unceasingly and silently invaded the palace; at every moment a new sentinel appeared at a door which had hitherto been left unguarded. Meanwhile, the group of representatives gathered in the committee room had not been disturbed. They must act, speak, deliberate, make a stand, and not lose a minute. Gambon said: “Let us try Dupin once more; he is our official head; we need him.” They went to hunt him up, but they could not find him. He was no longer there; he had disappeared; he was absent, concealed in his hole, creeping underground, hidden, vanished, buried. Where? Nobody knew. Cowardice has unknown coverts.

A man suddenly entered the room, a man who was a stranger to the Assembly, in uniform, wearing the epaulets of a superior officer, and with a sword at his side. He was a



major of the Forty-second. He had come to command the representatives to leave their quarters. All, Royalists as well as Republicans, "hurled themselves upon him," to use the expression of an indignant eyewitness. General Leydet addressed him in language that was like a blow on the cheek.

"I am doing my duty, I am following my instructions," the officer stammered.

"You are a fool if you believe that you are doing your duty," cried Leydet, "and you are a miserable scoundrel if you are aware that you are committing a crime. Do you hear what I say ? Resent it if you dare."

The officer did not show any resentment. "So, gentlemen," he said, "you will not withdraw ?"

"No."

"Then I must resort to force."

"So be it."

He went away, but his real object was to get instructions from the Minister of the Interior. The representatives waited in a condition of indescribable agitation, which might be defined as the throttling of right by violence. Soon one of their number, who had been out, came hastily back and announced the approach of two companies of militia, with their muskets in their hands. Marc Dufraisse cried, —

"Let the outrage be complete. Let the *Coup d'État* find us in our seats. Let us go to the legislative chamber. As we are in for it," he added, "we will give them a lively reproduction of the eighteenth Brumaire."

They all went to the legislative chamber. The way was open. The Casimir-Périer gallery had not yet been occupied by troops. There were about sixty. A number had their official scarves. They entered the chamber in a thoughtful manner. When they were there, Monsieur de Rességuier, no doubt with a good purpose, insisted that they should all sit on the right, in order to form a more compact group.

"No," said Marc Dufraisse, "every one to his own bench."

They scattered through the chamber, each in his customary

place. Monsieur Monet, who sat on one of the lower benches on the left centre, held a copy of the Constitution in his hands. Several minutes passed. No one spoke. Silence filled that expectant interval which always precedes decisive acts and final crises, when every one seems to be respectfully listening to the last instructions of his conscience.

All at once the militia, led by a captain with a drawn sword, appeared upon the threshold. The legislative chamber was violated. The representatives rose simultaneously from their seats, and cried: "Long live the Republic!" and then sat down again. Representative Monet alone remained standing, and, in a loud and indignant voice which echoed like a clarion through the empty hall, he called upon the soldiers to halt. The soldiers paused and looked at the representatives with bewilderment. They had advanced only as far as the gangway on the left, and had not passed the tribune. Then Representative Monet read Articles 36, 37, and 68 of the Constitution. Articles 36 and 37 guaranteed the inviolability of the representatives. Article 68 deposed the president in case of treason. It was a solemn moment. The soldiers listened silently. When the articles had been read, Representative Adelsward, who sat on the front lower bench on the left, and who was nearest to the soldiers, turned to them, and said, —

"Soldiers, you see that the President of the Republic is a traitor, and wishes to make traitors of you. You violate the sacred domicile of the national representation. In the name of the Constitution, and in the name of the law, we order you to withdraw."

While Adelsward was speaking, the major in command of the militia had entered.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am instructed to ask you to retire, and if you do not retire, I have an order to expel you."

"An order to expel us!" cried Adelsward; and all the representatives added, "Whose order? Let us see the order! Who signed the order?"

The major took out a document and unfolded it. He had scarcely done so when he made as if he would thrust it back into his pocket; but General Leydet threw himself forward and seized the officer's arm. Several representatives leaned over and read the order for the expulsion of the Assembly signed, "Fortoul, Minister of Marine." Marc Dufraisse turned towards the troops and cried, —

"Soldiers, your very presence here is treason. Withdraw!"

The soldiers seemed to be undecided. But suddenly a second column filed in through the door on the right, and with a gesture of command the captain cried, —

"Forward! Throw them all out!"

Then began an indescribable hand-to-hand struggle between the soldiers and the legislators. The soldiers, carrying their muskets, forced their way among the benches. Repellin, Chanay, and Rantion were pulled violently from their seats. Two soldiers rushed upon Marc Dufraisse, two upon Gambon. In the first bench on the right, where Odilon Barrot and Abbattucci usually sat, the struggle lasted a long time. Paulin Durrieu resisted violence by force; three men were required to take him out of his place. Monet was thrown down among the commissaries' benches. They seized Adelsward by the throat and pitched him out of the chamber. Richardet, who was infirm, was thrown down and treated brutally. Some were pricked with bayonets. Nearly all had their clothing torn. The captain shouted to the soldiers, —

"Rake them out!"

In this way, sixty representatives of the people were colared by the *Coup d'État* and expelled from their seats. The means were suited to treason. The physical act was worthy of the moral act. The three last to come out were Fayolle, Teillard-Latérisse, and Paulin Durrieu. They were permitted to pass through the great gate of the palace, and they found themselves in the Place Bourgogne. The Place Bourgogne was occupied by the Forty-second of the line, under the com-



mand of Colonel Garderens. Between the palace and the statue of the Republic, which stood in the centre of the square, a piece of artillery was pointed towards the Assembly, opposite the great gate. By the side of this piece, Vincennes Rangers were loading their muskets and biting cartridges, Colonel Garderens was on horseback near a group of soldiers who attracted the attention of Representatives Teillard-Latérissé, Fayolle, and Paulin Durrieu. In the middle of the group, three men were struggling violently and crying, "Long live the Constitution! Long live the Republic!"

Fayolle, Paulin Durrieu, and Teillard-Latérissé drew near and recognized in the three prisoners, three members of the majority, — Toupet-des-Vignes, Radoubt-Lafosse, and Arbey. Representative Arbey was protesting earnestly. As he raised his voice, Colonel Garderens cut him short, with words which are worthy of preservation, —

"Shut up! Another word, and I'll have you dressed down with the but-end of a musket!"

The three representatives of the Left were indignant, and appealed to the colonel to release their colleagues.

"Colonel," said Fayolle, "you violate the law three times over."

"I'll violate it six times," replied the colonel; and he arrested Fayolle, Paulin Durrieu, and Teillard-Latérissé. Soldiers were ordered to take them to the unfinished building designed for the foreign ministry. The six prisoners, marching between two files of bayonets, encountered on the way the representatives Eugène Sue, Chanay, and Benoist (of the Rhône). Eugène Sue barred the road of the officer commanding the detachment and said, —

"We command that you set our colleagues at liberty."

"I cannot do so," replied the officer.

"If that is the case, complete your crimes," said Eugène Sue. "We demand that you arrest us also."

The officer arrested them. They were taken to the ministry of foreign affairs, and later on, to the barracks in the Quai

d'Orsay. It was nightfall when two companies of the line came to transfer them to their final lodgings. While placing them between the soldiers, the commanding officer saluted them with great politeness and said, —

“Gentlemen, my men’s guns are loaded.”

The chamber was cleared, as we have said, tumultuously, the soldiers thrusting the representatives out at every point of egress. Some, (among them those of whom we have just been speaking), went out through the Rue de Bourgogne; others were dragged through the antechamber to the grated door opposite the Pont de la Concorde.\* The antechamber opens into a quadrangular passageway containing the staircase to the main tribune and also several doors, among others the big glass door of the gallery leading to the apartments of the president of the Assembly. When they reached this passageway, which is close by the little rotunda over the side entrance to the palace, the soldiers set the representatives at liberty. There, in a few moments, a group of representatives collected, among them Canet and Favreau, who began to speak. A cry went up, —

“Let us hunt up Dupin, and drag him here if necessary.”

They opened the glass door and rushed into the gallery. This time Monsieur Dupin was at home. Monsieur Dupin, on hearing that the soldiers had cleared the chamber, had come out of hiding. The Assembly prostrate, Dupin arose. The law being a prisoner, this man felt that he was free. The group of representatives, led by Canet and Favreau, found him in his study. A colloquy took place. The representatives urged the president to put himself at their head and return to the chamber, he, the man of the Assembly, with them, the men of the nation. Monsieur Dupin refused, point blank, was very firm, clung like a hero to his nonentity.

“What do you want me to do?” he asked, mingling legal

\* This grated door, which was closed on the second of December, was not opened again till the twelfth of March, when M. Louis Bonaparte inspected the work on the hall of the *Corps Legislatif*.

maxims and Latin quotations with his incoherent protests, like a parrot giving vent to its whole vocabulary in a fit of terror. "What do you want me to do? What am I? What can I do? I am nothing. No one is anything now. *Ubi nihil, nihil*. Might is uppermost. When might is uppermost, people lose their rights. *Novus nascitur ordo*. Do what you think best. As for me, I must submit. *Dura lex, sed lex*. A law of necessity, of course, and not a law of right. But what can be done about it? I desire to be let alone. I can do nothing; I do what I can. I am not lacking in will. If I had four men and a corporal, I would have them killed."

"This man recognizes only force," said the representatives; "very well, we will use force."

They resorted to violence. They put a scarf about him, like a halter around his neck, and, as they said, they dragged him towards the chamber, he struggling, entreating for his "liberty," lamenting, kicking, — I would say wrestling if the word were not too noble. A few moments after the evacuation, through the antechamber where representatives had been hustled by the soldiers, Monsieur Dupin passed, hustled by the representatives. They did not go far. Soldiers guarded the great green folding doors. Colonel Espinasse ran up, the captain ran up. They could see the butts of a pair of pistols sticking out of the captain's pockets. The colonel was pale, the captain was pale, Monsieur Dupin was ghastly. Both sides were afraid. Monsieur Dupin was afraid of the colonel. The colonel was assuredly not afraid of Monsieur Dupin, but behind that ridiculous and pitiable object, he saw a terrible vision, the shadow of a crime, and he trembled. In Homer there is a scene where Nemesis appears behind Thersites. Monsieur Dupin was for several moments stupefied, bewildered, and dumb. Representative Gambon called to him, —

"Speak, Monsieur Dupin, the Left will not interrupt you."

Then, with Gambon's taunt in his heart and the soldiers' bayonets at his breast, the unhappy wretch spoke. What came out of his mouth, what the president of the sovereign

Assembly of France babbled before the troops at this supreme moment, no one can now clearly determine. Those who did hear the last agonizing gasps of cowardice, hastened to purify their ears. It appears, however, that he stammered something like this, —

“You are strong, you have bayonets; I invoke the law, and I leave you. I have the honor to wish you good day.”

He went away. They let him go. As he was passing out, he turned and uttered a few words. We will not gather them up. History has no waste-basket.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AN END WORSE THAN DEATH.

WE would willingly put aside, never to speak of him again, the man who for three years bore the august title of president of the National Assembly of France, and who had only the capacity to serve as valet to the majority. In his last hours he found a way to descend still lower, to a depth one would not believe possible, even for him. His career in the Assembly had been that of a valet; his end was that of a parasite. The unheard-of attitude assumed by Monsieur Dupin before the soldiers, when with a grimace he uttered his protest, seemed to justify suspicion. Gambon cried, —

“He resists like an accomplice. He knew all.”

We believe the suspicion to be unjust. Monsieur Dupin knew nothing. Who, indeed, among the organizers of the *Coup d'État*, would have taken the trouble to insure his fidelity? Corrupt Monsieur Dupin? Impossible! And then, to what end? Pay him? For what? Money is wasted when cowardice receipts the bill. Connivance is sometimes to be had without the asking. Poltroonery is ever the complaisant accomplice of crime. The blood of the law, if spilled, is quickly wiped up. Behind the assassin who holds the dagger comes the trembling wretch who holds the sponge. Dupin took refuge in his study. They followed him thither.

“Good heavens,” he cried, “don’t you understand that I want to be left in peace?”

They had been torturing him ever since morning, trying to get out of him an impossible particle of courage.

“You treat me worse than the soldiers,” he said.

The representatives took possession of his study, seated themselves at the table, and while he groaned and scolded in his chair, they drew up a report of what had just taken place, wishing to leave an official record of the event in the archives. When the report was finished, Representative Canet read it to the president and offered him a pen.

“What do you want me to do with this?” he asked.

“You are the president,” replied Canet; “this is our last sitting; it is your duty to sign the report.”

The man refused.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE BLACK GATE.

MONSIEUR DUPIN is an incomparable disgrace. Later on, he took his pay. It seems that he was some sort of an attorney-general at the superior court. Monsieur Dupin renders Louis Bonaparte the service of being in his position the meanest of men. Let us go on with this melancholy history.

In the first alarm of the *Coup d'État*, the representatives of the Right ran in great numbers to Monsieur Daru, vice-president of the Assembly and at the same time one of the presidents of the Pyramid Club. This club had always supported the politics of the Élysée, but without foreseeing a premeditated *Coup d'État*. Monsieur Daru lived in the Rue de Lille, number 75. At about six o'clock in the morning, perhaps a hundred representatives were assembled at his house. They resolved upon an attempt to enter the Assembly chamber.

The Rue de Lille opens into the Rue de Bourgogne, nearly opposite the little entrance gate to the palace, the gate called, as we have said, the black gate. They went towards this gate, Monsieur Daru at their head. They walked arm in arm, by threes. Some wore their scarfs. They took them off later. The black gate was half open, as usual, and was guarded by only two sentinels. Some of the more excitable ones, Monsieur de Kerdrel among others, rushed towards the gate and tried to get through. But the gate was slammed to and a struggle took place between the representatives and the police who ran up in which one repre-



sentative got a sprained wrist. At the same time, a battalion drawn up in line in the Place de Bourgogne moved forward at double quick upon the group of representatives. Monsieur Daru, in a stately and dignified manner, motioned to the commander to halt. The battalion halted, and Monsieur Daru, in the name of the Constitution and by virtue of his office as vice-president of the Assembly, ordered the soldiers to lay down their arms and to permit the representatives of the sovereign people to pass. The commander of the battalion replied with an order to clear the street immediately. He declared that the Assembly no longer existed, that, as far as he was concerned, he did not know who the representatives of the people were, and that if the persons in front of him did not get out of the way of their own accord, he would expel them by force.

"We will yield only to violence," said Monsieur Daru.

"You are committing high treason," added Monsieur de Kerdrel.

The officer gave the order to charge. The companies advanced with closed ranks. There was confusion for a moment and a collision was imminent. The representatives were forcibly thrust back and took refuge in the Rue de Lille. Several fell down. A number of members of the Right were rolled in the mud by soldiers. One of them, Monsieur Étienne, was struck on the shoulder with the butt of a musket. It is well to add without further delay that a week later Monsieur Étienne was a member of the thing called a consulting commission. He acquiesced in the *Coup d'État*, that blow with the butt of the musket included. They went back to Monsieur Daru's; on the way thither, the group reunited and even recruited a few additional members.

"Gentlemen," said Monsieur Daru, "the president has failed us, the chamber is closed. I am vice-president and my house is the palace of the Assembly."

He opened a large drawing-room and the representatives

of the Right installed themselves there. Their deliberations were at first somewhat tumultuous. However, Monsieur Daru remarked that time was precious, and silence was restored. The first step to be taken was, evidently, to depose the President of the Republic in accordance with Article 68 of the Constitution. Several representatives whom I had dubbed "burgresses," and who were known by that nickname, seated themselves at a table and prepared the act of deposition. As they were about to read it, a representative from without appeared at the door of the apartment and announced to the Assembly that the Rue de Lille was filling with troops and that the house was being surrounded. Not a minute was to be lost.

"Gentlemen," said Monsieur Benoist d'Azy, "let us go to the mayoralty office in the tenth arrondissement, — there we can deliberate under the protection of the Tenth Legion, of which our colleague, General Lauriston, is colonel."

Monsieur Daru's house had a rear exit by a little gate at the foot of the garden. Many representatives went out that way. Monsieur Daru prepared to follow them. He was in the drawing-room with Odilon Barrot and two or three others when the door opened and a captain entered and said to Monsieur Daru, —

"Count, you are my prisoner."

"Whither am I to follow you?" asked Monsieur Daru.

"I have orders to watch over you in your own house."

The house was in fact in military occupation, and so Monsieur Daru was prevented from taking part in the sitting at the mayoralty office in the tenth arrondissement. The officer permitted Odilon Barrot to go away.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE-HIGH COURT.

WHILE all these things were taking place on the left bank of the Seine, at about midday, a man was pacing to and fro in the antechamber of the Palace of Justice. This man, who was carefully buttoned up in an overcoat, seemed to be attended at a distance, by a number of possible supporters. On certain occasions, the police employ assistants whose ambiguous character arouses suspicion in those who look on, till they ask: "Are these magistrates? or are they thieves?" The man in the buttoned overcoat went from door to door, from passageway to passageway, exchanging signs of intelligence with his staff of attendants; and then going back to the antechamber, where he stopped advocates, solicitors, sheriff's ushers, attorney's clerks, janitors, and addressed the same question to all of them, in a tone not distinguishable by others. To this question, some responded "yes," others said "no." And the man continued to prowl about the Palace of Justice, like a bloodhound searching for a trail.

He was commissary of the arsenal police.

What was he looking for?

The high court.

What was the high court doing?

It was hiding.

For what? To sit in judgment?

Yes and no.

The commissary of the arsenal police had that morning received from the prefect, Maupas, an order to find out where the high court of justice was sitting, if, perchance, it had

come together. Confusing the high court with the Council of State, the commissary had first gone to the Quai d'Orsay. Finding nothing, not even the Council of State, he had come back empty handed, and had directed his course towards the Palace of Justice, thinking that, as he was in search of justice he would perhaps find it there.

Not finding it, he went away.

And yet the high court was in session.

Where and how? We shall see.

At the period whose events we are now recording, the old buildings of Paris had not been reconstructed, and any one who approached the Palace of Justice through the Cour de Harlay was conducted by a common-looking staircase into a long corridor called the peddler's gallery. About midway in this corridor were two doors, one on the right, leading to the appellate court, and the other on the left, leading to the superior court. The door on the left was double, and opened into an old gallery, called the gallery of Saint-Louis, recently restored, and to-day used by the advocates as an antechamber to the superior court room.\* A wooden statue of Saint-Louis faces the door. An exit, in a niche to the right of this statue, opened into a winding passageway which ended in a sort of blind corridor, closed by a pair of folding-doors. Above the door on the right was the sign, "Office of the First President," and over the door on the left, "Council Chamber." Between these two doors, for the convenience of advocates going from the hall to the civil chamber (formerly the great hall of parliament), was a narrow and gloomy passage, where, according to one of them, "any crime might be committed with impunity."

Turning to the left from the first president's office, and opening the door of the council chamber, one passed through a large apartment furnished with an immense horseshoe table surrounded with green chairs. At the back of this chamber, which, in 1793, was used by the jurors of the revolutionary tribunal, a door, cut through the woodwork, gave

entrance into a little corridor containing two doors : on the right, the door to the office of the president of the criminal chamber ; on the left, the door of a refreshment room. " Sentenced to death ! Come and have some dinner ! " These two ideas, death and dinner, have gone hand in hand for centuries ! A third door closed the further end of the corridor. This door was, so to speak, the last resort for those who wanted to get to the Palace of Justice, — the most distant, the least known, the most hidden. It opened into what is called the library of the superior court, a spacious, square apartment, lighted by two windows overlooking the great inner yard containing the porter's lodge, furnished with a number of leather chairs, with a large table covered with green cloth, and with rows of law books lining the walls from floor to ceiling. This room, as may be imagined, was the most retired and the best hidden of any in the palace.

To this room, at about eleven o'clock on the second of December, came, one after another, a number of men, clothed in black, without robes, without any insignia of office, alarmed, bewildered, shaking their heads, and conversing in undertones. These trembling men composed the high court of justice. In accordance with the Constitution, the high court of justice was made up of seven magistrates, — a president, four judges, and two deputies, chosen by the superior court from among its own members, and elected anew every year.

In December, 1851, these seven judges were named Hardonin, Pataille, Moreau, Delapalme, Cauchy, Grandet, and Quesnault, — the two last named were deputies. These men, although almost unknown, yet had antecedents. Monsieur Cauchy, who had for several years presided over the Royal Court of Paris, was an amiable and timid man, a brother to the mathematician and member of the institute who calculated sound waves, and also to the former keeper of the archives in the Chamber of Peers. Monsieur Delapalme had been attorney-general and was a good deal mixed up in the



prosecutions against the newspapers under the restoration. Monsieur Pataille had been a deputy of the centre during the Monarchy of July. Monsieur Moreau (of the Seine) was remarkable for the fact that he was called "de la Seine" to distinguish him from Monsieur Moreau (of the Meurthe), who was also celebrated, inasmuch as he was dubbed "de la Meurthe," to distinguish him from Monsieur Moreau (of the Seine). The first deputy, Monsieur Grandet, had been president of the Municipal Chamber. Of him I have read this eulogy, — "He was equally devoid of character and of opinions." The second deputy, Monsieur Quesnault, liberal, legislator, public functionary, attorney-general, conservative, learned, submissive, had, by taking advantage of all these attributes, reached the criminal chamber of the superior court, where he was known as a very strict magistrate. The events of 1848 had shocked his notions of justice, and he sent in his resignation after the twenty-fourth of February; he did not resign after the second of December. Monsieur Hardouin, who presided over the high court, had once been president of the assizes, was a religious man, a rigid Jansenist, and was regarded by his colleagues as "a scrupulous judge." He was a votary of Port Royal, an assiduous reader of Nicolle, and belonged to the race of old-fashioned moderate parliamentarians who went to the Palace of Justice mounted on a mule. The mule was no longer in vogue, and President Hardouin had no more obstinacy in his stable than he had in his disposition.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the second of December, two men ascended the steps leading to Monsieur Hardouin's house at No. 10, Rue de Condé, and met at the door. One was Monsieur Pataille. The other was one of the most distinguished barristers practising before the superior court, the ex-Constituent Martin (of Strasbourg). Monsieur Pataille had come to offer his services to Monsieur Hardouin. When he read the placards, Martin's first thought was of the high court. Monsieur Hardouin ushered Monsieur Pataille into a room near his study, and received Martin privately, as if unwilling to



speaking to him before witnesses. When Martin made a formal request that the high court be convened, Monsieur Hardouin begged his visitor not to interfere, declared that the high court would "do its duty," that he must first of all "confer with his colleagues," and finally said that the thing "would be done to-day or to-morrow."

"To-day or to-morrow!" cried Martin. "President, the safety of the Republic, the safety of the country, may perhaps depend upon what the high court does or does not do. Your responsibility is great; think of it. The high court of justice ought not to think of duty as something to be attended to to-day or to-morrow, but as a matter for instant action; now, without losing a minute, without a moment's hesitation." Martin was right. Justice is always in the present tense. Martin added, "If you want a man of energetic ideas, I offer my services."

Monsieur Hardouin declined the offer, asserted that not a moment should be lost, and begged Martin to permit him "to confer" with his colleague, Monsieur Pataille. He convoked the high court at eleven o'clock, and it was understood that they were to meet in the library. The judges were punctual. At a quarter past eleven, all had arrived. Monsieur Pataille came last. They took their seats at one end of the big green table. They had the library to themselves. There was no formality whatever. President Hardouin opened the session with these words, —

"Gentlemen, there is no necessity for entering into particulars; every one knows the situation we are called upon to consider."

Article 68 of the Constitution was imperative. The high court must meet under penalty of treason. They gained time, they swore themselves in, they chose as recorder Monsieur Bernard, clerk of the superior court, sent for him, and in the meantime requested the librarian, Monsieur Denevers, to take the pen. They decided upon the time and place for an evening session. They talked over the conduct of Constituent

Martin, and were angry to think that justice should be elbowed by politics. They talked a little about socialism, about the radicals, about the Red Republic, and a little also about the judgment they were to pronounce. They conversed, they told stories, they found fault, they theorized, they killed time. What were they waiting for? What the commissary of police was about we have already narrated.

And, with regard to this point, when the accomplices of the *Coup d'État* pondered over the possibility that the people might invade the Palace of Justice, and summon the high court to do its duty, but that the people never would think of looking in the spot where the high court was now concealed, — then the place seemed to be well chosen; but when they also considered that the police would undoubtedly make an effort to break up the court, and might not, perhaps, be able to find them, each member deplored in his own heart the choice of that particular apartment. They had tried to conceal the high court, and they had succeeded too well. It was melancholy to think that perhaps, when the police arrived with an armed force, things would be gone too far, and the high court thereby be too deeply compromised.

They had chosen a recorder, they must now proceed to business. The second step was much more serious than the first. The judges temporized, hoping that chance would decide one way or the other, either for the Assembly or for the president, either against the *Coup d'État* or for it; that there might be a defeated party, upon which the high court might, with safety, lay its restraining hand. For a long time they debated the question as to whether they should immediately issue a decree of accusation against the president, or simply draw up an order of inquiry. The latter course was adopted. They prepared a decision, not like the honest and straightforward judgment placarded and published by the efforts of the representatives of the Left, a judgment in which such vulgar words as "crime" and "high treason" were found, for this judgment was a war measure, and was prepared only for war

purposes. For a magistrate, wisdom sometimes consists in formulating a judgment which is not a judgment, a decision that does not decide, a statement in the conditional mood, incriminating no one, and qualifying nothing. There is a certain form of rhetorical judgment which leaves one a chance to wait and see what happens. When a critical situation is at hand, it is undignified to try to control events by the rude methods of what men call justice. The high court remembered this; it issued a prudent decision; this decision is not known; it is now published for the first time; here it is, a masterpiece of equivocation : —

### EXTRACT

FROM THE REGISTER OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

#### *The High Court of Justice.*

- “According to Article 68 of the Constitution, Whereas, certain printed placards beginning with the words, ‘The President of the Republic,’ and bearing the signatures of ‘Louis Napoleon Bonaparte’ and ‘De Morny, Minister of the Interior,’ said placards proclaiming, among other measures, the dissolution of the National Assembly, have this day been posted on the walls of Paris; and, Whereas, the dissolution of the National Assembly by the President of the Republic is of such a nature as to necessitate, in conformity with the aforesaid Article 68 of the Constitution, a session of the high court of justice,
- “It is hereby declared that the high court of justice is organized, that it appoints\* ——— to exercise with it the duties of public administration; that it appoints as recorder, Monsieur Bernard, recorder of the superior court; and that to proceed further, in accordance with the terms of the aforesaid Article 68 of the Constitution, the court adjourns to to-morrow, the third of December, at noon.
- “Drawn up and discussed in the council chamber by Messieurs Hardouin, president, Pataille, Moreau, Delapalme, and Cauchy, judges, this second day of December, 1851.”

The two deputies, Grandet and Quesnault, offered to sign the decision, but the president thought it better that only the titular judges should affix their signatures, the deputies hav-

\* This line was left blank. Later, it was filled in with the name of Monsieur Renouard, a counsellor of the superior court.

ing no official status when the court was complete. Meanwhile, one o'clock had come and news began to spread through Paris that a decree of deposition against Louis Bonaparte had been issued by a portion of the Assembly. One of the judges who had been out during the sitting, reported this rumor to his colleagues. The information brought about a display of energy. The president remarked that it was in order to appoint an attorney-general. Here was a difficulty. Whom to appoint? In all previous cases, they had always chosen as attorney-general, the attorney-general of the Paris court of appeals. Why make any change? They decided upon the said attorney-general of the court of appeals. The attorney-general for the time being happened to be Monsieur de Royer, keeper of the seals to Monsieur Bonaparte. Here was a new difficulty, and a prolonged debate. Would Monsieur de Royer accept? Monsieur Hardouin took it upon himself to go and ask. He had only to traverse the peddler's gallery. Monsieur de Royer was in his office. The proposal greatly embarrassed him. He was dumbfounded at the shock. To accept would be serious, to refuse would be more serious still. There was a possibility of forfeiture. At noon on the second of December, the *Coup d'État* was still a crime. Monsieur de Royer, not knowing whether or not high treason would succeed, ventured to denounce it in private, and, with praiseworthy modesty, shrank abashed from a violation of the laws to which, three months later, he and many other purple-clad minions of justice, took the oath of allegiance. But he did not go as far as denunciation. Denunciation is outspoken; Monsieur de Royer only murmured. He was perplexed. Monsieur Hardouin understood the situation. To insist would be unreasonable. He withdrew. He returned to the room where his colleagues were awaiting him. Meanwhile, the commissary of the arsenal police was approaching. He had at length succeeded, to use his own word, in "unearthing" the high court. He entered the council chamber of the civil court, accompanied only by the few police agents of the morning.

A boy was passing. The commissary asked him the whereabouts of the high court. "The high court?" said the boy; "what's that?" However, the boy asked the librarian, who came up. A few words were exchanged between Monsieur Denevers and the commissary, —

"What are you asking for?"

"The high court."

"Who are you?"

"I want the high court."

"It is in session."

"Where?"

"Here." The librarian pointed to the door.

"Very well," said the commissary. He added nothing more, and returned to the peddler's gallery. Up to this time, as we have said, he was accompanied only by a few agents. The high court was still in session. The president was telling his colleagues about his interview with the attorney-general. All at once, they heard a great noise in the corridor leading from the council chamber to the apartment where they were sitting. The door suddenly opened. Bayonets appeared, and, amidst the bayonets, a man buttoned up in an overcoat with a tricolored sash about his waist. The magistrates stared in bewilderment.

"Gentlemen," said the man, "withdraw immediately." President Hardouin arose.

"What does this mean? Who are you? Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"I do. You are the high court, and I am a commissary of police."

"Well?"

"Go."

There were thirty-five Municipal Guards, commanded by a lieutenant, and with a drummer at their head.

"But—" said the president. The commissary interrupted with these words, here given verbatim, —

"Mr. President, I shall not enter upon an oratorical combat



with you. I have orders, and I transmit them to you. Obey."

"From whom?"

"From the prefect of police." The president then asked, thereby implying that he would accept an order, —

"Have you a warrant?"

"Yes," responded the commissary. He gave a paper to the president. The judges were pale. The president unfolded the paper. Monsieur Cauchy thrust his head over Monsieur Hardouin's shoulder. The president read, —

"You are ordered to disperse the high court, and, in case of refusal, to arrest Messieurs Béranger, Rocher, de Boissieux, Pataille, and Hello" — and, turning towards the judges, the president added, "Signed, Maupas." Then, addressing the commissary, he said, "There is a mistake. These are not our names. Messieurs Béranger, Rocher, and de Boissieux have served out their terms; as to Monsieur Hello, he is dead." In fact, the high court was temporary, and subject to reappointment. The *Coup d'État* overthrew the Constitution without knowing its provisions. The warrant signed "Maupas" was applicable to the preceding court. The *Coup d'État* had made use of an old list. Heedlessness of assassins.

"Mr. Commissary," the president said, once more, "you see that these names are not ours."

"It's all the same to me," said the commissary. "Whether the warrant applies to you or does not apply to you, disperse, or I shall arrest every one of you; at once," he added.

The judges were silent; one of them picked up from the table a loose sheet of paper, containing the decision they had prepared, and put it in his pocket; they all went out.

"That way," said the commissary, pointing to the door where the bayonets were. They passed through the corridor between two lines of soldiers. The detachment of Republican Guards escorted them as far as the Saint Louis gallery. There they were set at liberty, with heads bowed low. It was about three o'clock. While these events were taking place in the



library, the superior court was in session as usual in the great parliament chamber near by, and apparently knew nothing of what was going on in such close proximity. It is plain that the police are not to be traced by their odor!

Let us finish with the high court. That night at half past seven, the seven judges met at the house of one of their number (the one who had brought away the decision), and there they drew up an official report, recorded a protest, and realizing the necessity of filling up the blank line in the decree, named, at Monsieur Quesnault's suggestion, Monsieur Renouard, their colleague at the superior court, as attorney-general. Monsieur Renouard was at once notified, and accepted. The next day, the third, they met again for the last time at eleven o'clock in the morning, an hour before the time agreed upon in the decision already quoted, and again they came together in the library of the superior court. Following the decree, they placed upon the record two memoranda described as follows, —

"1. Report with regard to the interference of the police during the discussion previously recorded.

"2. The acceptance by Monsieur Renouard of the duties of attorney-general."

Moreover, seven copies of these different documents were made by the seven judges, signed by all of them, and deposited in a safe place, together with a note-book in which were inscribed, so they say, five other secret decrees relating to the *Coup d'État*. Is this page of the superior court record still in existence? Is it true, as has been asserted, that the prefect, Maupas, had the record brought to him, and that he tore out the leaf bearing the decree in question? We have not been able to get any information with regard to this point. The record is now shown to no one, and the clerks at the recorder's office are dumb. Such are the facts. We will recapitulate.

If this so-called "high" court had been capable of forming

any conception of the idea of duty, it would, when it had once come together (the affair of organization was a matter of a few minutes) have proceeded resolutely and quickly to appoint as attorney-general some energetic man belonging to the superior court, some one from the bench, like Freslon, or from the bar, like Martin (of Strasbourg). By virtue of Article 68 of the Constitution, and without waiting for any action on the part of the Assembly, it would have drawn up a decree declaring the president and his accomplices to be guilty of crime, commanding their arrest, and ordering that the person of Louis Bonaparte be placed in confinement. The attorney-general would have prepared a warrant. All this could have been done by half-past eleven, and up to that hour no attempt had been made to disperse the high court. This done, the high court, by going out through an unused door in the antechamber of the palace, could have descended to the street and there proclaimed its decree to the people. At this time it would have met with no obstacle. Finally, and this in any case, it should have sat in judicial robes on a judges' bench, surrounded by the paraphernalia of the law, and, when the agent of police and the soldiers came, have ordered the soldiers to arrest the agent. The soldiers would perhaps have obeyed; if not, the high court would have been dragged to prison through the open street before the people, who might thereby see with their own eyes the filthy hoof of the *Coup d'État* trampling upon the robes of justice.

Instead of this, what did the high court do? We have just seen.

"Go."

"We are going."

We can imagine a very different dialogue between Mathieu Molé and Vidocq.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE MAYORALTY OF THE TENTH ARRONDISSEMENT.

THE representatives who came out from Monsieur Daru's collected again in the street, and consulted together for a few moments in groups. Their number was large. In less than an hour, by urgent messages from house to house on the left bank of the Seine alone, they collected over three hundred members. Where should they go now? To Lemardelay's? The Rue Richelieu was guarded. To the Salle Martel? That was too far away. They counted upon the Tenth Legion, of which General Lauriston was colonel, and they decided upon the mayoralty of the tenth arrondissement. The distance, moreover, was not great, and there were no bridges to be crossed. They formed in column and began the march.

Monsieur Daru, as we have said, lived in the Rue de Lille, close by the Assembly. The entire street between his house and the Palais Bourbon was occupied by infantry. The final detachment guarded his door, but guarded it on the right, not on the left. The representatives, as they emerged from Monsieur Daru's, turned towards the Rue des Saints-Pères and left the soldiers behind them. The troops at that time had orders only to prevent them from meeting at the palace of the Assembly. They were permitted to form in column in the street and march away. If they had turned to the right instead of to the left they would have encountered opposition. But there were no orders covering their chosen route; they passed through a loophole in the instructions. This fact, an hour later, caused Saint-Arnaud an unseemly display of temper.

On the way, new representatives collected, and the column increased in size. As the members of the Right lived for the most part in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, the column was composed almost entirely of men belonging to the majority. At the corner of the Quai d'Orsay they met a group of members belonging to the Left, who had rallied after the evacuation of the palace of the Assembly, and who were now deliberating. These were representatives Esquiros, Marc Dufraisse, Victor Hennequin, Colfavru, and Chamiot. The men at the head of the column separated from the others, went up to the group, and said, —

“Come with us.”

“Where are you going?” asked Marc Dufraisse.

“To the mayoralty in the tenth arrondissement.”

“What to do?”

“To decree the deposition of Louis Bonaparte.”

“And then?”

“Then we shall go in a body to the Assembly Palace, we will make our way in, despite resistance, and from the portico we will read the decree of deposition to the soldiers.”

“Very good; we are with you,” said Marc Dufraisse.

The five members of the Left took up the line of march at a little distance abreast of the column. Several of their own party who had mingled with the others joined with them, and, without placing too much importance upon the circumstance, we mention as a fact that the two parties of representatives in this fortuitous re-union went towards the mayoralty, each in a separate body, each on its own side of the street. As chance would have it, the majority took the right-hand side, and the minority the left. None of them wore a scarf. They were not to be recognized by any insignia of office. The passers-by looked at them with surprise, and could not understand the meaning of this procession of silent men in the solitary streets of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. One part of Paris as yet knew nothing of the *Coup d'État*.

Strategically speaking, as a point of defence, the mayor-

alty of the tenth arrondissement was badly chosen. Situated in a narrow street, in that small section of the Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Germain, which lies between the Rue des Saints-Pères and the Rue du Sépulcre, close by the junction of the Croix-Rouge, where troops could be brought in from as many different points, the mayoralty of the tenth arrondissement, shut in, overtopped and blockaded on every side, was a poor citadel for the persecuted national representation. However, they were no more able to choose a citadel than they were able, later on, to choose a general. Their arrival at the mayoralty was propitious. The great gate opening into the square courtyard, which had been closed, opened, and a detail of National Guards, composed of twenty men, presented arms, and so received the Assembly with military honors. The representatives went in. A deputy mayor met them at the threshold.

"The Assembly Palace is closed by troops," said the representatives. "We have come here to deliberate."

The deputy mayor ushered them up to the second floor, and had the great municipal chamber opened for their use. The National Guards cried, "Long live the National Assembly!" When representatives had entered, the gate was closed. A crowd began to gather in the street, and to shout, "Long live the Assembly!" A number of persons who were strangers to the Assembly entered the mayoralty at the same time with the representatives. Overcrowding was feared, and two sentinels were placed at the little side door, which had been left open, with orders to allow no one but representatives to pass through. M. Howyn Tranchère took his stand at this door, and undertook to identify them. When they got to the mayoralty, the representatives numbered a little less than three hundred. They had more than that number later on. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. All did not go immediately to the hall where the meeting was held. Several, particularly those belonging to the Left, remained in the courtyard and mingled with the National Guards and citizens.

They talked about what was to be done.



An incident occurred.

The eldest member present was Monsieur de Kératry.

Was he the one to preside ?

The representatives in the hall thought that he was.

The representatives who had remained in the courtyard hesitated.

Marc Dufraisie went up to Jules de Lasteyrie and Léon de Maleville, who had remained behind with the representatives of the Left, and said, —

“What are they thinking of up there? Of choosing Kératry to preside! Kératry’s name would be as alarming to the common people as mine would be to the bourgeoisie.”

A member of the Right, Monsieur de Keranflech, came up and sustained the objection, adding, —

“And, then, think of Kératry’s age! It is absurd to put a man of eighty in the foreground at such a critical hour.”

“That’s a poor argument,” cried Esquiros. “Eighty years are a power.”

“Yes, if they are well borne,” said Colfavru. “Kératry bears them badly.”

“Nothing is greater,” replied Esquiros, “than a great octogenarian.”

“It’s a fine thing,” said Chamiot, “to be presided over by Nestor.”

“No, by Gerontes,” said Victor Hennequin.

This joke put an end to the discussion. Kératry was out of the question. Léon de Maleville and Jules de Lasteyrie, two men honored by both parties, undertook to reason with the members of the Right. It was decided that the bureau\* should preside. Five members of the bureau were present, two vice-presidents, Benoist-d’Azy and Vitet, and three secretaries, Grimault, Chapot, and Moulin. Of the other two vice-presidents, one, General Bedeau, was at Mazas, the other, Monsieur Daru, was a prisoner in his own house. Of the

\* Officers chosen by an assembly to take charge of business, and consisting of a president, vice-presidents, and secretaries.—TR.



three remaining secretaries, two, Peupin and Lacaze, were Élysée men, and were absent; the other, Monsieur Yvan, a member of the Left, was at the meeting of his party in the Rue Blanche, which took place at nearly the same moment.

Meanwhile, an usher appeared on the steps of the mayoralty and cried out, as was the custom in the most peaceful days of the Assembly, "Representatives, the Assembly is in session." This usher, who was in the service of the Assembly, shared its fate all that day, the imprisonment on the Quai d'Orsay included. At the call of the usher, all the representatives in the courtyard, and among them one of the vice-presidents, Monsieur Vitet, went up to the hall and the sitting was opened. This sitting was the last held by the Assembly in regular form. The Left, as we have seen, boldly took possession of the legislative power, adding to it, as circumstances and the duty of revolutionists required, and, without usher or bureau or stenographers, held sittings which are not recorded in painstaking and passionless shorthand, but which will live in our memories and which history will gather up.

Two of the Assembly stenographers, Messieurs Grosselin and Lagache, were present at the sitting in the mayoralty and made their record of it, but the censorship of the *Coup d'État* mutilated their report and, through their historians, published the fragmentary version as an exact account of what occurred. One falsehood more or less is of no consequence. This stenographic report has its place in the evidence with regard to the second of December; it is one of the principal documents in the trial that the future will institute. In the notes of this book the document will be found complete. The passages in quotation marks are the ones suppressed by Monsieur Bonaparte's censorship. The suppression shows their significance and importance. Stenography reproduces everything except life. Stenography is addressed to the ear; it hears, but does not see. It is necessary, therefore, to fill in the inevitable gaps in the stenographic report.

To get an accurate idea of the sitting in the tenth arrondissement, imagine the great hall of the mayoralty, rectangular in form, lighted on the right by four or five windows overlooking a courtyard, on the left several rows of benches brought in hastily and ranged along the wall, and the three hundred representatives crowded together among them. No one sat down. Those in front stood on the floor and those in the rear climbed on the benches. Here and there were small tables. In the centre of the hall people came and went. At the end of the hall, opposite the door, was a long table extending nearly the whole width of the room and provided with benches, and behind this table sat the bureau. "Sit" is the conventional word. The bureau did not "sit," it stood, like the rest of the Assembly. The secretaries, Messieurs Chapot, Moulin, and Grimault wrote in an erect position. At times, the two vice-presidents got up on the benches that they might better command the attention of all in the hall. The table was covered with an old green cloth stained with ink; three or four inkstands were brought in and a quire of paper was scattered about. There the decrees were written out as fast as they were adopted. Copies were multiplied. Several representatives became volunteer secretaries and gave their assistance to the official secretaries. The great hall was on a level with the landing. It was, as we have said, on the second floor; it was reached by a very narrow staircase. We must bear in mind that nearly all the members present were members of the Right.

The first moment was tragic. Berryer played a prominent part. Berryer, like all extempore speakers who have no special style, will be remembered only as a name, and a much-disputed name, for Berryer was an advocate rather than a serious-minded orator. On this occasion, Berryer was brief, logical, and in earnest. They began with the cry, "What shall we do?" "A declaration," said Monsieur de Falloux. "A protest," said Monsieur de Flavigny. "A decree," said Berryer. A declaration, in fact, was but a puff

of wind, a protest was an idle noise, a decree meant action. "Decree what?" they asked. "Deposition," said Berryer. Deposition was the extreme limit of energy on the part of the Right. If they went beyond deposition they placed themselves outside the law; deposition was feasible for the Right; only the Left could go beyond the law. It was the Left, in fact, that made Louis Bonaparte an outlaw. It did this at the first meeting in the Rue Blanche, as we shall see later on. With deposition, legal measures ended; with outlawry, revolution began. The beginning of a revolution is the logical sequence of a *Coup d'État*. Deposition voted, a man who later became a traitor, Quentin Bauchard, cried, "Let all sign." All signed. Odilon Barrot came in and signed. Antony Thouret came in and signed. Suddenly, Monsieur Piscatory announced that the mayor was refusing to permit representatives to enter the hall. "Command him by decree to do so," said Berryer. And the decree was voted. Thanks to this decree, Messieurs Favreau and Monet entered. They came from the legislative palace. They told the story of Dupin's cowardice. Even Monsieur Dahirel, one of the leaders of the Right, was indignant and said, "We have received bayonet thrusts." Voices arose: "Summon the Tenth Legion. Beat the call to arms. Lauriston hesitates." "Command him to defend the Assembly. Command him to do so by decree," said Berryer. The decree was voted, but Lauriston still refused. Another decree was proposed by Berryer, declaring that whoever attacked the inviolability of the parliament was subject to the penalties of high treason, and ordering that representatives who were criminally held as prisoners should be released. All this was voted without opposition, without debate, in a sort of grand indiscriminate confusion, and in the midst of a storm of furious conversation. Berryer imposed silence at intervals. Then the fierce clamor began again. "The *Coup d'État* dare not come here." "We are masters here." "We are at home." "Attack us here — impossible!" "The wretches would not dare." If

the noise had been less violent, the representatives would have been able to hear, close at hand through the open windows, the sound of troops loading their muskets. A battalion of the Vincennes Rangers had silently entered the mayoralty garden, and, while awaiting orders, were loading their guns.

Little by little the sitting, at first confused and turbulent, assumed the appearance of an ordinary session. The noise subsided to a murmur. The voice of the usher, crying, "Silence, gentlemen," finally overcame the uproar. New representatives were constantly coming in and hastening to sign the decree of deposition at the bureau. As there was a crowd about the bureau, a dozen loose sheets were circulated through the hall and the two adjoining apartments, and upon them representatives inscribed their names.

The first to sign the decree of deposition was Monsieur Dufaure, the last was Betting de Lancastel. Benoist-d'Azy, one of the presidents, addressed the Assembly; the other, Monsieur Vitet, pale, but calm and collected, distributed instructions and orders. Benoist-d'Azy was firm of countenance, but a certain hesitancy in his speech indicated mental perturbation. Factional differences even in the Right had not disappeared at this critical moment. A Legitimist member was heard to say *sotto voce*, speaking of one of the vice-presidents, — "That great Vitet looks like a whited sepulchre." Vitet was an Orleanist.

In view of the adventurer with whom they were dealing, this Louis Bonaparte, capable of everything, the hour and the man being involved in mystery, — several artless Legitimists were seized with serious but amusing alarm. The Marquis de —, the fly on the coach-wheel of the Right, went, came, harangued, shouted, declaimed, protested, proclaimed, and trembled. The other, A — N —, perspiring, red, breathless, rushed about, utterly distracted. "Where's the guard? How many men? Who commands? The officer! — send me the officer! Long live the Republic! National Guards, hold

your own! Long live the Republic!" The whole Right joined in this cry. "Do you want to be the death of it?" asked Esquiros. Several were dejected. Bourbousson was as uncommunicative as a defeated cabinet minister. Another, the Vicomte de —, a relative of the Duc d'Escars, was so overcome with alarm that he went momentarily to a corner of the courtyard. Among the crowd in the courtyard was Albert Glatigny, a child of Paris, a child of Athens, who since this time has become a noble and charming poet. Albert Glatigny called out to the uneasy vicomte: "I say, do you think *Coups d'État* are extinguished in the way that Gulliver put out the fire?" Oh, laughter in midst of tragedy, how mournful you are!

The Orleanists were more quiet and better behaved. This was due to the fact that they were in greater danger. Pascal Duprat put the words "French Republic," which had been forgotten, at the head of the decrees. Now and then, men who were not speaking upon the subject of the moment, uttered the mysterious word "Dupin," and hootings and outbursts of laughter followed. "Never again utter the name of that coward," said Antony Thouret. Motious were met by counter motions. There was a continuous uproar, with moments of profound and solemn silence. Warnings passed from group to group. "We are in a box." "This is like a rat-trap." As each motion was made, voices arose. "That's it!" "That's right!" "Of course!" The agreement was whispered from one to another that if they were expelled from the mayoralty, they would meet at No. 19 Rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin. Monsieur Bixio carried away the decree of deposition to have it printed. Esquiros, Marc Dufraisse, Pascal Duprat, Rigal, Lherbette, Chamiot, Latrade, Colfavru, Antony Thouret, interposed energetic words of advice at intervals. Monsieur Dufaure, resolute and indignant, protested with authority. Odilon Barrot stood quietly in a corner, and maintained the silence of stupified innocence. MM. Passy and de Tocqueville told the men about them, that when they



were in the cabinet they had always been suspicious of a *coup d'état*, and they perceived clearly that Louis Bonaparte had the idea firmly fixed in his mind. "Every night," added Monsieur de Tocqueville, "I said to myself, I go to bed a minister, perhaps, I shall get up a prisoner." A number of those who were called "men of order," muttered as they signed the decree of deposition, "Look out for the Red Republic," and seemed equally to fear failure and success. Monsieur de Vatimesnil pressed the hands of the men belonging to the Left and thanked them for being there. "You will make us popular," he said; and Antony Thouret responded, "I know to-day neither Right nor Left; I am for the Assembly." The younger of the two stenographers took the reports as they were written out, to the men who had spoken, with a request for revision, saying, "We shall not have time to read them over." A number of representatives went down into the street and showed the people copies of the decree of deposition signed by the members of the bureau. One of the bystanders took one of the copies and cried, "Citizens, the ink is still wet. Long live the Republic!" The deputy mayor stood at the door of the hall; the staircase was thronged with National Guards and spectators. Several of the latter succeeded in getting into the Assembly, and among them the ex-constituent Beslay, a man of rare courage. At first, the representatives were disposed to exclude them, but they resisted, and said, "We have a right to be here; you are the Assembly, but we are the people." "They are right," said Berryer. Monsieur de Falloux, accompanied by Monsieur de Kéranflech, went up to Beslay and leaned by his side upon the stove, saying, "Good-day, colleague," and reminded him that they had served together on the committee for the inspection of national workshops, and that they had together visited the workmen in the Parc Monceaux. They felt insecure and were affectionate towards the Republicans. The Republic is called to-morrow. Each one spoke where he was standing; this one mounted on a bench, that one on a chair, some upon



the tables. Contradictions were constantly heard. In one corner some of the law-and-order men were alarmed at the possible triumph of the "Reds." In another, the men of the Right surrounded the men of the Left and asked, "Will the faubourgs rise?"

The narrator has only one duty,—to tell his story. He tells everything, the bad as well as the good. Whatever the facts may have been, however, and in spite of all the details of which we have been obliged to speak, with the exceptions we have indicated, the attitude of the men of the Right, who made up the great majority of those present, was, in many respects, honorable and dignified. A number of them, as we have seen, displayed remarkable resolution and energy, as if they would even rival the members of the Left. We may as well say here (for more than once in the ensuing history we shall see the faces of the Right turned towards the people, and with regard to this there should be no mistake), that the monarchists who talked of a popular insurrection, and appealed to the faubourgs, were a minority in the majority, and a minority that was almost imperceptible. Antony Thouret proposed to the chief of them that they should take the decree of deposition, and go in a body through the districts where the working classes lived. Forced to the wall, they refused. They declared that they sought defence only from organized force, not from the people. It is a strange thing to say, but it must be said, that they, in their political shortsightedness, regarded armed popular resistance, even in the name of the law, as no better than sedition. The only demonstration of a revolutionary nature to which they would give their support, was a legion of National Guards, with a drum corps at their head. They shrank from a barricade. Right, wearing a blouse, was no longer Right. Truth, armed with a pike, was not Truth. Law, tearing up the street pavements was, to them, no better than a Fury. And yet, everything considered, taking these men for what they were, and bearing in mind their political affiliations, the members of the Right were not without dis-

cernment. What would they have done with the people? And what would the people have done with them? What could they do to fire the hearts of the masses? Can we imagine Falloux as a tribune arousing the Faubourg Antoine? Alas, in the gloom of these quick-coming shadows, in the fatal complications of circumstances by which the *Coup d'État* so odiously and treacherously profited, in the thick clouds of uncertainty enshrouding everything, — Danton, himself, would not have been able to kindle the sparks of revolution in the hearts of the populace!

The *Coup d'État*, with the badge of infamy upon its brow, pushed its way impudently into this meeting of the Assembly. Here, as elsewhere, its assurance was brazen. There were three hundred representatives of the people present. Louis Bonaparte sent a sergeant to expel them. When the Assembly resisted the sergeant, he sent an officer, the temporary commander of the Sixth Battalion of Vincennes Rangers. This officer, a young, fair-haired cynic, pointed in a half-humorous, half-threatening manner to the staircase filled with bayonets, and looked upon the Assembly with scorn. "Who's that young dandy?" asked a member of the Right. "Pitch him out of the window," said a National Guard. "Give him a kick behind," said one of the populace, a speech as truly applicable to the second of December, as was Cambronne's famous utterance to the situation at Waterloo. This Assembly, however serious its faults when judged by the principles of the Revolution, — and of these faults the democracy alone had the right to complain, — this Assembly, I say, was the National Assembly, the Republic incarnate, universal suffrage personified, the majesty of the nation made visible, and Louis Bonaparte assassinated this Assembly, — he did more, he insulted it. A slap on the cheek is worse than the thrust of a poniard. The neighboring gardens, occupied by the troops, were full of broken bottles. The soldiers were provided with drink. They were simply automata in the hands of the officers, and, according to the expression of an eyewitness, seemed to be "stupefied." The

representatives appealed to them, and said, "It is a crime." They answered, "Not that we know of." One soldier was heard to say to another, "What have you done with the ten francs you got this morning?" The sergeants hustled the officers about. With the exception of the commander, who probably got the cross of honor, the officers were respectful, but the sergeants were brutal. To a lieutenant who was inclined to hang back, a sergeant cried, "You're not the only commander here! Come, march along!" Monsieur de Vatismesnil said to a soldier, "Do you dare to arrest us, representatives of the people?" "You bet we do," said the soldier. Several soldiers, hearing representatives say that they had eaten nothing since morning, offered bread from their rations. Some of the representatives accepted. Monsieur de Tocqueville, who was ill, and who was noticed to be pale and leaning on a window sill, received a piece of bread from a soldier, and shared it with Monsieur Chambolle. Two commissaries of police, in "full dress," — black coats, sashes, and black corded hats, — made their appearance. One was old, the other was young. The former was called Lemoine-Tacherat (not Bachelrel, as it has been erroneously printed); the other was named Barlet. The two names are worthy of remembrance. Barlet was a perfect specimen of impertinence. He was cynical of speech, offensive in his gestures, and sardonic in his manner. When he called upon the Assembly to disperse, he added the phrase, "Rightly or wrongly," with an inexpressible air of insolence. A murmur passed along the benches, "What scoundrel is this?" The other, compared with his fellow, seemed mild and inoffensive. "The old one knows his trade," exclaimed Émile Péan, "the young one is working for promotion."

Before this Tacherat and this Barlet appeared, before the butts of the muskets were heard ringing on the stone steps of the stairway, the Assembly had dreamed of resistance. What sort of resistance? That we have already mentioned. The majority would consent only to resistance in regular

military form with uniform and epaulets. To decree such resistance was easy; to organize it was difficult. As the generals upon whom the majority was accustomed to rely were under arrest, only two available generals remained — Oudinot and Lauriston. General, the Marquis de Lauriston, a peer of France, was colonel of the Tenth Legion and also a representative of the people, and he made a distinction between his duty as a representative and his duty as a colonel. When asked by some of his friends of the Right to sound the call to arms and get the Tenth Legion together, he replied, —

“As a representative of the people I am compelled to denounce the executive power; but, as a colonel, I am bound to obey that power.” He held obstinately to this singular logic, and it was impossible to get him away from it.

“What an idiot,” said Piscatory.

“What a shrewd fellow,” said Falloux.

The first officer of the National Guard who appeared in uniform was taken by two members of the Right for Monsieur de Perigord. They were mistaken; it was Monsieur Guilbot, major of the Third Battalion of the Tenth Legion. He declared that he was ready to march at the word of command from his colonel, General Lauriston. General Lauriston went down into the courtyard, returned in a moment, and said, —

“They do not recognize my authority. I have just resigned.”

Lauriston's name, in fact, was not familiar to the soldiers. Oudinot was better known to the army. But how? When Oudinot's name was mentioned, a shiver ran through the Assembly. At this critical moment, the fatal name of Oudinot awoke associations in every mind. What was the *Coup d'État*? A “Roman expedition” at home. Which was made against whom? Against those who had led the Roman expedition abroad. The National Assembly of France, dissolved by violence, was compelled in this supreme hour to look for defence to whom? To him who, in the

name of the National Assembly of France, had dissolved the National Assembly of Rome. How could Oudinot, who had strangled one republic, act as the saviour of another republic? Would not the very soldiers say to him, "You ask too much — what we did at Rome we will do at Paris"? What a history is this history of treason! The French legislature wrote the first chapter in the blood of the Roman Constituent Assembly. Providence wrote the second chapter in the blood of the French legislature, Louis Bonaparte holding the pen. In 1849, Louis Bonaparte assassinated the sovereignty of the people in the persons of its Roman representatives; in 1851, he assassinated it in the persons of its French representatives. It was logical, and, although it was infamous, it was just. The Legislative Assembly was weighed down by two crimes—it was an accomplice of the first, a victim of the second. All these members of the majority felt the truth of this, and were filled with remorse. Or, rather, it was the same crime, the crime of the second of July, 1849, still erect, still living, changed only in name, called now the second of December, and engendered by this very Assembly, which it now stabbed to the heart. All crimes are *parriicides*. When the time comes they turn upon and kill those who have given them birth.

In this moment of profound meditation, Monsieur de Falloux must have looked about for Monsieur de Montalembert. Monsieur de Montalembert was at the *Élysée*. When Tamisier arose and spoke of "the Roman business," Monsieur de Dampierre was dismayed and exclaimed, "Silence! You'll be the death of us!" It was not Tamisier who was killing them—it was Oudinot. Monsieur de Dampierre did not realize that he was crying "Silence" to history. And then, putting aside the fatal remembrance which at such a moment would have crushed a man endowed with the most consummate military qualities, General Oudinot, excellent officer as he was and the worthy son of a brave father, had none of the impressive traits which, at the



critical hour of revolutions, sway the soldiery and attract the people. To turn back an army of a hundred thousand men, to draw the shot from the mouths of cannons, to bring the drunken troops to their senses and inspire them with true ardor, to haul down the banner of the *Coup d'État* and hoist the banner of the law, to surround the Assembly with the pomp and circumstance of power, to do all this at such a moment a man would have been needed of a bygone type — the firm hand, the calm speech, the proud and piercing look of Desaix, the French Phocion; the titanic shoulders, the lofty stature, the overwhelming, insolent, cynical, gay, and sublime eloquence of Kléber, that military Mirabeau; Desaix the just, or Kléber with the face of a lion! General Oudinot, — small, awkward, embarrassed, uncertain, and dull of vision, red cheeked, low of forehead, hair gray and lank, soft voiced, smile humble, devoid of oratorical gifts, devoid of animation, devoid of power, brave before the enemy, timid in social intercourse, looking, certainly, like a soldier, but looking also like a priest, — General Oudinot made one hesitate between a sword and a taper; there was an “amen” expression in his eyes.

He had the best intentions in the world; but what could he do? — alone, with no prestige, no true glory, and with the shadow of Rome behind him, — he felt all this himself, and he was like one paralyzed. When he was appointed, he climbed upon a chair and thanked the Assembly with a firm heart, no doubt, but in halting speech. When the little blond officer dared to look him in the face and insult him who held the sword of the people and represented the sovereign Assembly, he could only stammer forth such paltry things as this, “I tell you that we cannot, *unless constrained by force, obey* THE ORDER which forbids us to remain together.” He talked of obeying, he whose business was to command. They put his scarf about him and it seemed to trouble him. He hung his head, first towards one shoulder, then towards the other; he held his hat and his cane in his hand; he had a benevolent



aspect. A Legitimist member whispered to his neighbor, "He looks like a bailiff making a speech at a wedding." "He reminds me," said the other, also a Legitimist, "of his grace the Duc d'Angoulême."

What a contrast to Tamisier! Tamisier, sincere, serious, earnest, a simple captain of artillery, had the look of a general. Tamisier, grave and gentle of countenance, strong of intellect, intrepid of heart, a sort of soldier-philosopher, would have rendered decisive service if he had been better known. We cannot tell what would have happened if Providence had put Tamisier's soul in Oudinot's body, or Oudinot's epaulets on Tamisier's shoulders. In this bloody event of December, we could not find a general's uniform that seemed to fit the wearer. A book might be written with regard to the influence of gold lace on the destiny of nations. Tamisier, appointed chief of staff some moments before the invasion of the hall, placed himself at the disposal of the Assembly. He stood upon a table. He spoke in a sonorous and impassioned voice. The most down-hearted were reassured at his modest, upright, and sincere attitude. Suddenly, he drew himself up, looked the whole Royalist majority in the face, and cried, —

"Yes, I accept the command you have laid upon me; I accept the command to defend the Republic; nothing but the Republic — do you understand what I mean?" A cry went up "Long live the Republic!" "Ah," said Beslay, "that cry reminds one of the fourth of May." "Long live the Republic! Nothing but the Republic!" shouted the men of the Right, Oudinot loudest of all. Every arm was stretched towards Tamisier, every hand clasped his. Oh danger, irresistible persuader! In his extremity the atheist invokes God, and the Royalist, the Republic. Each clings to what he has denied.

The official historians of the *Coup d'État* assert that at the beginning of the sitting two representatives were sent by the Assembly to the minister of the interior to "negotiate." It

is certain that these two representatives had no authority. They went, not in the name of the Assembly, but simply as individuals. They offered their services to secure a peaceful termination to a catastrophe which had already begun. With somewhat artless probity they called upon Morny to give himself up as a prisoner under the law, declaring that, if he refused, the Assembly would do its duty and call upon the people to defend the Constitution and the Republic. Morny replied with a smile and with these words, —

“If you issue an appeal to arms and I find any representatives at the barricades, I’ll have them shot, to the last man.”

The meeting in the tenth arrondissement yielded to force, President Vitet demanded that they should lay hands upon him. The agent who arrested him turned pale and trembled. In certain cases to put a hand upon a man is to put a hand upon right, and he who dares to do this trembles at the touch of offended law. The exit from the mayoralty was long and confusing. About half an hour elapsed while the soldiers formed their ranks, and the police, pretending to be engaged in keeping back the crowd, sent to the minister of the interior for instructions. During the interval, several representatives seated themselves around a table in the great hall and wrote to their families, their wives, and their friends. They seized the last sheets of paper; there were not pens enough; Monsieur de Luynes wrote to his wife with a lead pencil. There were no wafers; they were obliged to leave their letters unsealed; several soldiers offered to post them. Monsieur Chambolle’s son, who had accompanied his father thus far, undertook to deliver the letters addressed to Mesdames de Luynes, de Lasteyrie, and Duvergier de Hauranne. General F——\* the same who had refused a battalion from Marrast, president of the Constituent Assembly, and so had been promoted from colonel to general, — General F—— in the mayoralty courtyard with a fiery countenance, and half drunk, just come, it was said, from breakfasting at the Élysée,

\* Forey.

took charge of the proceedings. A member, whose name we regret to be unable to give, dipped his boot in the gutter and wiped it on the gold stripe of General F——'s military trousers. Representative Lherbette went up to General F—— and said, "General, you are a coward."

Then, turning to his colleagues, he cried, "Do you hear? I have just told this general that he is a coward." General F—— did not respond. He received the filth and the epithet with equal placidity.

The Assembly did not call the people to arms. We have already explained that it had not energy enough to do so, but at the last moment a member of the Left, Latrade, made one more effort. He took Berryer aside and said, —

"We have pronounced in favor of resistance; we must not stop here. Let us disperse through the streets and cry, 'To arms.'"

Berryer discussed the matter for a few seconds with the vice-president, Benoist-d' Azy, who refused. The deputy mayor, with his hat in his hand, conducted the members of the Assembly to the door. When they appeared in the courtyard ready to pass out between the two ranks of soldiers, the National Guards who were doing sentry duty, presented arms and cried, "Long live the Assembly! Long live the representatives of the people!" The National Guards were at once disarmed, almost forcibly, by the Vincennes Rangers. There was a wine shop opposite the building. When the great gate opened and the Assembly appeared in the street, attended by General F—— on horseback, and with Vice-President Vitet in the grasp of a policeman at their head, several men wearing white blouses, who had collected about the windows of the wine shop, clapped their hands and shouted, "That's right! Down with the twenty-five francs!"\* They started. The Vincennes Rangers, marching in double ranks on both sides of the prisoners, looked at them with glances of hatred.

"Those light infantry soldiers are terrible fellows," said

\* Daily honorarium of members of the Assembly. — *Tr.*

General Oudinot in an undertone ; "at the siege of Rome they rushed to the assault like maniacs. The lads are regular devils."

The officers avoided the representatives. As they came out of the building, Monsieur de Coislin passed near an officer and exclaimed, "What a disgrace to the uniform!" The officer replied angrily, and challenged Monsieur de Coislin. A few moments later, during the march, he came up to Monsieur de Coislin and said, "Look here, I've thought the matter over, and I see that I am in the wrong."

Their progress was slow. At a short distance from the mayoralty the representatives met Monsieur Chegaray. The representatives called to him, "Come along!" He responded with a wave of the hands and a shrug of the shoulders as if to say, "Oh, indeed! And I not arrested"—and made as if he would pass on. Perhaps he was ashamed and followed after. His name was in the roll-call at the barracks. A little way further they met Monsieur de Lespérut and they called, "Lespérut, Lespérut." "I'm with you," he said. The soldiers thrust him aside. He seized the butts of the muskets and forced his way into the column. As they were crossing a street a window opened. Suddenly, a woman appeared with a child in her arms. The child recognized its father among the prisoners, stretched out its arms, and called to him. The mother bent over the child and wept.

The first idea was to take the Assembly in a body directly to Mazas. But the minister of the interior countermanded the order. They were afraid of what might happen in a long journey on foot in open day through a numerous and excitable populace. The Orsay barracks were handy, and were chosen as a temporary prison. One of the commanding officers pointed insolently to the arrested representatives with his sword, and said in a loud voice to the bystanders, —

"These are the Whites; we have orders to spare them. Now it's the turn of the Reds; let them look out for themselves."

Wherever the procession passed, people shouted from sidewalks, doors, and windows, "Long live the National Assembly!" When they saw several representatives of the Left in the column they shouted, "Long live the Republic! Long live the Constitution! Long live the law!" The shops were not closed, and people came and went. "Wait till to-night," said some, "this is not all, by any means." A staff officer on horseback, in full uniform, meeting the procession and recognizing Monsieur de Vatimesnil, rode up and saluted. In the Rue de Beaune, as they passed the house of the "Pacific Democracy," a group shouted, "Down with the Élysée traitor!" On the Quai d'Orsay the shouts redoubled. There was a crowd. On both sides of the quay a double rank of soldiers of the line stood elbow to elbow and held back the spectators. The members of the Assembly advanced slowly down the open space, hedged in by files of troops on either hand, one file motionless and threatening the people, the other file moving onward, keeping guard over the representatives.

Serious reflections arise in connection with all the details of the colossal crime this book is destined to record. Every honest man brought face to face with Louis Bonaparte's *Coup d'État* must feel his heart to be filled with a multitude of indignant thoughts. Whoever goes with us to the end, will certainly not accuse us of seeking to extenuate this monstrous deed. The historian's duty, however, is to set down the relentless logic of events, and we must again observe, and repeat the observation, if need be to satiety, that, with the exception of a few members of the Left, whom we have named, the three hundred representatives who defiled, as it were, under the eyes of the multitude, made up the old Royalist and reactionary majority of the Assembly. If it were possible to forget—in spite of their errors, in spite of their faults, and, more than all, in spite of their illusions—that the persons subjected to this treatment were representatives of the foremost civilized nation, sovereign legislators, senators of the



people, delegates of the inviolable and sacred rights of democracy, and that as every man bears within himself something of the divine spirit, so each one of these persons chosen by universal suffrage bore within himself a portion of the soul of France, — if it were possible to forget all this for a moment, the spectacle would assuredly be more laughable than melancholy, and surely more instructive than lamentable, to see the entire party of order, — after so many repressive laws, after so many extraordinary measures, after so many votes of censure and so many proclamations of siege, after so many times refusing amnesty, after so many affronts upon equity, justice, the human conscience, public faith, and righteousness, after so many favors to the guardians of public peace, after smiling so often upon absolutism, — to see on this December morning the entire party of order apprehended in a body and taken to prison by the police! On a certain day, or rather on a certain night, the moment for the salvation of society having come, the *Coup d'État* suddenly seizes the demagogues and finds that it has collared — the Royalists.

They arrived at the barracks, once the headquarters of the royal body guard, and one may still see on the carved escutcheon of the pediment the traces of three “fleurs-de-lis” effaced in 1830. They halted. The door opened. “Well,” said Monsieur de Broglie, “here we are!” On the wall near the door was a huge poster bearing, in large letters, the words, —

“REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION.”

It was the advertisement of an anonymous imperialist pamphlet, published some three or four days before the *Coup d'État*, and attributed to the president of the Republic. The representatives entered and the door closed behind them. The shouting ceased. The crowd, which sometimes has its moments of reflection, stood for a time dumb and motionless upon the quay, looking first at the closed door of the barracks, and then at the silent façades of the Assembly Palace, half-



hidden in the misty December twilight, six hundred yards away. The two commissaries of police reported their "success" to Monsieur de Morny, who said, —

"Now the struggle has begun. Good! These are the last representatives who will be made prisoners."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A SILHOUETTE OF LOUIS BONAPARTE.

WE repeat that the minds of all these men were affected in very different ways. The extreme Legitimist wing, representing the white in the banner, was not, it must be confessed, very much exasperated with the *Coup d'État*. Many faces carried the stamp of Monsieur de Falloux's witticism, "I am so well satisfied that I find it difficult to appear resigned." The modest ones dropped their eyes, as was becoming to modesty; the more daring raised their heads. Their indignation was so impartial that it did not exclude admiration. How skilfully those generals had been trapped. The country assassinated? — a horrible crime; but they were delighted with the skill displayed by the parricide. One of the leaders remarked with a regretful and envious sigh, "We have no men endowed with such talent as that." Another murmured, "It means order," and added, "alas!" Another exclaimed, "'Tis a frightful crime — but admirably done." Some wavered between the legality of the chamber on the one hand, and the abominable fascination of Bonaparte on the other. They were honest souls, hesitating between duty and infamy. A certain Thomines Desmazures came to the great gate of the mayoralty, paused, looked inside, looked about him, and did not enter. It would be unjust not to record the fact that others among the ultra Royalists, and especially Monsieur de Vatimesnil, had the sincere speech and the unflinching wrath of justice.

However that may be, the Legitimist party, as a whole, was not horrified at the *Coup d'État*. They were not afraid. Royalists afraid of Louis Bonaparte? Why? One does not

fear indifference. Louis Bonaparte was indifferent. He sought a particular object and nothing else. To cut across lots and get it was a simple thing to do, and everything else might stay as it was. This was his politics, to crush the Republicans, to disdain the Royalists. Louis Bonaparte was devoid of passions. Talking one day of Louis Bonaparte with the former King of Westphalia, the writer of these lines said, "The Dutch in him mitigates the Corsican." "If there be any Corsican in him," said Jérôme.

Louis Bonaparte was never anything but a man lying in wait for a chance, a spy trying to deceive God. He had the ghastly abstraction of the unscrupulous gambler. Trickery admits of audacity and excludes anger. While in prison at Ham he read only one book, *The Prince*. He had no family, for he was neither a Bonaparte nor a Verhuell; he had no country, for he was neither Frenchman nor Dutchman. This Napoleon had no ill feeling about St. Helena. He was an admirer of England. Resentment? - What for? He cared for nothing on earth but his own interests. He pardoned, because he thought of his own profit; he forgot, because it was for his interest to do so. What was his uncle to him? Not to be served, but to serve. He based his petty ideas on Austerlitz. He stuffed the imperial eagle with straw. Hatred is a profitless luxury. Louis Bonaparte remembered only useful things. In spite of Hudson Lowe, he smiled upon Englishmen; he had smiles for the Royalists, in spite of the Marquis de Montchenu. He was earnest in his politics, agreeable company, sagacious, not impulsive, never overleaping his purpose, never rough in manner or speech, discreet, exact, well-informed, speaking gently of a necessary massacre, an assassin because it served his purpose to kill. We say this without passion and without anger. Louis Bonaparte was one of the men who have yielded to the implacable frigidity of Macchiavelli. Being the man that he was, he buried the name of Napoleon by heaping December on Brumaire.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE ORSAY BARRACKS.

It was half-past three. The imprisoned representatives entered the courtyard of the barracks — a vast parallelogram, shut in and commanded by high walls. The walls are pierced by three rows of windows and have the desolate appearance peculiar to barracks, parochial schools, and prisons. The entrance to the court is by means of an arched portal occupying the entire width of the front projection. The archway has a guard-house underneath, and is closed on the side towards the quay by large, thick folding doors, and on the courtyard side by a grated iron gateway. Doors and gateway were alike closed upon the representatives, and they were "set at liberty" in the bolted and guarded courtyard. "Let them stretch their legs," said an officer. The air was cold, the sky leaden. A number of soldiers in their shirt-sleeves, and wearing foraging caps, went to and fro among the prisoners, busy with fatigue duty. Monsieur Grimault and then Antony Thouret conducted a roll-call. They formed a circle about these two.

"This goes well with barrack life," said Lherbette, laughingly; "we look like sergeant-majors come in to report."

The names of seven hundred and fifty representatives were called, and at each name the secretary marked with his pencil according to the response, "present" or "absent." When Morny's name was called some one responded, "At Clichy." At Persigny's name the same person exclaimed, "At Poissy." The inventor of these two witticisms, which by the way are poor, has since gone over to the second of

December and joined Morny and Persigny. He has adorned his cowardice with the trappings of a senator. The roll-call revealed the presence of two hundred and twenty representatives, whose names are as follows, —

Duc de Luynes, d'Andigné de la Chasse, Antony Thouret, Arène, Audren de Kerdrel (Ille-et-Vilaine), Audren de Kerdrel (Morbihan), de Balzac, Barchou de Penhoen, Barillon, O. Barrot, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Quentin Bauchard, G. de Beaumont, Béchard, Behaghel, de Belvèze, Benoist d'Azy, de Bernardy, Berryer, de Berset, Basse, Betting de Lancastel, Blavoyer, Bocher, Boissié, de Botmillan, Bouvatier, Duc de Broglie, de la Broise, de Bryas, Buffet, Caillet, du Tertre, Callet, Camus de la Guibourgère, Canet, de Castillon, de Cazalis, Admiral Cécile, Chambolle, Chamiot, Champannet, Chaper, Chapot, de Charencey, Chasseigne, Chauvin, Chazant, de Chazelles, Chegaray, Comte de Coislin, Colfavru, Colas de la Motte, Coquerel, de Corcelles, Cordier, Corne, Creton, Daguihon-Pujol, Dahirel, Vicomte Dambray, Marquis de Dampierre, de Brotonne, de Fontaine, de Fontenay, Vicomte de Sèze, Desmars, de la Devansaye, Didier, Dieuleveult, Druet-Desvaux, A. Dubois, Dufaure, Dufougerais, Dufour, Dufournel, Marc Dufraisse, P. Duprat, Duvergier de Hauranne, Étienne, Vicomte de Falloux, de Faultrier, Faure (Rhône), Favreau, Ferre, des Ferrès, Vicomte de Flavigny, de Foblant, Frichon, Gain, Gasselin, Germonière, de Gicquiau, de Goulard, de Gouyon, de Grandville, de Grasset, Grelier-Dufougerais, Grévy, Grillon, Grimault, Gros, Guislier de la Tousche, Harscouët de Saint-Georges, Marquis d'Havrincourt, Hennequin, d'Hespel, Houel, Howyn-Tranchère, Huot, Joret, Jouannet, de Kéranflech, de Kératry, de Kéridec, de Kermazec, de Kersaaron-Penendreff, Léo de Laborde, Laboulie, Lacave, Oscar Lafayette, Lafosse, Lagarde, Lagrenée, Laimé, Lainé, Comte Lanjuinais, Larabit, de Larcy, J. de Lasteyrie, Latrade, Laureau, Laurenceau, General Marquis de Lauriston, de Laussat, Lefebvre de Grosriez, Legrand, Legros-Desvaux, Lemaire, Émile Leroux, Lespérut, de l'Espinoy, Lherbette, de Linsaval, de Luppé, Maréchal, Martin de Villers, Maze-Saunay, Mèze, Arnault de Melun, Anatole de Melun, Merentié, Michaud, Mispoulet, Monet, Duc de Montebello, de Montigny, Moulin, Murat-Sistrière, Alfred Nettement, d'Olivier, General Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, Paillet, Duparc, Passy, Émile Péan, Pécou, Casimir Périer, Pidoux, Pigeon, de Piogé, Piscatory, Proa, Prudhomme, Querhoent, Randoing, Raudot, Raulin, de Ravinel, de Rémusat, Renaud, Rezal, Comte de Rességuier, Henri de Riancey, Rigal, de la Rochette, Rodat, de Roquefeuille, des Rotours de Chaulieu, Rouget-Lafosse, Rouillé, Roux-Carbonel, Sainte-Beuve, de Saint-Germain, General Comte de Saint-Priest, Salmon (Meuse), Marquis Sauvaire-Barthélemy, de Serré,

Comte de Sesmaisons, Simonot, de Staplande, de Surville, Marquis de Talhouet, Talon, Tamisier, Thuriot de la Rosière, de Tinguy, Comte de Tocqueville, de la Tourette, Comte de Tréveneuc, Mortimer-Ternaux, de Vatimesnil, Baron de Vandœuvre, Vernhette (Hérault), Vernhette (Aveyron), Vézin, Vitet, Comte de Vogüé.

"The roll-call ended" (we read in the stenographic report), "General Oudinot called the representatives who had scattered about the courtyard once more together, and made the following communication, —

"The captain-adjutant-major, who is in command of the barracks, has just received an order to have rooms prepared to which we are to retire, as we are regarded as prisoners. [Very good!] Shall I bring the adjutant-major here? [No, no. It would be useless.] I am to tell him to carry out his instructions.' [Yes, that's right.]"

The representatives were penned up in this courtyard "to stretch their legs" for two long hours. They walked about arm in arm.

They walked rapidly to keep warm. The men of the Right said to the men of the Left, —

"Ah, if you had only voted the auditors' proposals!" Then they asked, "How about the 'invisible sentinel?'"\*

"Deputies of the people, deliberate in peace," responded Marc Dufraisse, and it was the turn of the Left to laugh. There was no bitterness, however. Cordiality resulted from their common misfortune. They questioned some of the ex-ministers about Louis Bonaparte.

"What is he up to?" they asked Admiral Cécile.

"Some little game," replied the admiral.

"He wants history to call him 'sire,'" said Monsieur Vézin.

"A poor sort of sire," said Camus de la Guibourgère.

"What an absurd chance," said Odilon Barrot, "that we should have been obliged to employ such a man."

With these conversational flights, political philosophy was

\* Michel de Bourges had thus characterized Louis Bonaparte as the guardian of the Republic against the monarchical parties.



exhausted and they held their peace. On the right, close by the door, was a sutler's stand raised a few feet above the level of the courtyard.

"Let us elevate this sutler's shop to the dignity of a refreshment room," said Monsieur de Lagrenée, ex-ambassador to China. They went in; some went up to the stove, others asked for soup. Messieurs Favreau, Piscatory, Larabit, and Vatimesnil took refuge in a corner. In the opposite corner, several drunken soldiers were talking with the women servants of the garrison. Monsieur de Kératry, bowed down with his eighty years, sat on an old rickety chair near the stove; the chair tottered and the old man shivered. About four o'clock a battalion of Vincennes Rangers came into the courtyard with their mess-platters, and began to eat, with occasional outbursts of singing and laughter. Monsieur de Broglie looked at them, and said to Monsieur Piscatory, —

"'Tis strange to see the Janizaries' porringers transferred from Constantinople to Paris."

At nearly the same moment, a staff officer came with a message from General Forcy to the effect that "the apartments reserved for the representatives were in readiness," and they were requested to follow the messenger. They were taken to the east wing, the portion of the barracks most distant from the palace of the Council of State, and were conducted to the fourth floor. They expected separate rooms and beds. They found long rooms, or vast garrets, with dirty walls and low ceilings, furnished with wooden tables and benches. These were the "apartments." These garrets adjoin one another and all open into the same corridor, a narrow passage running the whole length of the main building. In the corner of one of the rooms were snare-drums, a big drum, and various military musical instruments. The representatives scattered at haphazard through these rooms. Monsieur de Tocqueville, being ill, threw his overcoat on the floor in the recess of a window, and lay down. He stayed there, stretched out on the ground, for several hours. The rooms were warmed, but very

badly, with cast-iron stoves shaped like beehives. A representative in trying to poke the fire upset one of them, and nearly set fire to the floor. The furthest of the rooms overlooked the quay, and there Antony Thonret opened a window and leaned out. Several representatives joined him. The soldiers, bivouacking on the pavement below, caught sight of them and began to shout, "Ah, there are the twenty-five franc scoundrels, who want to cut down our pay."

In fact the police had, during the night, spread through the barracks a lying report that a proposition had been made in the tribune to reduce the pay of the troops. They even went so far as to name the author of the proposition. Antony Thonret tried to undeceive the soldiers. An officer shouted, —

"One of your own party made the proposal. It was Lamennais."

At about half-past one, Messieurs Valette, Bixio, and Victor Lefranc, who wished to join their colleagues and gave themselves up as prisoners, were brought into the rooms. Night came. They were hungry. A number of them had not eaten since morning. Monsieur Howyn-Tranchère, a most agreeable and courteous man who had voluntarily served as porter at the mayoralty, now took it upon himself to act as forager. He collected five francs from each representative, and then ordered dinner for two hundred and twenty from the Café d'Orsay, at the corner of the quay and the Rue du Bac. They dined badly and merrily. Poor mutton, bad wine, and cheese. There was no bread. They ate as they could, one upright, another on a chair, one at a table, another astride of a bench with his plate in front of him as if he were "at a ballroom supper," remarked Thuriot de la Rosière, a dandy belonging to the Right, and a son of Thuriot the regicide. Monsieur de Rémusat sat with his head in his hands. "We shall come out all right," said Émile Péan to him. And Gustave de Beaumont cried out, addressing the Republicans, "And your friends of the Left — will they pre-

serve their honor? Shall we not at least have an insurrection?" They handed the dishes and plates to one another, the Right showing particular attention to the Left. "This is the way to bring about a fusion," said a young Legitimist. Troopers and sutlers waited upon them. Two or three tallow candles flamed and smoked on each table. There were only a few glasses; Right and Left drank from the same. "Equality, fraternity," said the Marquis Sauvaire-Barthélemy of the Right. And Victor Hennequin responded, "But not liberty."

Colonel Feray, son-in-law to Marshal Bugeaud, was in command at the barracks. He offered the use of his parlor to Monsieur de Broglie and Odilon Barrot, who accepted. The barrack doors were opened to Monsieur de Kératry, on account of his great age; to Monsieur Dufaure, because his wife was confined; and to Monsieur Étienne, because of a wound he had received that morning in the Rue de Bourgogne. At the same time, the two hundred and twenty were joined by Messieurs Engène Sue, Benoist (of the Rhône), Fayolle, Chanay, Toupet des Vignes, Radoubt-Lafosse, Arbey, and Teillard-Latérisse, who, until then, had been confined at the new Palace of Foreign Affairs. Towards eight o'clock, the repast being ended, the restrictions were relaxed somewhat, and the space between the door and the barred gate was soon strewn with carpet-bags and toilet articles sent by families of the prisoners. The representatives were called by name. Each one went down when his turn came, and came hurriedly back with his cloak, coverlet, or foot-warmer. Several ladies succeeded in making their way to their husbands. Monsieur Chambolle was able, through the bars, to press the hand of his son. A voice suddenly exclaimed, —

"Aha, we are going to spend the night here!"

They brought in mattresses and threw them on the tables, on the floor, wherever they liked. Fifty or sixty representatives occupied the mattresses. Most lay on the benches. Marc Dufraisse fixed himself for the night by sitting on a

stool and leaning on a table. He was a lucky fellow who had a chair. Nevertheless, cordiality and gayety were not wanting. "Make way for the burgraves," said a venerable member of the Right, with a smile. A young Republican representative got up and offered him his mattress. They were profuse in mutual offers of overcoats, cloaks, and coverlets. "Reconciliation," said Chamiot, offering half of his mattress to the Duc de Luynes. The Duc de Luynes, who had an income of two million francs, said, smilingly, —

"You are St. Martin and I am the beggar."

"I have passed the night," said Monsieur Paillet, the celebrated advocate, and a member of the Third Estate, "I have passed the night on a Bonapartist mattress, wrapped up in a radical cloak, with my feet in a democratic-socialist sheepskin, and with a Legitimist nightcap on my head."

The representatives, although confined to the barracks, could move about freely. They were allowed to go down into the courtyard. Monsieur Cordier (of Calvados) came up and said, —

"I have just been talking with the soldiers. They did not know that the generals had been arrested. They seemed to be astonished and dissatisfied." This news served to revive their hopes. Michel Renaud, of the Basse-Pyrénées, found several of his compatriots from the Basque country among the Vincennes Rangers who occupied the courtyard. Several of them had voted for him, and reminded him of it. "Ah," they added, "we would vote the 'Red' list again." One of them, a mere lad, took Michel Renaud aside and said, "Do you need any money, sir? I have a forty-sous piece."

At about ten o'clock at night there was a great uproar in the court. The doors and gates turned uneasily upon their hinges. Something entered with a rumble like thunder. They leaned from the windows and saw at the foot of the steps a great oblong chest, painted black, yellow, red, and green, mounted on four wheels, with post-horses attached, and surrounded by fierce-looking men in long overcoats,

holding torches. In the darkness the vehicle seemed to be entirely black. It had a door but there was no other opening. It looked like a great movable coffin.

"What's that? A hearse?"

"No; it's a police van."

"And who are those people — undertakers?"

"No, jailers."

"What is it here for?"

"For you, gentlemen," exclaimed a voice. It was the voice of an officer, and the thing was, in fact, a police van. At the same time a voice cried, —

"First squadron, to horse," and five minutes later, the Lancers, who were to serve as escort, formed in line in the courtyard. The barracks were like a hive of angry bees. Representatives went up and down the stairs for a near view of the vehicle. Some touched it, not being able to believe their eyes. Monsieur Piscatory met Monsieur Chambolle, and exclaimed, —

"I have got to go in that thing!"

Monsieur Berryer met Eugène Sue, and they exchanged these remarks, —

"Where are you going?"

"To Mont-Valérien. And you?"

"I do not know."

At half-past ten, the roll-call of those who were to leave was begun. Police agents took their seats between two candles at a table in a room on the lower floor at the foot of the staircase, and the representatives were called, two by two. The representatives agreed not to give their names and to answer to every name that was called, "Not here." But those of the burgraves who had accepted of Colonel Feray's hospitality, thought such petty resistance unworthy of them, and replied when their names were called. The rest followed suit. Every one answered. There were some tragi-comical scenes among the Legitimists. They, the only ones who were secure, absolutely believed themselves to be in danger. It was with the greatest reluctance that they allowed one of their number



to depart. They embraced him and held him back, even with tears, saying, —

“Don’t go! Do you know whither they will take you? Remember the trenches of Vincennes.”

The representatives called, as we have said, two by two, went to the lower room where the police agents sat, and then were conducted to the “Black Maria.” The prisoners were loaded in, apparently as they came, at haphazard; later on, it seemed, from the different treatment accorded to the representatives at the different prisons, as if the promiscuity had been premeditated. When the first vehicle was full they were put into a second, with the same formality. The police agents, pencil and note-book in hand, jotted down the names of the occupants of each vehicle. These men knew the representatives. When Marc Dufraisse was called and entered the room, he was accompanied by Benoist (of the Rhône). “Ah, here is Monsieur Marc Dufraisse,” said one of the agents. When asked to give his name, Benoist replied, “Benoist.” “Of the Rhône,” added the police agent; “for Benoist-d’Azy and Benoît-Champy are yet to come.” The loading of each vehicle required about half an hour. The successive arrivals had swelled the number of representatives to two hundred and thirty-two. Their deportation or, to employ Monsieur Vatimesnil’s expression, their “packing,” began a little after ten at night and was not completed till towards seven the next morning. When the police vans were all in use, they had recourse to omnibuses. The vehicles were divided into three detachments, and all were escorted by Lancers. The first detachment left about one o’clock, and was conducted to Mont-Valérien; the second, at about five o’clock, to Mazas; the third, at about half-past six, to Vincennes. As the affair occupied a great deal of time, those who were not called resorted to their mattresses, and tried to snatch a little sleep. For this reason, there was occasional silence in the rooms. During one of these quiet intervals, Monsieur Bixio sat upright and called out in a loud voice, —



"Gentlemen, what do you think of passive obedience?" An outburst of laughter followed. During another of these peaceful moments, some one exclaimed, —

"Romieu will be a senator."

"What will become of the red spectre?" asked Émile Péan.

"It will turn priest," replied Antony Thouret, "and become a black spectre."

Other speeches reported by the historians of the second of December never were uttered at all. For instance, Marc Dufraisse did not make the following remark, although Louis Bonaparte's men have used it as an excuse for their crimes: "If the president doesn't shoot all those among us who resist, he does not know his business." This is excellent for the *Coup d'État*, but as history it is false.

The interiors of the police vans were lighted while they were getting in. The air holes between the compartments were left open, and through the aperture, Marc Dufraisse could see Monsieur de Rémusat sitting in the opposite section. Monsieur de Rémusat had entered with Duvergier de Hauranne.

"By heavens, Monsieur Dufraisse!" said Duvergier de Hauranne, as they brushed against each other in the entrance to the vehicle; "if any one had said to me, you will go to Mazas in a police van, I should have said it is improbable; but if I had been told, you will go with Marc Dufraisse, I should have said, it is impossible."

When a vehicle was filled, five or six police agents got in and stood up inside. The door was closed, the steps were drawn up, and off they started. After the police vans were all occupied, a number of representatives were left. Then, as we have said, they brought omnibuses. The representatives were thrust in one after another, in the rudest way, without any show of deference for age or rank. Colonel Feray had charge, seated on horseback. As the steps of the last vehicle but one were drawn up, the Duc de Montebello called to him, —

"This is the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz, and

the son-in-law of Marshal Bugeaud puts the son of Marshal Lannes in a convict's wagon."

When the last omnibus came, there were only seventeen seats for eighteen representatives. The most active mounted first. Antony Thouret, who was alone equal to the entire Right, for he had as much mind as Thiers, and as much paunch as Murat, — corpulent and lethargic Antony Thouret was the last to come. When his vast bulk appeared at the door, a cry of alarm went up. Where was he to sit? Antony Thouret sees Berryer at the other end of the omnibus, goes straight to him, sits down in his lap, and says, —

"Monsieur Berryer, you wanted 'compression.' Here it is."

## CHAPTER XV.

### MAZAS.

THE prison vans were escorted to Mazas by Lancers, and, on arriving at their destination, were received by another squadron of Lancers. The representatives descended one by one from the vehicle. The officer in command of the Lancers looked at them with stolid curiosity. Mazas, which has taken the place of La Force, now pulled down, is a large, red-colored building standing near the terminus of the Lyons railway on the waste lands of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. At a distance, it appears to be constructed of bricks; seen close at hand, the material is found to be concrete. Six large, four-storied wings, radiating from the rotunda at their common centre, separated by triangular courtyards, pierced by a thousand little loopholes which admit daylight to the cells, surrounded by a high wall, and, in bird's-eye view, resembling an outspread fan, — this is Mazas. Above the central rotunda rises a sort of minaret, which is the alarm tower. The ground floor is circular, and is used as the registrar's office. On the second floor is the chapel, where a single priest says mass for everybody, and the observatory, where a single sentinel keeps watch of all the doors to all the galleries at one and the same time. Each wing is called a "division." The courtyards are divided by high walls into numerous little oblong exercise grounds.

Each representative, as he descended from the vehicle, was taken to the registrar's office. There they took his name and in exchange for his name gave him a number. Whether one is a thief or a legislator, that is the rule of this prison; the

*Coup d'État* brought every one to the same level. When a representative had been registered and numbered, he was told to "file off." They said to him, "Go upstairs," or "Pass on"; and, at the end of the corridor, they called out, "Receive number so-and-so." The turnkey in charge of that corridor replied, "Send him along." The prisoner went on alone, confronted the jailer, and found himself near an open door. The jailer said, "Here you are, sir." The prisoner entered, the jailer closed the door, and they passed on to another.

The *Coup d'État* treated the imprisoned representatives in very different ways. The men of the Right, whom it desired to conciliate, were taken to Vincennes; those of the Left, who were detested, found themselves at Mazas. Those who were taken to Vincennes had the Montpensier apartments expressly opened for them, an excellent dinner, to which all sat down, candles, a fire, and smiles and bows from the governor, General Courtigis. Those who went to Mazas were treated in this way:—

A police van took them to the prison. They passed from one box to another. Their names were taken, they were measured and weighed and enrolled as convicts. On leaving the registrar's office, they were taken along a dark balcony through a long, damp vault to a narrow door which was suddenly opened. A jailer pushed the representative in by the shoulders, and the door was closed. The representative thus immured, found himself in a small, long, narrow, dark chamber. This, in the careful language of contemporary law, is called a "cell." The midday sun of December produced but a dusky twilight there. At one end was a door with a small grating; at the other, near the ceiling, at a height of ten or twelve feet, was a loophole of corrugated glass. This window intercepted vision; through it one could see neither the blue nor the gray of the sky, could distinguish neither cloud nor sunbeam, and it made the pale winter twilight indescribably vague. The light was not only obscured, it was debased. The inventors of this corrugated glass succeeded

in rendering the very heavens ambiguous. After a few moments the prisoner was able to distinguish objects confusedly, and he saw whitewashed walls stained green in spots by various exhalations; in one corner a round hole guarded by iron bars and giving out a noisome odor; in another corner a hinged shelf like a bracket seat, which could be used as a table; no bed; a straw-bottomed chair. Under foot, a brick pavement. The first impression was darkness; the second, cold. There the prisoner found himself, alone in the cold and the darkness, able to walk to and fro like a caged wolf, in a space eight feet square, or to sit in his chair, like an idiot at Bicêtre.

Émile Leroux, who had been a Republican, who had joined the majority, and who had sometimes sided with the Bonapartists, was doubtless thrown into Mazas by mistake for some other Leroux, and on realizing the situation he wept with rage. Three, four, five hours passed by in this manner. Meanwhile, they had eaten nothing since morning; some even, in the excitement of the *Coup d'État*, had not breakfasted. They were hungry. Had they been forgotten? No. A bell rang in the prison, the grating in the door was opened, and an arm held out a pewter basin and a piece of bread. The prisoner seized the bread and the basin greedily. The bread was black and sticky, the basin contained thick, warm, reddish water. The odor of this "soup" was incomparable. As for the bread, it had no odor save that of mouldiness. In spite of their hunger, most of the prisoners, on the impulse of the moment, threw the bread on the floor and emptied the basins down the iron-barred hole. But the craving for food was strong, the hours passed, they picked up the bread, and they finally ate it. One prisoner even went so far as to wipe the bottom of his basin with the bread, which he subsequently devoured. This prisoner, a representative who was released from prison and sent into exile, afterwards told me about this experiment, and said: "A hungry stomach has no nose."

The solitude was absolute, the silence profound. How-

ever, after the lapse of several hours, Émile Leroux — he himself related the incident to Monsieur Versigny — heard a curious sort of intermittent and irregular knocking on the other side of the wall on his right. He listened, and soon heard a responsive knocking of the same kind on the other side of the wall on the left. Émile Leroux was glad to hear any kind of a noise, and delighted to think that his imprisoned colleagues were close by, so he sang out in a tremendous voice, —

“Aha, so you are there, are you?”

He had hardly uttered the last word when, with a creaking of bolts and hinges, his cell door flew open, and a man — it was the jailer — appeared in a great rage and said, —

“Be quiet.”

The representative of the people was somewhat astonished, and asked for an explanation.

“Be quiet,” said the jailer again, “or I’ll fire you into a dungeon.”

The jailer spoke to the prisoner as the *Coup d’État* spoke to the nation. Émile Leroux expostulated with parliamentary pertinacity.

“What,” said he, “can I not respond to the signals my two colleagues are making to me?”

“Your two colleagues!” exclaimed the jailer, “they are two thieves” — and he shut the door with an outburst of laughter. It was true; they were two thieves between whom Émile Leroux was, not crucified, but locked up. The Mazas prison is built in so ingenious a manner that the least word is audible from one cell to another. Consequently, there is no isolation, in spite of the cells. Hence the rigorous silence imposed by the stringent and cruel rules. What do the thieves do? They have invented a telegraphic system of raps, and the rules go for nothing. Émile Leroux had simply interrupted a conversation.

“Leave us to our lingo,” his neighbor cried, and for this he was put in the dungeon. Such was the life of the repre-



sentatives at Mazas. Moreover, being in solitary confinement, they were not allowed to have books or paper or pens, nor were they permitted even to take an hour's exercise in the courtyard. There were, as we have seen, thieves at Mazas. Of them, those who knew a trade were allowed to work; those who could read were provided with books; those who could write had ink and paper; and all were permitted the hour's exercise required by the laws of hygiene, and exacted by the rules. For the representatives, nothing. Isolation, solitary confinement, silence, darkness, cold, "the inactivity that ends in madness," as Linguet said of the Bastille. To sit on a chair all day long with folded arms and crossed legs — such was the situation. But the bed? They could lie down?

No.

There was no bed.

At eight o'clock in the evening the turnkey entered the cell, reached up, and pulled down something rolled together on a plank near the ceiling. This something was a hammock.

The hammock fixed, spread, and hung, the jailer wished the prisoner good-night.

In the hammock was a blanket, in some instances a mattress two inches thick. The prisoner, having wrapped himself up in this covering, tried to sleep, but he could do nothing except shiver.

But the next day he could, at least, lie all day in his hammock?

Not at all.

At seven o'clock the jailer came in, wished the representative good-morning, made him get up, and rolled up the hammock to its place near the ceiling.

But in that case one might seize upon the hammock, unroll it, spread it out, and lie down again?

Certainly. The dungeon.

That is the way it was. Hammock by night, chair by day. Let us be exact, however. Some got beds, among others

Monsieurs Thiers and Roger (of the North). Monsieur Grévy did not have any.

Mazas is a product of prison progress; it is certainly preferable, too, to the underground dungeons of Venice or the subfluvial dungeon of Châtelet. Theoretical philanthropy built Mazas. However, as we have seen, Mazas leaves much to be desired. And yet, from a certain point of view, the brief imprisonment of the legislators at Mazas is not a fact to be deplored. Perhaps there was a providence in the *Coup d'État*. By putting the law makers into Mazas, Providence carried out an excellent educational measure. Eat of your own cooking; it is not a bad thing that those who build prisons should try them.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE BOULEVARD SAINT-MARTIN EPISODE.

WHEN we arrived, Charamaule and I, at No. 70 Rue Blanche (it is a steep and lonely street), a man wearing the uniform of an under officer in the navy was walking to and fro before the door. The porter, who recognized us, pointed him out to us.

"Bah," said Charamaule, "no police spy would walk about in that way, or dress after that fashion."

"My dear colleague," said I, "Bedeau has demonstrated that the police are fools."

We went upstairs. The drawing-room and a little ante-chamber adjoining were crowded with representatives, and among them were a few persons not belonging to the Assembly. Several ex-constituents were there, Bastide for one, and several democratic journalists. The *Nationale* was represented by Alexandre Rey and Léopold Duras, the *Révolution* by Xavier Durrieu, Vassbenter, and Watrison, the *Avènement du Peuple* by H. Coste—nearly all the other editors of the *Avènement* were in prison. About sixty members of the Left were present, among them Edgar Quinet, Schœlcher, Madier de Montjau, Carnot, Noël Parfait, Pierre Lefranc, Bancel, de Flotte, Bruckner, Chaix, Cassal, Esquiros, Durand-Savoyat, Yvan, Carlos Forel, Etchegoyen, Labrousse, Barthélemy (Eure-et-Loire), Huguenin, Aubry (of the North), Malardier, Victor Chauffour, Belin, Renaud, Bac, Versigny, Sain, Joigneaux, Brives, Guilgot, Pelletier, Dautre, Gindrier, Arnaud de l'Ariège, Raymond de l'Isère, Brillier, Maigne, Sartin, Raynaud, Léon Vidal, Lafon, Lamargue, Bourzat, General Rey.

Every one was standing up. They talked noisily together. Léopold Duras was telling about the raid on the Café Bonlavet. Jules Fayre and Baudin were writing at a little table between two windows. Baudin had a copy of the Constitution open before him, and was copying Article 68. When we entered, there was silence, and they asked, —

“Well, what news?”

Charamaule told them what had taken place in the Boulevard du Temple, and the advice he had thought best to give me. They approved it. On all sides the question was, “what shall we do?” I began to speak.

“Let us come at once to the point,” I said. “Louis Bonaparte is gaining ground and we are losing, or, to be exact, he has everything and we have nothing. We have been obliged, Charamaule and I, to separate from Colonel Forestier. I doubt if he succeeds. Louis Bonaparte is doing all that he can to suppress us. We must not hang back. We must make ourselves felt. We must fan the flame that has been started in the Boulevard du Temple. We must draw up a proclamation, get it printed, it matters not by whom; have it posted up in some way, it matters not how, — but it must be done and at once. Something brief, expeditious, and forcible. Not too many phrases. Ten lines — a call to arms. We are the law, and there are times when law must utter a war cry. Law casting out a traitor is a great and terrible thing. That is what we must do.” They interrupted me, —

“Yes, that’s it, a proclamation!”

“Dictate! Dictate!”

“Dictate,” said Baudin, “I will write.” I dictated, —

“TO THE PEOPLE — Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is a traitor.

“He has violated the Constitution.

“He is perjured.

“He is an outlaw.”

“That’s right,” they cried on every side, “outlaw him! go on.” I went on dictating. Baudin wrote, —

"The Republican representatives call the attention of the people and of the army to Article 68 —"

"Quote it in full," they interrupted.

"No," I said, "it would be too long. We want something that can be printed on a card, stuck up with a wafer, and read in a minute. I will quote article 110; it is short and contains the appeal to arms." I went on, —

"The Republican representatives call the attention of the people and of the army to Article 68, and to Article 110, which runs thus — 'The Constituent Assembly confides the existing Constitution, and the rights which it consecrates, to the watch-care and the patriotism of all Frenchmen.'

"The people, henceforth and forever in possession of universal suffrage, and who have need of no prince to give it back to them, will know how to punish the rebel.

"Let the people do their duty. The Republican representatives lead the way.

"Long live the Republic! To arms!"

They applauded.

"Let us all sign," said Pelletier.

"First of all we must find a printing office," said Schœlcher, "and have the proclamation posted up immediately."

"Before night comes; the days are short," added Joigneaux.

"Be quick, be quick, copies!" the representatives called out. Baudin had silently and rapidly made already a second copy of the proclamation. A young man, the editor of a provincial Republican newspaper, emerged from the crowd and said that if they would give him a copy at once, the proclamation would be, within two hours, posted at the corner of every street in Paris.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Millière," he replied.

Millière! Thus did the name make its appearance in the sombre days of our history. I see him yet, that pale young man, that half-closed, piercing eye, that plastic and ill-fated profile. Assassination and the pantheon awaited him; he was

too obscure to enter into the temple, but he was worthy to die upon its threshold. Baudin showed him the copy he had just made. Millière drew near.

"You do not know me," he said, "my name is Millière; but I know you, you are Baudin."

Baudin held out his hand. I saw these two spectres take one another by the hand. Xavier Durrieu, who was editor of the *Révolution*, made the same offer as did Millière. A dozen representatives took pens and sat down, some around the table, others with a sheet of paper on their knees, and they said to me, —

"Dictate the proclamation to us."

I had dictated to Baudin, "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is a traitor." Jules Favre asked that the word Napoleon—a name of glorious and fateful power to the people and the army—be struck out, and that the phrase stand: "Louis Bonaparte is a traitor."

"You are right," I said.

A discussion followed. Some wanted to strike out the word prince. But the Assembly were impatient.

"Be quick! be quick!" they cried.

"It is December, the days are short;" said Joigneaux.

A dozen copies were made at once and in as many minutes. Schœlcher, Rey, Xavier Durrieu, and Millière, each took one and departed to search for a printer. Just after they had gone out, a man whom I did not know, but who was saluted by several representatives, came in and said, —

"Citizens, this house is under surveillance. Troops are on their way to hem you in. You have not a moment to lose." Several voices exclaimed, —

"Very well, let them arrest us."

"What is that to us?"

"Let them consummate their crime."

"Colleagues," I cried, "do not allow yourselves to be arrested. After the struggle, let it be so if God pleases, but before the battle, no. The people must be aroused by us."



We taken, all is over. It is our duty to offer battle, our right to cross swords with the *Coup d'État*. It must not seize us, it must look for us, it must not find us. We must elude the outstretched arm, we must hide from Bonaparte, harass him, weary him, astound him, tire him out, disappear and reappear incessantly, change our place of refuge, fight him continually, be always in front of him and never under his hand. Let us not forsake the field. We are few in number, let us be bold." They approved.

"That is reasonable," they said, "but where shall we go?"

"Our former colleague in the Constituent Assembly, Beslay, offers his house," said Labrousse.

"Where does he live?"

"Rue de la Cérisaie, 33, in the Marais."

"Very good," they said, "let us separate, and in two hours we will meet at Beslay's, Rue de la Cérisaie, 33."

They all went away, one after another and in different directions. I begged Charamaule to go to my house and to wait for me there, and I walked out with Noël Parfait and Lafon. We reached the then uninhabited district just inside the ramparts. When we got to the corner of the Rue Pigalle, we saw soldiers a hundred paces away in the deserted cross streets, gliding along by the houses and moving towards the Rue Blanche.

At three o'clock the members of the Left met in the Rue de la Cérisaie. But word had got about, the inhabitants of the solitary streets were at the windows to see the representatives go by; the place of meeting, hemmed in at the back of a rear court, was badly chosen in case we were surrounded; and all these disadvantages being at once perceived, the meeting lasted only a few minutes. Joly presided. Xavier Durrieu and Jules Gouache, editors of the *Révolution*, were present, as well as several proscribed Italians, among others Colonel Carini, and Montanelli, formerly minister to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. I liked Montanelli; he was a gentle and intrepid soul. Madier de Montjau brought news from

the suburbs. Colonel Forestier told, in a hopeful way, of the obstacles he had met with in his efforts to get the Sixth Legion together. He asked that I, with Michel de Bourges, would sign his appointment as colonel. But Michel de Bourges was absent, and neither he nor I was at that time possessed of any authority from the Left. However, with this reservation, I signed the commission. Perplexities increased. The proclamation had not been printed yet, and night was coming on. Shœlcher explained the difficulties in the way: all the printing offices closed and guarded; warnings posted up that whoever printed an appeal to arms would immediately be shot; workmen terrorized; no money. A hat was passed round and each one threw in what money he had about him. In this way they collected several hundreds of francs. Xavier Durrieu, whose zealous courage never failed for a moment, once more declared that he would be responsible for the printing, and promised to have forty thousand copies of the proclamation ready by eight o'clock in the evening. Time pressed. They separated, agreeing to meet again at eight o'clock, at the headquarters of the Cabinet-makers' Association, in the Rue de Charonne, after allowing time for a better knowledge of the actual situation. As we went out and were crossing the Rue Beautreillis, I saw Pierre Leroux approaching me. He had taken no part in the meetings. He said, —

"I believe this struggle to be useless. Although my point of view is different from yours, I am your friend. Take care. There is yet time to stop. You are entering the catacombs. The catacombs are death."

"They are also life," I said. At the same time I remembered with joy that my two sons were in prison, and that the dismal duty of street fighting devolved upon me alone. Five hours intervened before the meeting was to take place. I wished to return home once more, to embrace my wife and my daughter, before plunging into the dark abyss of the unknown where so many of us were to enter, nevermore to return.

Arnaud de l'Ariège gave me his arm; the two proscribed Italians, Carini and Montanelli, went with me. Montanelli took my hands, and said, —

"The right wins. You will win. Oh, may France this time not be selfish, as she was in 1848, but may she deliver Italy!"

"She will deliver Europe," was my answer.

These were the illusions of a moment, but they are, nevertheless, the hopes of to-day. Faith is so constituted; darkness to her proves the existence of light. There is a cab stand before the front gate of St. Paul's. Thither we went. The Rue Saint-Antoine was astir with the indescribable commotion which precedes those marvellous conflicts between idea and fact which we call revolutions. I seemed to see in this great abode of the common people a light which, alas, died out too soon. The cab stand in front of St. Paul's was deserted. The cabmen had foreseen that barricades were possible and had fled. Arnaud and I were three miles from home. It was impossible to go through the middle of Paris on foot without the risk of being recognized at every step. Two passers-by relieved us from our embarrassment. One said to the other, —

"The omnibuses are still running on the boulevards."

We profited by the information, and set out to find the Bastille omnibus. All four of us got in. Rightly or wrongly, I had still at heart bitter regret for the lost opportunity of the morning. I told myself that on fateful days moments like that come once and never come again. In revolution there are two methods: arouse the people, or let them awake of themselves. The first was mine; out of respect to discipline, I had agreed to the second. I reproached myself for it. I said to myself, "The people were ready, and we did not take them at the word. Now it is for us, not to offer ourselves, but to do more, to give ourselves."

Meanwhile, the omnibus was moving on its way. It was full. I sat at the further end on the left, Arnaud de l'Ariège was by my side, Carini opposite, Montanelli next to Arnaud. We did not speak. Arnaud and I exchanged, now

and then, a silent pressure of the hand; it was a way of exchanging thoughts. As the omnibus went on towards the centre of Paris, the crowd in the boulevard grew more and more dense. As we entered the Porte Sainte-Martin cutting, a regiment of heavy cavalry came towards us from the opposite direction. In a few seconds, the regiment was going by us. They were cuirassiers. They were filing by at a sharp trot with drawn sabres. The people on the footpaths leaned over to see them pass. Not a cry. A dejected populace on one hand, a triumphant soldiery on the other, — the sight filled me with emotion. All at once, the regiment halted. I know not what obstacle it was that interfered, for a moment, with their progress through the narrow cutting where we also were stuck fast. When they stopped, they blocked the omnibus. There were the soldiers under our very eyes, in front of us, two paces off, their horses pressing close upon ours, — Frenchmen turned mamelukes, citizens and defenders of the great Republic transformed into supporters of a degraded empire. From the place where I sat, I could almost touch them. I could restrain myself no longer. I lowered a window of the omnibus, I put my head out, and, looking fixedly at the dense line of troops in front of me, I cried, —

“Down with Louis Bonaparte! The servants of traitors are traitors!”

Those who were nearest turned their faces towards me with drunken stolidity. The others did not move, but remained at “shoulder arms,” the peaks of their helmets over their eyes, their eyes fixed on the ears of their horses. There is something grand about the immobility of statues, and something ridiculous about the immobility of manikins. Passive obedience to crime makes a soldier a manikin. At the cry I had uttered, Arnaud turned quickly about. He also lowered a window, thrust his head and shoulders out of the omnibus, stretched his arm out towards the soldiers, and shouted, —

“Down with the traitors!”

Seeing him thus, the intrepid gesture, the pale, calm, beau-

tiful face, the burning glance, the long chestnut beard, — one might think he saw the radiant and awful countenance of an angry Christ. The example was contagious and electrical.

“Down with the traitors!” cried Carini and Montanelli.

“Down with the Dictator! Down with the traitors!” repeated a noble young man, whom we did not know, and who had been sitting by Carini. With the exception of this young man, all the other passengers in the omnibus seemed to be seized with terror.

“Keep still,” exclaimed the poor frightened wretches, “you will get us all massacred.” One, more alarmed than the rest, put down a window and shouted to the soldiers, —

“Long live Prince Napoleon! Long live the Emperor!” We were five, and we drowned this cry with our persistent vociferation, —

“Down with Louis Bonaparte! Down with the traitors!”

The soldiers listened in sombre silence. A corporal turned towards us in a threatening way and brandished his sword. The crowd looked on in bewilderment. What went through my mind at that moment? I cannot tell. I was in a whirlwind. My action had been deliberate, for the opportunity was too good to be lost; it had also been impulsive, for the provocation was exasperating. A woman called from the footpath, —

“You’ll get yourselves cut in pieces!”

I thought that some sort of an outbreak would take place, that either the crowd or the soldiery would take fire. I hoped for a sword thrust from the troops or a shout of wrath from the people. The truth was, I had obeyed an instinct rather than an idea. But nothing happened, neither sabre thrust nor angry outcry. The troops did not move, and the people were silent. Was it too late? Was it too soon?

The dark-minded man of the *Élysée* had not foreseen that an insult to his name would be cast in the very teeth of his soldiers. They had no orders then. They got some that night. We found that out on the morrow. In a moment



more the regiment started again at a gallop, and the omnibus went on its way. And while the cuirassiers filed by, Arnaud de l'Ariège, with his head still outside the vehicle, continued to shout into their ears, for as I said, their horses pressed close upon ours, —

“Down with the Dictator! Down with the traitors!”

At the Rue Lafitte we got out. Carini, Montanelli, and Arnaud left me, and I went on alone towards the Rue de la Tour-d'Auvergne. Night was drawing near. As I turned the corner of the street a man passed close to me. By the light of a street lamp I recognized a workman from a neighboring tannery, and he said to me in a low tone and hurriedly, —

“Don't go home. The police are watching your house.”

I went back towards the boulevard along the streets which had been laid out but were not then built upon, and which make a Y under the windows at the back of my house. As I could not have an interview with my wife and daughter, I tried to think of some other way to pass the time that remained. A remembrance came into my mind.



## CHAPTER XVII.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JUNE VS. THE SECOND OF DECEMBER.

ON Sunday, the twenty-sixth of June, 1848, — the four days' colossal, formidable, and heroic combat still in progress, but the insurrection being nearly vanquished everywhere and now restricted to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, — four men, who had been among the bravest of the defenders at the barricades in the Rue du Pont-aux-Choux, the Rue Saint-Claude, and the Rue Saint-Louis in the Marais, escaped when the barricades were taken and found a safe hiding-place at No. 12, Rue Saint-Anastase. They were concealed in an attic. The Guards were hunting for them to shoot them. I was told of it. I was one of sixty representatives sent by the Constituent Assembly to the scene of combat, with orders to get ahead of the attacking columns, to carry, even at the peril of our lives, a message of peace to the barricades, to prevent bloodshed, and put an end to civil war. I went to the Rue Saint-Anastase and I saved the four men.

Among these men was a poor workman from the Rue de Charonne, whose wife was at that moment in confinement, and who was weeping. Hearing his sobs and seeing his rags, it was easy to understand how he had leaped at a single bound through the three stages of poverty, despair, and rebellion. The leader was a young, pale, fair-haired man, with high cheek bones, a lofty brow, and an earnest and resolute expression. When I set him at liberty and told him my name he also wept, and said, —

“Only think that an hour ago I knew that you were confronting us and wished that my gun-barrel had eyes, that it

might hunt you out and kill you! In these times," he went on, "one never knows what will happen. If you ever have need of me, for any purpose, come."

His name was Auguste, and he kept a wine shop in the Rue de la Roquette. Since that time I had seen him but once, on the twenty-sixth of August, 1849, the day when I held a corner of the pall that covered Balzac. The procession was making its way to Père Lachaise. Auguste's shop was on the route. There was a crowd in all the streets through which the procession passed. Auguste stood in his doorway with his young wife and two or three workmen. As I went by he saluted me.

This was the recollection that came into my mind as I descended the lonely streets behind my house; now, on the second of December, I thought of him. I thought that he could tell me about the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and help us to arouse the populace. The young man had impressed me as a soldier and a leader. I recalled the words he had spoken, and thought it would be well to see him. First I found in the Rue Saint-Anastase, the brave woman who had concealed Auguste and his three companions, and who had many times since given them aid. I begged her to accompany me. She consented. On the way, I dined upon a cake of chocolate which Charamaule had given me.

I was struck by the appearance of the boulevards as I went down the Italiens towards the Marais. The shops were everywhere open as usual. There was very little military display. In the wealthy quarters, there was great excitement, and troops were moving about; but as I approached the district inhabited by the poorer people, the more emphatic did the solitude become. A regiment was drawn up in front of the Café Turc. A band of young men in blouses passed in front of the regiment, singing the "Marseillaise." I answered them with the cry, "To arms!" The regiment did not stir. The light showed play bills on the neighboring wall; the theatres were open; I looked at the play bills as I

went by — they were giving “Hernani,” at the Théâtre Italien, with a new tenor named Guasco.

The Place de la Bastille was frequented as usual by people who came and went in the most peaceable manner in the world. A few workmen, gathered about the July Column and talking in low tones, were scarcely noticeable. Through the windows of a wine shop, two men were visible, quarrelling over the *Coup d'État*; the one in favor of it wore a blouse, the one against it wore a coat. A few steps off a juggler had put his X-shaped table between four candles, and was performing tricks for the entertainment of the crowd, which, evidently, thought of nothing else. Towards the gloomy solitudes of the Quai Mazas several batteries with horses attached could be seen in the darkness. The light of torches carried hither and thither glanced now and then from the black outlines of the artillery.

I had some difficulty in finding Auguste's house in the Rue de la Roquette. Nearly all the shops were closed, and this made the street very dark. At last, through a glass shop front, I saw light shining upon a pewter counter. Beyond the counter, through a glass partition hung with white curtains, another light and the shadows of two or three men sitting at a table, were dimly perceptible. This was the place. I went in. The door, as it swung back, set a bell ringing. At the sound, a door opened in the glass partition which separated the shop from the room in the rear, and Auguste appeared. He recognized me at once and advanced to my side.

“Ah, sir,” he said; “it is you!”

“You know what is going on?” I asked.

“Yes, sir.”

The “Yes, sir,” calmly and even shyly uttered, told me everything. I had anticipated an angry protest and I got this peaceful response. It seemed to me that I must have been speaking to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine itself. I saw now that there was no chance of doing anything in this

quarter. The people, the wonderful people, were resigned to the situation. Nevertheless, I made an effort.

"Louis Bonaparte is betraying the Republic," I said, unwittingly raising my voice. He touched my arm and pointed with his finger to the shadows on the glass partition.

"Take care, sir; speak lower."

"What!" I exclaimed, "it has come to this, that you dare not speak, you dare not pronounce the name of 'Bonaparte' aloud, you scarcely mumble a few words with bated breath, here in this street, in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, where from every door and from every window, from the pavements, from the very stones, should go up the cry, 'To Arms!'"

Auguste explained, what I already perceived too clearly and what Girard had made me feel in the morning,—the moral condition of the faubourg,—that the people were "dumbfounded," that in their opinion universal suffrage had been re-established, that the abrogation of the law of the thirty-first of May was a good thing.

"But the law of the thirty-first of May," I said, interrupting him, "was favored by Louis Bonaparte, was drawn up by Rouher, was proposed by Baroche, and was carried by Bonapartists. You are delighted because the thief who has stolen your purse is good enough to give it back."

"Not I," said Auguste, "but the others." And he went on to say that as for the Constitution, the truth was people cared very little about it; that they were in favor of the Republic, but that the Republic required too much "preserving"; that in all this business they saw but one thing—batteries ready to shoot them down; that they remembered June, 1848; that some poor people had suffered a great deal; that Cavaignac had done much harm; that the women clung to the blouses of the men to prevent them from going to the barricades; that, nevertheless, seeing men like us in the lead, they might perhaps fight, but the trouble was they had no idea of what they were to fight for. "The upper part of the faubourg is no good," he said in conclusion; "lower down it is better. Here

they will fight. The Rue de la Roquette is good, the Rue de Charonne is good, but around Père-Lachaise they say : 'What shall we get for it?' They care only for their forty sous a day. They won't go out; don't depend on the masons. We don't say here, 'as cold as a stone,' " he added with a smile, "but 'as cold as a mason.' As for me," he said further, "I owe my life to you. Do what you will with me. I will lay down my life. I will do whatever you desire." While he was speaking I saw the white curtain drawn back behind the glass partition, and his young wife looked uneasily through.

"Heaven knows," I said, "that what we need is not the life of one but the effort of all." He was silent; I continued. "And so — listen to me, Auguste, you are a good fellow and can understand — so the Paris faubourgs, heroic when they are deceived, rose in June, 1848, through a mistake, through a misapprehension about a question of salary, because of a blundering definition of socialism, rose against their own Assembly, against universal suffrage, against their own verdict, — and now, in December, 1851, they will not rise in behalf of right, in behalf of law, in behalf of the people, in behalf of liberty, in behalf of the Republic! You say that matters are confused and that they do not understand; but the fact is that in June everything was in a muddle, while to-day everything is clear!" As I spoke these concluding words the door of the back room was opened softly and some one came in — a young man, fair, like Auguste, with an overcoat on, and wearing a workman's cap. I started. Auguste turned and said, —

"You can trust him."

The young man took off his cap, came up close to me, and, taking care to turn his back to the glass partition, said in a low tone, —

"I know you very well. I was on the Boulevard du Temple to-day. We asked you what we should do; you said that we must take up arms. Well, here they are!" He thrust his hands into the pockets of his overcoat and drew out two pis-



tols. Almost at the same moment, the bell of the street door rang. He quickly put the pistols back in his overcoat pockets. A man in a blouse, a workman, perhaps fifty years old, came in. This man, without looking at any of us and without speaking a word, threw a piece of money on the counter. Auguste took a small glass and filled it with brandy. The man drank it at a single gulp, put the glass on the counter, and went out.

"You see how it is," said Auguste, when the door had closed; "they drink, they eat, they sleep; they never think. They're all like that!"

"One man is not the people," the other interrupted eagerly; and turning to me he said, "Citizen Victor Hugo, they will go forward. If all do not move, some will. The fact is, it would perhaps be better not to begin here, but on the other side of the river. After all," he said, suddenly pausing, "you probably do not know my name." He took a small note-book from his pocket, tore out a scrap of paper, wrote his name on it with a lead pencil, and handed it to me. I am sorry that I have forgotten the name. He was an engineer. In order not to compromise him, I burned this paper with many others, on the Saturday morning when I was about to be arrested.

"It is true, sir," said Auguste, "we must not be too hard on the faubourg. As my friend says, they may not be the first to start, but if others rise, they will rise."

"Who shall stand," I exclaimed, "if the Faubourg Saint-Antoine be down? Who shall live, if the people be dead?"

The engineer went to the street door, made sure that it was shut, then came back, and said, —

"There are many men who are willing — it is leaders that we lack. Listen, Citizen Victor Hugo, I can tell you this;" and in a low tone he added, "I hope for a movement to-night."

"Where?"

"In the Faubourg Saint-Marceau."

"At what time?"



"At one o'clock."

"How do you know?"

"Because I am to be there. Now, Citizen Victor Hugo," he went on, "if there is a movement in the Faubourg Saint-Marceau to-night, will you take charge of it? Will you?"

"Yes?"

"Have you your scarf?"

I drew it partly out of my pocket. His eyes glistened with joy. "Good," he said; "The citizen has his pistols, the representative has his scarf. Every one is armed."

"Are you sure the movement will take place to-night?" I asked.

"Everything is prepared," he replied, "and we count upon it."

"If that is the case," I said, "when the first barricade is made, I want to be behind it—come and look for me."

"Where?"

"Wherever I may be."

He assured me that if the movement was to take place that night, he would know of it by half past ten at the latest, and that I should be informed of it before eleven o'clock. We agreed that wherever I might be at that hour, I would send notice to Auguste, who promised to be the medium of communication. The young woman kept looking through the curtains. The interview was getting long, and might seem strange to the people in the back room.

"I am going," I said to Auguste. As I opened the door, he seized my hand, pressed it as a woman might have done, and said in a solemn tone, —

"You are going. Will you ever return?"

"I do not know."

"True," he said, "one never knows what will happen. Well, you will perhaps be followed and run down as I was. Perhaps it will be your turn to be shot, and my turn to save you. Even little things, you know, have their uses. Monsieur Victor Hugo, if you need a place of refuge, this house is

yours. Come here. You will find a bed to sleep in, and a man who will give his life for yours."

I thanked him with a clasp of the hand, and took my departure. Eight o'clock was striking. I hastened towards the Rue de Charonne.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE REPRESENTATIVES HUNTED DOWN.

IN front of Pépin's grocery, at the corner of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, on the very spot where the great, two-story barricade was raised in June, 1848, the morning's placards had been posted up, several men were looking at them, although the darkness was so intense that they could not see the letters, and an old woman said, —

"The 'twenty-five francs' are down. So much the better."

A few steps further on, some one spoke my name. I turned round. Jules Favre, Bourzat, Lafon, Madier de Montjau, and Michel de Bourges were going by. I took leave of the brave and devoted woman who had so willingly accompanied me. A cab was passing, I put her in it, and then rejoined the five representatives. They were coming back from the Rue de Charonne. They had found the headquarters of the Cabinet-makers' Association closed.

"No one was there," said Madier de Montjau. "Those fine fellows have a little capital, and they don't want to risk it. They are afraid of us and they say, '*Coups d'État* are nothing to us — we'll leave them alone.'"

"I am not surprised," I said; "under such circumstances an association always takes the capitalist point of view."

"Where shall we go?" asked Jules Favre.

Lafon lived close by, at No. 2 Quai Jemmapes. He offered the use of his rooms, we accepted, and we took the necessary measures to inform the members of the Left that we were there. In a few moments we were installed at Lafon's, on the fifth floor of an old and lofty house, — a house that saw the

capture of the Bastille. The house was entered by a side door opening upon the Quai Jemmapes, and giving ingress to a narrow courtyard, lower than the quay by several steps. Bourzat remained at this door to warn us, if anything should happen, and to direct the representatives who might come. In a few moments a large number had arrived, and we had nearly all who were with us in the morning, with some others. Lafon gave us the drawing-room, the windows overlooking the rear court. We organized a committee to preside, and Jules Favre, Carnot, Michel and I took our places at a large table, lighted by two candles and placed in front of the fireplace. Representatives and spectators sat around on sofas and chairs. A group stood in front of, and blocked up the door. Michel de Bourges exclaimed, as he came in, —

“We came to find the people of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Here we are. Here we must remain!” These words were applauded.

They discussed the situation: torpor in the faubourgs, no one at the cabinetmakers’ headquarters, doors closed everywhere. I told of what I had seen and heard in the Rue de la Roquette; of the remarks made by the wine-seller, Auguste, about the indifference of the people; of the engineer’s hopes; and of the possibility of a movement that night in the Faubourg Saint-Marceau. It was agreed that as soon as I was notified I was to go there. For the rest, nothing was known of what had been going on during the day. It was announced that Monsieur Havin, lieutenant-colonel of the Fifth Legion of the National Guards, had called his officers together for consultation.

Several democratic writers came in, among them Alexandre Rey and Xavier Durrieu, with Kesler, Villiers, and Amable Lemaître of the *Révolution*. One of the writers was Millièrè. He had a large, bleeding wound above his eyebrow. As he was leaving us in the morning, carrying copies of the proclamation I had dictated, a man threw himself upon Millièrè, and tried to snatch them away. Evidently, the police had

been informed of the proclamation and were on the watch. Millière had a hand-to-hand struggle with the police agent, and threw him down, but not without being wounded. Moreover, the proclamation was not yet printed. It was nearly nine o'clock at night, and nothing had been done. Xavier Durrien maintained that before another hour had gone by, the promised forty thousand copies would be printed. They hoped to be able to cover the walls of Paris with them during the night. Every one present was to serve as a bill poster.

There was among us, as was inevitable in the stormy confusion of these first moments, many men whom we did not know. One of these men carried ten or twelve copies of the appeal to arms. He asked me to put my name to them, in order, he said, that he might show my signature to the people, — "Or to the police," murmured Baudin with a smile. We were not in a mood for precautions. I gave the man all the signatures he wanted.

Jules Favre began to speak. It was important that the action of the Left should be organized, that the movement in preparation should receive a united impulse, that there should be a centre, a pivot for the insurrection, a directing power for the Left, and a support for the people. He proposed the immediate formation of a committee representing every shade of opinion in the Left, whose office it should be to organize and direct the insurrection. All the representatives cheered this courageous and eloquent man. They proposed seven members. They named at once, Carnot, de Flotte, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, Michel de Bourges, and me; and so, by acclamation, the insurrectionary committee was appointed, and at my request took the name of the Committee of Resistance, for the insurgent was Louis Bonaparte, while we were the Republic. They desired to put a representative from among the working men on the committee, and named Faure (of the Rhône); but Faure, we afterwards learned, had been arrested that morning. The committee was, therefore, composed of six members. The committee at once organized.

It elected a standing committee with the power of decreeing urgency in the name of the Left, and to serve as a centre for news, information, directions, instructions, resources, and orders. This standing committee was composed of four members: Carnot, Michel de Bourges, Jules Favre, and myself. De Flotte and Madier de Montjau were made special delegates: De Flotte for the left bank of the Seine and the Quartier des Écoles, Madier for the boulevards and the suburbs. These preliminary operations over with, Lafon took Michel de Bourges and me aside and told us that Ex-Constituent Proudhon had been asking for one of us, that he had remained below about a quarter of an hour, and that he had gone away, saying he would wait for us in the Place de la Bastille. Proudhon, who was at this period undergoing three years' imprisonment at Saint-Pélagie for offending Louis Bonaparte, was, from time to time, granted leave of absence. By chance, he was out on the second of December. It is worth observing that on the second of December, Proudhon was in custody by virtue of a legal sentence, and at the moment when the inviolable representatives were imprisoned, Proudhon, who could be legally detained, was allowed to be at liberty. Proudhon had profited by the opportunity to come and find us. I knew Proudhon, for I had seen him at the Conciergerie \* where my two sons, my two friends Auguste Vacquerie and Paul Meurice, and those valiant writers, Louis Jourdan, Erdan, and Suchet were confined. I could not help thinking that on this particular day none of these men had been allowed to go out. Meanwhile, Xavier Durrieu whispered in my ear, —

"I have just left Proudhon. He wants to see you. He is waiting for you below, close by; you will find him at the entrance to the square, leaning on the parapet of the canal."

"I am going to him," I said.

I went down.

At the designated spot I found Proudhon in a pensive attitude, with his two elbows resting on the parapet. He had on

\* Prison adjoining the Palace of Justice in Paris. *Tr.*



the broad-brimmed hat which I had often seen him wear as he walked about alone, with mighty strides, in the courtyard of the Conciergerie.

I went up to him.

"You wish to speak to me?"

"Yes."

And he shook me by the hand.

It was a lonely spot where we were standing. To the left was the deep and gloomy Place de la Bastille, where nothing was distinguishable, and yet one had the feeling that a great many people were there; regiments were drawn up in battle array; they did not bivouac, they were ready to march; we could hear the muffled sound of breathing; the square was filled with a shower of pale sparks, made by the bayonets in the darkness. Above this abyss of shadows, the Column of July rose black and towering. Proudhon spoke again.

"This is the point. I have come as a friend to warn you. You are the victim of illusions. The people are trapped. They will not budge. Bonaparte will carry them with him. This nonsense about the restitution of universal suffrage catches the poor fools. Bonaparte passes for a socialist. He has said, 'I will be the emperor of the rabble.' It was insolence, but insolence has a chance of success when it has these in its service"—and Proudhon pointed with his finger at the baleful gleam of the bayonets. "Bonaparte," he continued, "has an object. The Republic made the people supreme, he wishes to bring about the supremacy of the populace. He will succeed and you will fail. On his side he has force, cannon, popular error, and the blunders of the Assembly. The few men of the Left, of which you are one, will not get the best of the *Coup d'État*. You are honest, and he has the advantage of you, for he is a scoundrel. You have scruples, and he has none. Take my advice and do not resist. Under the circumstances nothing can be done. You must wait; at this moment, struggle would be foolish. What do you hope for?"

"Nothing."

"And what are you going to do?"

"Everything."

From the tone in which I spoke he saw that further argument was useless. "Good by," he said. He disappeared in the darkness, and I never saw him again. I went back to Lafon's.

Meanwhile, the copies of the appeal to arms did not come. The restless representatives went up and down stairs. Some went to wait and watch on the Quai Jemmapes. In the drawing-room there was a hum of general conversation. The members of the committee, Madier de Montjau, Jules Favre, and Carnot, took their departure, leaving word for me with Charamaule that they were going to Ex-Constituent Landrin's house, No. 10 Rue des Moulins in the division of the Fifth Legion, to deliberate there more at their ease, and they begged me to follow them. But I thought it my duty to stay. I had agreed to take charge of a forthcoming movement in the Faubourg Saint-Marceau. I was waiting for a message from Auguste, and it was important that I should not be too far away. Moreover, it was possible that if I went away, the representatives of the Left, discovering the absence of the entire committee, would separate without taking any action, and I saw in such a contingency more than one disadvantage.

Time passed. Still no proclamations. We found out the next day that the bundles had been seized by the police. Cournet, a former naval officer and a Republican, was present and began to speak. What Cournet was, what an energetic and determined nature he possessed, we shall see further on. He reminded us that we had been there since two o'clock, that the police would certainly be informed of our whereabouts, that it was the imperative duty of members of the Left to protect themselves at any price, as the heads of the people, that the very circumstances in which they were placed demanded a frequent change of location, and in con-

clusion he offered us the use of his workshops at No. 82 Rue Popincourt, at the end of a blind alley and close by the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. We accepted, and I sent word to Auguste of our change of base, and gave him Cournet's address. Lafon stayed in the Quai Jemmapes, with instructions to send us the proclamations as soon as they arrived, and we at once took our departure. Charamaule undertook to send to the Rue des Moulins to inform the other members of the committee that we were waiting for them at No. 82 Rue Popincourt.

We went along as we had done in the morning, in small, isolated groups. The Quai Jemmapes borders the left bank of the Saint-Martin canal. We met only a few workmen, who turned their heads when we had passed and paused behind us with an air of astonishment. The night was dark. A few drops of rain were falling. A little beyond the Rue du Chemin-Vert we turned to the right and entered the Rue Popincourt. The street was deserted, the houses dark, closed, and silent, as had been the case in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. The street is long; we walked for a long time; we passed by the barracks. Cournet was not with us. He had remained behind to inform some of his friends, and, as he told us, to take defensive measures in case his house should be attacked. We looked for No. 82. It was so dark that we could not see the numbers on the houses. Finally, at the end of the street on the right, we saw a light. It was a grocer's shop, the only one open in the whole street. One of us went in and asked the grocer, who was seated behind his counter, to point out Monsieur Cournet's house.

"Across the way," said the grocer, pointing with his finger at an old, low carriage entrance visible on the other side of the street nearly opposite the shop. We knocked at this door. It opened. Baudin entered first, tapped on the window of the porter's lodge, and asked, —

"Monsieur Cournet?"

"This is the place," said an old woman's voice.

The portress was in bed. Every one in the house was asleep. We went in. Once inside, and the door of the carriage entrance closed behind us, we found ourselves in a little square courtyard forming the centre of a sort of three-storied ruin. It was as silent as a cloister; there was no light in the windows; near a shed we could see the low entrance to a narrow, dark, and crooked staircase.

"We have made a mistake," said Charamaule; "this cannot possibly be the place."

Meanwhile the portress, hearing so many footsteps under the carriage entrance, had been thoroughly awakened, had lighted her lamp, and we now saw her in her lodge, her face pressed close against the window, gazing in alarm at the sixty black and motionless phantoms standing in the courtyard. Esquiros spoke to her.

"Is it Monsieur Cournet who lives here?" he asked.

"Monsieur Cornet, without doubt," the good woman responded.

It was clear enough now. We had asked for Cournet; the grocer had understood us to say Cornet; the portress had thought we said Cornet. Chance would have it that Monsieur Cornet should live precisely in that spot. We shall see later on how remarkably useful this accident was to us. We went out, greatly to the relief of the poor portress, and we resumed our search. Xavier Durrieu succeeded in getting his bearings, and relieved us from our embarrassment. A few moments later we turned to the left and entered a long, blind alley, dimly lighted by an old oil street lamp, of the pattern formerly used for the illumination of Paris. Another turn to the left, and we went through a narrow passage into a large courtyard encumbered with outhouses and lumber. This time we were at Cournet's.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### ONE FOOT IN THE SEPULCHRE.

COURNET was waiting for us. He received us in a room on the ground floor, where he had a fire, a table, and some chairs, but the room was so small that a fourth of our number filled it to overflowing, and the others had to stay outside in the courtyard.

"We cannot hold a meeting here," said Bancel.

"I have a large drawing-room on the second floor," said Cournet, "but the house is not finished, the furniture is not in yet, and there is no fire."

"What difference does that make?" they said. "Let us go upstairs."

We went up to the second floor by means of a steep and narrow wooden staircase, and we took possession of two very low-studded rooms, one of which, however, was quite large. The walls were whitewashed and the only furniture was a few straw-bottomed chairs.

"Preside," they called to me. I sat down in one of the chairs in a corner of the first room, with the fireplace on my right, and a door opening upon the staircase at my left.

"I have a pencil and some paper," said Bandin. "I will act as your secretary." He took a chair by my side.

The representatives and spectators, among the latter several in blouses, stood up about Bandin and me, forming a sort of square, backed by the two walls of the room opposite to us. The crowd extended as far as the staircase. A lighted candle stood on the mantelpiece.

The meeting was inspired by a common spirit. The faces



were pale, but the eyes expressed noble resolution. In all these shadows, the same fire was gleaming. Several asked at once for the floor. I requested them to give their names to Baudin, who wrote them down and then passed the list to me. A workman was the first to speak. He began by asking pardon that he, a stranger to the Assembly, should mingle with the representatives. They interrupted him.

"No, no," they said; "people and representatives are one. Speak!"

He declared that, if he ventured to speak, it was that he might wash the stain of suspicion from the honor of his brethren, the workmen of Paris. He had heard several representatives speak doubtfully of them. This he affirmed to be unjust. The workmen understood Monsieur Bonaparte's crime and knew the duty incumbent upon the people. They were not deaf to the appeal of the Republican representatives, and this would soon become evident. All this he said in a straightforward way, with a sort of proud shyness and rough sincerity. He kept his word. The next day I found him fighting at the Rambuteau barricade. Mathieu de la Drôme came in as the workman finished speaking.

"I bring news," he exclaimed. A profound silence followed. As I have already said, we had known since morning, in an indefinite sort of way, that the Right had been able to get together and that a certain number of our friends had taken part in the meeting, but that was all. Mathieu de la Drôme told us the events of the day,—the particulars about the domiciliary arrests, the meeting at Daru's, and the brutal treatment it had met with in the Rue de Bourgogne, the representatives driven from the Assembly chamber, President Dupin's platitudes, the dissolution of the high court, the ineptitude of the Council of State, the melancholy meeting at the mayoralty in the tenth arrondissement, the Oudinot mishap, the act of deposition, the two hundred and twenty seized and taken to the Quai d'Orsay. He concluded with a manly outburst. The responsibility of the Left was increasing every



hour. The morrow would probably be decisive. He implored the meeting to consider what he had said.

A workman had something to add. He had been in the Rue de Grenelle that morning, when the arrested members of the Assembly went by, and he had heard a commanding officer of the Vincennes Rangers say, —

“Now it’s the turn of the Red representatives. Let them look out for themselves !”

One of the editors of the *Révolution*, Hennett de Kesler, who later became an intrepid exile, completed the story begun by Mathieu de la Drôme. He told of the visit made by the two members of the Assembly to the so-called Minister of the Interior, Morny, and of the response of the said Morny: “If I find any representatives behind barricades, I’ll have them shot down to the last man.” He told us, too, of the other saying of this same smart fellow, with regard to the members taken to the Quai d’Orsay: “These are the last representatives who will be taken prisoners.” He informed us that a placard was at that moment printing at the national printing office, declaring that “Whoever was found at a secret meeting would be immediately shot.” The placard appeared the next day.

Baudin rose. “The *Coup d’État* redoubles its fury,” he exclaimed. “Citizens, let us redouble our energy.”

A man in a blouse suddenly entered. He was out of breath. He came on the run. He declared that he had just seen — had seen with his own eyes — a battalion of soldiers in the Rue Popincourt, marching silently towards the blind alley at No. 82, that we were surrounded and would be attacked, and he begged us to disperse immediately,

“Citizen representatives,” cried Cournet, “I have stationed sentinels in the alley, and they will fall back and warn us if the battalion tries to enter. The gate is narrow, and can be barricaded in the twinkling of an eye. We are here, with you, fifty armed and resolute men, and at the first shot we shall be two hundred. We have ammunition. You may de-

liberate in tranquillity." As he concluded, he raised his right arm and a large poniard he had concealed there fell from his sleeve, while, with the other hand, he knocked together in his pocket the butts of a pair of pistols.

"Very well," I said, "let us go on."

Three of the youngest and most eloquent of the orators belonging to the Left, — Bancel, Arnaud de l'Ariège, and Victor Chauffour, — spoke, one after the other. All three were importunate in the idea that, — our appeal to arms not yet having been posted, the various episodes in the Boulevard du Temple and at the Bonlavet Café having led to no results, none of our proceedings having as yet, thanks to Bonaparte's vigilance, amounted to anything, while the news of the meeting at the mayoralty was spreading through Paris, — it seemed as if the Right had actually begun resistance before the Left. They were spurred on by a generous solicitude for the public safety. It was a joy to them to know that a battalion was ready to attack them a few steps away, and that in a few minutes their blood perhaps might be flowing. Moreover, advice was plentiful, and with advice came uncertainty. Illusions still remained. A workman, who was leaning against the mantelpiece close by my side, said in a low voice to one of his comrades, that it was no use to count upon the people, and that if they went to fighting they would "be doing a crazy thing."

The incidents and events of the day had in several respects modified my opinion with regard to the course to be followed in this serious crisis. The silence of the crowd when Arnaud de l'Ariège and I addressed the troops had destroyed the impression left in my mind a few hours before by the popular enthusiasm in the Boulevard du Temple. I had been struck with Auguste's hesitation; the Cabinet-makers' Association had shunned us; the torpor of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine was plain enough; the inactivity of the Faubourg Saint-Marceau was not less observable; I was to have heard from the engineer before eleven o'clock, and it was already past eleven, — one after another, our hopes were extinguished. But, as I

thought, this was all the more reason why we should astonish and arouse Paris by some extraordinary spectacle, by some daring manifestation of life and collective power on the part of the Left, by the audacity of an immense devotion. We shall see later on by what fortuitous combination of circumstances this idea of mine was prevented from being realized, as I had intended. The representatives have all done their duty; perhaps providence did not favor their success. However that may be, taking it for granted that we were not to be conquered in an immediate nocturnal struggle, that at the time when I spoke we had a morrow still before us, I felt how necessary it was that we should have a fixed programme, to be followed on the ensuing day. I addressed the meeting.

I began with a complete analysis of the situation. I drew the picture in a few words: the Constitution cast into the gutter; the Assembly driven with the butt end of a musket to prison; the Council of State dissolved; the high court dispersed by a prison warden; Louis Bonaparte clearly having the upper hand; Paris caught in a military net; stupor everywhere; all authority overthrown; all compacts annulled; only two things remaining, — the *Coup d'État* and ourselves.

"Ourselves! And who are we? We are," I said, "truth and justice. We are supreme and sovereign power, the people incarnate, — right! Louis Bonaparte," I went on, "takes with every moment that passes, one step further in crime; to him, nothing is inviolable, nothing is sacred. This morning he violated the palace of the National Representatives; a few hours later he put his hand upon their persons, to-morrow, at this very hour, it may be, he will shed their blood. Well, since he is advancing upon us, let us advance upon him. The peril is constantly growing, let us grow with the peril."

The Assembly indicated its assent. I continued, —

"I repeat, and I insist upon it, let us show no mercy to this wretched Bonaparte for any of the enormities he has committed. Since he has drawn wine — I should say, blood — force him to drink it. We are not individuals, we are the

nation. Each one of us goes forward clad in the sovereignty of the people. He cannot assault our persons without tearing that sovereignty asunder. Let us force his volleys to pierce our sashes, as well as our breasts. This man is on the logical path to parricide. He is at this moment accomplishing the death of his country. Well, then, the ball of executive power piercing the scarf of legislative power, that is visible parricide. We must not fail to understand it."

"We are ready," they cried. "What is your opinion with regard to the measures we ought to adopt?"

"No half measures," I replied; "a supreme action! To-morrow, if we escape from here to-night, let us go to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine—" They interrupted me,—

"Why the Faubourg Saint-Antoine?"

"Yes," I went on, "the Faubourg Saint-Antoine! I cannot believe that the heart of the people has ceased to beat there. Let us go to-morrow to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Opposite the Lenoir market there is a hall which was used by a political club in 1848—"

"The Salle Roysin," they cried.

"Yes, that's it," I said, "the Salle Roysin. We are one hundred and twenty Republican representatives at liberty. Let us take possession of this hall. Let us install ourselves there in the plenitude and majesty of legislative power. Henceforth, we are the Assembly—the whole Assembly! Let us take our seats and deliberate, wearing our official scarfs, in the midst of the people. Let us make the Faubourg Saint-Antoine our abode, let the national representatives take refuge there, let popular sovereignty find an asylum there, let us make the people the guardians of the people,—let us adjure them, if need be command them, to defend themselves."

"You cannot give commands to the people," a voice interrupted.

"Yes," I cried, "when it is a question of public safety, of universal safety; when it concerns the future of all the nations

of Europe; when it is a question of defending the Republic, liberty, civilization, the Revolution — then we have the right, we, the representatives of the whole nation, to give orders to the people of Paris in the name of the people of France! Let us meet to-morrow, then, at the Salle Roysin. At what hour? Not too early in the morning. In full day. The shops must be open, there must be passing to and fro; the population must be moving about; there must be people in the streets, that they may see us, that they may know who we are, that the glory of our example may meet every eye and thrill every heart. Let us all be there by nine or ten o'clock in the morning. If there is any obstacle at the Salle Roysin, we will take the first church we come to, a stable, a shed, an enclosure where we can deliberate; if necessary, we can, as Michel de Bourges suggests, take our seats in a square surrounded by four barricades. But, provisionally, I suggest the Salle Roysin. Do not forget that in a crisis like this there must be no blank spaces. A nation is alarmed at a vacuum. There must be a government somewhere, and the nation must realize it. Rebellion at the Élysée; the government in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine; the Left constituting the government, the Faubourg Saint-Antoine its citadel, — these are the ideas we must to-morrow impress upon the mind of Paris. To the Salle Roysin, then! Thence—in the midst of the brave multitude of workingmen who inhabit that great district of Paris, enclosed in the faubourg as in a fortress, acting at once as legislators and as generals, multiplying and inventing means of attack and defence, launching proclamations and tearing up pavements, employing women to write our placards while the men are fighting, —thence we will denounce Louis Bonaparte, we will denounce his accomplices, we will declare the military leaders guilty of high treason, we will outlaw the crime and the criminals, we will call the citizens to arms, we will call the army back to its duty, we will stand erect before Louis Bonaparte in the awful majesty of the incarnate Republic, we will



fight with him holding in one hand the force of the law ; in the other, the force of the people ; we will crush this miserable rebel, and we will stand upon his prostrate form in the grandeur of established and revolutionary power ! ”

While I spoke I was intoxicated with my own idea. My enthusiasm communicated itself to the Assembly. They cheered ; I saw that hope had taken me a little too far, that I had allowed myself to be carried away and that I had carried them away with me ; that I had depicted success as possible, even as easy, at a moment when it was important that there should be no illusion. The truth was gloomy and it was my duty to give it utterance. I waited till silence was restored, and then signified by a gesture that I had another word to add. I went on, lowering my voice, —

“ Listen. Be sure you understand what you are doing. On the one hand, a hundred thousand men, seventeen batteries equipped for action, six thousand cannon in the forts, magazines, arsenals, stores enough for a Russian campaign, — on the other hand, one hundred and twenty representatives, a thousand or twelve hundred patriots, six hundred muskets, two cartridges per man, not a drum to beat the call to arms, not a bell to sound the tocsin, not a printing office to print a proclamation, scarcely here and there a lithographic press in a cellar where a placard may be furtively and hastily printed with the aid of a brush ; the penalty of death against any one who tears up a paving stone, penalty of death against any one who performs military drill, penalty of death against any one found at a secret meeting, penalty of death against any one who posts up a call to arms ; if you are taken during the combat, death ; if you are taken after the combat, transportation or exile ; on the one hand, an army and a crime ; on the other hand, a handful of men and the right, — that is the struggle. Do you accept it ? ”

A unanimous shout was my answer : “ Yes ! Yes ! ” This cry came not from the lips, but from the soul. Baudin, who all the time sat by my side, pressed my hand in silence.



It was at once agreed, then, that we should meet the next day, Wednesday, between nine and ten in the morning, at the Salle Roysin, that we should go singly or in small isolated groups, and that those who were absent should be told of the time and place of meeting. This done, there was nothing more except to disperse. It was about midnight. One of Cournet's sentinels entered.

"Citizen representatives," he said, "the battalion is no longer there. The street is free."

The battalion, which had probably come from the Popincourt barracks close by, had occupied the street opposite the blind alley for half an hour and then had gone back to quarters. Did they think an attack inopportune or perilous at night in the narrow blind alley, in the formidable Popincourt quarter where the insurrection had held out so long in June, 1848? It seems certain that the soldiers visited several houses in the neighborhood. According to instructions of which we heard later, we were followed, when we left No. 2 Quai Jemmapes, by a detective who saw us enter the house where Monsieur Cornet lived, and went immediately to the prefecture to tell his superiors of our place of refuge. The battalion sent to seize us, surrounded the house, explored it from cellar to attic, found nothing, and withdrew. That quasi-synonym of Cornet and Cournet threw the bloodhounds of the *Coup d'État* off the scent. Chance, as we now see, took a useful part in our affairs. I was talking by the door with Baudin, and we were exchanging a few last words when a young man with a chestnut-colored beard, dressed in fashionable attire and cultivated in his manners, whom I had noticed while I was talking, came up to me.

"Monsieur Victor Hugo," he said, "where are you going to sleep?"

Until that moment I had not thought about the matter.

It would certainly not be prudent for me to go home.

"The fact is," I said, "I have no idea."

"Will you come to my house?"

“With pleasure.”

He gave me his name. He was called Monsieur de la R—— he knew my brother Abel’s family, the Montferriers, relatives of the Cambacérès, and he lived in the Rue Caumartin. He had been prefect under the provisional government. He had a carriage near. We got in, and as Baudin informed me that he should spend the night at Cournet’s, I gave him Monsieur de la R——’s address, in order that he might send for me if news came of any movement in the Faubourg Saint-Marceau or elsewhere. But I hoped for nothing more that night, and I was not mistaken.

About fifteen minutes after the representatives had dispersed and after our departure from the Rue Popincourt, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, de Flotte, and Carnot, to whom we had sent word in the Rue des Moulins, arrived at Cournet’s, accompanied by Schœlcher, Charamaule, Aubry du Nord, and Bastide. Several representatives were still at Cournet’s. A few, like Baudin, were to pass the night. Our colleagues were told of what had been done with regard to my proposition for a meeting at the Salle Roysin, only it seems that there was some uncertainty about the hour, that Baudin did not remember exactly, and that our colleagues believed the meeting, appointed for nine o’clock in the morning, was to be at eight. This change of time, due to a failure of memory and for which no one can be blamed, prevented the realization of the plan I had conceived of an Assembly sitting in the faubourg, and offering battle to Louis Bonaparte, but gave us, by way of compensation, the heroic achievement of the Sainte-Marguerite barricade.

## CHAPTER XX.

### BURIAL OF A GREAT ANNIVERSARY.

SUCH was the first day. Study it carefully. It deserves attention. It is the anniversary of Austerlitz; the nephew commemorates the uncle. Austerlitz is the most brilliant battle in history; the problem proposed by the nephew was to accomplish a deed as black as the other was resplendent. In this he succeeded. The first day, to be followed by others, is already complete. It embraces everything. It is the most frightful attempt to thrust back progress that ever has been undertaken. Never has such a downfall of civilization been witnessed. The whole edifice is now in ruins; the ground is strewn with fragments. In one night the inviolability of the law, the right of the citizen, the dignity of the judge, the honor of the soldier, disappeared. A horrible transformation had occurred; for the oath, perjury; for the flag, a thing of tatters; for the army, a band of brigands; for justice, high treason; for the code, the sabre; for government, chicanery; for France, a dungeon. This was called "saving society."

A traveller saved by a thief.

France was going by: Bonaparte waylaid her.

The hypocrisy that preceded the crime equals in ugliness the effrontery that followed it. The nation was confident and tranquil. The blow was sudden and sinister. History has no parallel to the second of December. No glory here, nothing but knavery. Nothing to deceive the eye. He called himself honest; he showed himself to be infamous, — it was all very simple. This day, with its almost incomprehensible success, demonstrated that politics may be obscene. Treason suddenly

lifted her prurient skirts, said, "Yes, indeed!" and revealed the nakedness of a filthy soul. Louis Bonaparte took off the mask and showed a thing of horror; he dropped his cloak, and we saw the corruption of a cesspool. Yesterday, president of the Republic; to-day, a scavenger. He has sworn, he still swears; but the accent has changed. The oath turns to blasphemy. Yesterday, a virgin; to-day, a strumpet laughing at dupes. Imagine Joan of Arc confessing that she is Mes-salina. Such is the second of Decemb̃r.

Women are mixed up in this treason. The outrage was the product of the boudoir and the galleys. Through the fetid odor of blood is wafted a vague perfume of patchouli. The accomplices of brigandage are agreeable men — Romieu, Morny. Debt leads to crime.

Europe was astounded. A thunderbolt from a pickpocket. Thunder, it must be confessed, sometimes falls into bad hands. Palmerston, the traitor, approved; old Metternich nodding in his villa at Reinweg, lifted his head. As for Soult, the one man of Austerlitz next to Napoleon, he did all that he was capable of doing — on the day of the crime he died. Alas, and Austerlitz also!



## SECOND DAY.—THE STRUGGLE.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THEY COME TO ARREST ME.

To go from the Rue Popincourt to the Rue Caumartin, one must traverse the whole of Paris. We found everywhere the semblance of a profound calm. It was one o'clock in the morning when we reached Monsieur de la R——'s house. The cab stopped at a grated door, which Monsieur de la R—— opened with a latch-key. To the right, under the archway, a staircase led to the second story of the isolated wing, which Monsieur de la R—— inhabited, and whither he now conducted me. We entered a little drawing-room, very richly furnished, lighted by a night lamp, and separated from the bedroom by a tapestry portière two thirds drawn. Monsieur de la R—— went into the bedroom, and came back a few moments later accompanied by a charming woman, pale and fair, in a dressing-gown, her hair uncoiled, beautiful, sweet, bewildered, gentle nevertheless, and looking at me with that aspect of alarm which gives a young face an added beauty. Madame de la R—— had just been awakened by her husband. She stood for a moment in the doorway, smiling, half-asleep, greatly astonished, a trifle alarmed, looking first at her husband, then at me, never having dreamed perchance of what civil war really was, and now beholding its rude entrance into her home at dead of night, in the form of an unknown man asking for an asylum. I made a thousand apologies to Madame de la R——; she received them with perfect grace. The



charming woman took advantage of the moment to bestow a caress upon a pretty little two-year-old girl, asleep in her cradle at the further end of the drawing-room. The kiss she gave her child was a token of pardon to the refugee who had disturbed her sleep. Monsieur de la R——, while talking, kindled a lively blaze in the fireplace, and his wife, with a pillow and several cushions, her husband's cloak and her own pelisse, made up a bed for me on a sofa opposite the fireplace; it was rather short, and we lengthened it out with a chair.

During the meeting over which I had presided in the Rue Popincourt, Baudin had handed me a pencil to jot down some names. That pencil I still had. I used it now to write a note to my wife, and Madame de la R—— offered to deliver it in person to Madame Victor Hugo on the following day. While rummaging my pockets, I found an order for a box at the Italiens, and gave it to Madame de la R——.

I looked at the cradle, at the two handsome, happy young people, and then glanced at my own person, my rumpled clothes, my dishevelled hair, my muddy boots, my mind filled with gloomy thoughts, and I felt a good deal like an owl who had got into a nest of nightingales. In a few moments, Monsieur and Madame de la R—— withdrew to the bedroom, the half-opened portière was closed, I lay down without undressing upon the sofa, and the sweet nest that I had disturbed returned to gracious tranquillity.

One may sleep on the eve of a battle between armies, but on the eve of a battle between citizens one never sleeps. I counted the hours as they rang out from a church bell close by. All night long, the street beneath the windows of the room where I lay was filled with vehicles fleeing from Paris, following one another rapidly and hurriedly, like a procession of carriages after a ball. Not being able to sleep, I got up. I parted the muslin curtains at one of the windows and tried to look out—the darkness was complete. No stars were visible, and the clouds swept overhead with the vague turbulence of a winter's night. An ominous wind was blowing. The

wind and the clouds were in keeping with the events of the hour. I looked at the sleeping child and waited for the dawn. It came. At my request, Monsieur de la R—— had shown me how I could go out without disturbing any one. I kissed the child's brow and left the room. I closed the doors behind me as softly as I could, that I might not awaken Madame de la R——. The outer gate opened, and I found myself in the street. It was deserted, the shops were still closed; a milkwoman with her donkey by her side was peaceably arranging her cans on the sidewalk. I never saw Monsieur de la R—— again. I learned, while I was in exile that he wrote to me, and that his letter was intercepted. I believe he has left France. May this loving page be to him the messenger of recollection.

The Rue Caumartin leads into the Rue Saint-Lazare. I went in that direction. It was now broad day. Every moment I was overtaken and passed by cabs, loaded with trunks and bundles, hastening to the Havre Railway station. Pedestrians began to show themselves. A train of baggage wagons went up the Rue Saint-Lazare along with me. Opposite No. 92, where Mademoiselle Mars once lived, I saw a freshly posted placard on the wall. I drew near, recognized the typography of the national printing-office and read,—

#### COMPOSITION OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

“ *Interior.* — Monsieur de Morny.

“ *War.* — Major-General Saint-Arnaud.

“ *Foreign Affairs.* — Monsieur de Turgot.

“ *Justice.* — Monsieur Rouher.

“ *Finance.* — Monsieur Fould.

“ *Marine.* — Monsieur Ducos.

“ *Public Works.* — Monsieur Magne.

“ *Public Instruction.* — Monsieur H. Fortoul.

“ *Commerce.* — Monsieur Lefebvre-Durufié.”

I tore down the placard and threw it into the gutter. The soldiers in charge of the baggage wagons saw the act and

went on their way. Rue Saint-Georges, near a side gate, another placard. It was the "Appeal to the People." A number of persons were reading it. I tore it down, in spite of the resistance of the porter, who seemed to be charged with its protection. As I was passing the Place Bréda, several cabs were there. I took one of them. I was near my own home. The temptation was too strong. I went thither. The porter looked at me in utter bewilderment as I crossed the courtyard. I rang. My servant, Isidore, came to let me in, and cried aloud, —

"Ah, sir, it is you! They came last night to arrest you."

I went to my wife's room. She was in bed, but not asleep. She told me what had happened. She had gone to bed at eleven o'clock. About half-past twelve, in that state of semi-consciousness which is like insomnia, she heard men's voices. It seemed as if Isidore were talking with some one in the antechamber. She paid no attention at first and tried to go to sleep, but the sound of voices continued. She sat up and rang. Isidore came in. "Is any one there?" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"Who is it?"

"Some one who wishes to speak with the master."

"He has gone out."

"So I have said, madam."

"Ah, — and the gentleman has not gone away?"

"No, madam. He says it is absolutely necessary that he should speak with Monsieur Hugo, and that he will wait."

Isidore stood in the doorway of the bedroom. While he was talking, a large, ruddy-faced man, wearing an overcoat showing a black coat underneath, appeared at the door behind him. Madam Victor Hugo saw the man, who listened in silence.

"You wish, sir, to speak with Monsieur Victor Hugo?"

"Yes, madam."

"He has gone out."

"I shall have the honor of waiting for him, madam."

"He will not come back."

"Nevertheless, I must speak with him."

"If it is anything that will be of service to him, you can confide it to me with the certainty that I will faithfully transmit it to him."

"I must speak with him in person, madam."

"But about what? Some political matter?" The man did not reply.

"Speaking of politics," said my wife, "what is going on?"

"I think, madam, that all is over."

"In what way?"

"As regards the president."

My wife looked sternly at the man and said, "Sir, you have come to arrest my husband."

"It is true, madam," said the man, throwing back his overcoat and showing the sash of a police commissary. After a moment's silence he added, "I am a commissary of police, and I carry a warrant for the arrest of Monsieur Victor Hugo. I must search the house."

"Your name, sir?" said Madam Victor Hugo.

"My name is Hivert."

"You know the Constitution?"

"Yes, madam."

"You know that the representatives of the people are inviolable?"

"Yes, madam."

"Very well, then, sir," she said, coldly. "You know that you are committing a crime. Days like this have a morrow. Proceed."

Hivert attempted to make an explanation, or rather a justification. He babbled of "conscience" and of "honor." Madam Victor Hugo, who up to this moment had been calm, could not refrain from interrupting him brusquely.

"Do what you have to do, sir, and do not try to explain. You know that any servant of the government who lays his hand upon a representative of the people is guilty of treason. You know that as far as the representatives are concerned,

the president is a servant of the government like the others, the chief functionary charged with the execution of their orders. You dare to come here to arrest a representative in his own home as if he were a criminal! There is a criminal here who deserves to be arrested — it is you.”

Hivert hung his head and went out of the room, and, the door remaining partly open, my wife could see seven or eight poor, slab-sided wretches drawn up behind the well-fed, well-clothed, bald-headed commissary. They wore long, dirty coats that fell to their feet; they had filthy looking old hats pulled down over their eyes — wolves led by a hound. They went through the apartment, looked here and there into a closet, and went away with a despondent air, Isidore thought. Commissary Hivert, above all, had a hangdog appearance, but at one moment he was aroused to fury. Isidore, indignant at seeing these men peering into corners after his master, began to poke fun at them. He pulled out a drawer and said, —

“Look and see if he isn’t in here!”

A flash of anger came into the commissary’s eye, and he exclaimed, “Valet, look out!” He himself was the valet.

When the men had gone, it was found that many of my papers were missing. Fragments of manuscripts had been stolen; among others, one dated July, 1848, directed against the military dictatorship of Cavaignac, and containing these lines, referring to the censorship, the councils of war, the suppression of newspapers, and, more particularly, the imprisonment of that noble journalist, Émile de Girardin, —

“O honte, un lansquenet  
Gauche, et parodiant César dont il hérite,  
Gouverne les esprits du fond de sa guérite!” \*

These manuscripts are lost.

The police might come back at any moment, — in fact, they did come back a few moments after my departure. I embraced

\* “O shame — an awkward knave, aping the Cæsar from whom he draws advantage, sits in his watch-tower and governs men.”



my wife, (I would not arouse my daughter who had just gone to sleep), and I went downstairs. Several frightened neighbors were waiting for me in the courtyard. I called out to them, laughingly, —

“Not taken yet!”

Fifteen minutes later I was at No. 10 Rue des Moulins. It was not yet eight o'clock in the morning, and, thinking that my colleagues of the Insurrectionary Committee had passed the night there, I thought it best to take them with me to the meeting at the Salle Roysin. I found no one but Madame Landrin in the Rue des Moulins. My colleagues believed that the house was under surveillance, and had gone to No. 7 Rue Villedo, the home of Ex-Constituent Leblond, advocate for the workingmen's associations. Jules Favre had remained there all night. Madame Landrin was at breakfast, she offered me a seat by her side, but time pressed, I took a piece of bread, and went away. At No. 7 Rue Villedo, the maid who came to the door showed me into a reception-room where Carnot, Michel de Bourges, Jules Favre, and the master of the house, our former colleague, Constituent Leblond, were together.

“I have a carriage below,” I said. “A meeting is appointed for nine o'clock at the Salle Roysin, in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Let us go.”

But they were not at all disposed to agree to this proposition. In their opinion, the attempts made the night before in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, had demonstrated clearly how things were. That was enough. It was useless to repeat the experiment. It was plain enough that the populace would not rise. We must turn to the mercantile districts. We must give up trying to move the extreme classes of the city, and bring our influence to bear upon the centre. We were the committee of resistance, the soul of the insurrection. To go to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, surrounded as it was by a formidable force, was to surrender to Louis Bonaparte. They reminded me of what I had myself said on this subject the night before



in the Rue Blanche. The insurrection against the *Coup d'État* must be organized at once, and organized in practicable quarters, that is in the ancient labyrinth around the Rue Saint-Denis and the Rue Saint-Martin. We must draw up proclamations, prepare decrees, find some method of reaching the public. Important communications were expected from the workmen's associations and the secret societies. The great blow I had wanted to strike, by means of a solemn sitting at the Salle Roysin, would be sure to miscarry. They thought it to be their duty to stay where they were, and, the amount of work in hand being immense and their numbers being few, they urged me not to leave them.

The men who thus spoke to me were great hearted and courageous. Evidently, they were right. But it was out of the question that I should not go to a meeting I had myself appointed. All the suggestions they had made were good. I might, perhaps, have qualified them somewhat, but a discussion would have taken up too much time, and the hour was near. I made no objections and I withdrew from the reception-room on some pretext or other. My hat was in the ante-chamber, my carriage was waiting, and I took the way to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. The central portion of Paris retained, apparently, its everyday aspect. People came and went, bought and sold, laughed and chattered as usual. In the Rue Montorgueil I heard a hand-organ. But as I approached the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, the conditions I had observed the night before became more and more distinguishable. It was very quiet — a sort of lugubrious solitude.

We reached the Place de la Bastille.

My coachman stopped.

"Go on," I said.

## CHAPTER II.

### FROM THE BASTILLE TO THE RUE DE COTTE.

THE Place de la Bastille was at once deserted and occupied. Three regiments in battle array; not one passer-by. Four batteries with horses attached were drawn up at the foot of the column. Here and there, groups of officers talked together in suspiciously low tones. The principal man in one of these groups attracted my attention. This group was silent; no one spoke. The men were on horseback. One, in front of the others, wore a general's uniform and a hat decorated with black feathers. Behind this man were two colonels, and behind the colonels a cavalcade of aids and staff officers. This bedizened troop were between the column and the entrance to the square, as motionless as a pointing dog. At some distance from this group, and spread out so as to occupy the entire square, were regiments in ranks, and pieces of artillery. My driver stopped again.

"Go on," I said; "go into the square."

"But they will stop us, sir."

"We shall see."

And in fact they did not stop us. The driver went on, but in a hesitating way and keeping his horse at a walk. The appearance of a cab in the square occasioned some surprise, and the inhabitants began to come out of their houses. Several drew near my carriage. We went by the group of men with the big epaulets. The men, in accordance with tactics which we understood later on, did not seem to be conscious of our existence. I was seized with the same emotion I had felt the day before when I saw the regiment of cuirassiers. To

see the assassins of my country in front of me, à few steps away, swaggering in the insolence of a peaceful triumph, was more than I could endure. I could not contain myself. I tore off my scarf, grasped it in my hand, put my arm and my head through the cab window, and waving the scarf, said, —

“Soldiers, look at this scarf. It is the symbol of law; it is the token of the National Assembly. Wherever this scarf is, you will find justice. Well, then, this is what justice commands you to do. You are deceived — return to your duty. It is a representative of the people who speaks to you, and he who represents the people represents the army. Soldiers, before you were soldiers you were peasants, you were workmen, you were, and you are, citizens. Then, citizens, listen to me when I address you. Law alone has the right to give you commands. Yes; and to-day law is violated. By whom? By you. Louis Bonaparte is dragging you into a crime. Soldiers, you are honor; listen to me, for I am duty. Soldiers, Louis Bonaparte is assassinating the Republic. Defend her. Louis Bonaparte is a brigand; all his accomplices will follow him to the galleys. They are there already. He who deserves the galleys is in the galleys. To be worthy of fetters is to wear them. Look at this man who is at your head and who dares to command you. You take him for a general: he is a convict.”

The soldiers seemed to be turned to stone. Some one who stood by (thanks to that generous and devoted soul) touched my arm and whispered in my ear, —

“You will get yourself shot.”

But I paid no attention; I did not listen. I went on, still waving my scarf, —

“You, there, dressed like a general, I am speaking, sir, to you. You know who I am. I am a representative of the people. I know who you are, and I have told you that you are a criminal. Now, do you wish to know my name? This is it.” I shouted my name.

“Now tell me yours,” I added.

He did not reply.

"So be it," I went on; "I do not need to know your name as general; I shall know your number as a galley slave." The man in general's uniform hung his head. The others were silent. I understood what their looks meant, however, although they did not raise their eyes. I saw their sullen glances, and knew that they were furious. I went away with a feeling of colossal contempt. What was this general's name? I did not know then, I do not know now. One of the apologies for the *Coup d'État*, published in England, narrating this incident as an example of "stupid and culpable provocation," says that the "moderation" shown by the military leaders on this occasion "did honor to General ——." We will leave to the author of this panegyric the responsibility for the name and the eulogy.

I entered the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Antoine. My driver, who now knew my name, hesitated no longer, but urged his horse forward. These Paris cab-drivers are an intelligent and valiant class. As I passed the first shops in the main street, nine o'clock rang out from St. Paul's Church.

"Good," I said, "I shall be in time."

The faubourg had an extraordinary appearance. The entrance was guarded, but not blocked up, by two companies of infantry. Two other companies were echeloned further along at short intervals, occupying the street and leaving a passage-way free. The shops at the entrance to the faubourg were open; those farther up were half closed. The inhabitants, among whom I noticed many workmen in blouses, sat on the doorsteps and looked about them. At every step I saw the *Coup d'État* placards, undisturbed.

Beyond the fountain at the corner of the Rue de Charonne, the shops were closed. Two lines of soldiers were stretched along both sides of the street at the outer edge of the sidewalks. The soldiers were stationed five paces apart, muskets held upright, chests drawn in, right hand on the trigger, ready to "aim," keeping silence in an attitude of expectancy.

A field-piece was placed at the mouth of each of the alleys opening out of the main street. Sometimes it was a mortar. To have an exact idea of the military situation, imagine two rosaries extending along the two sides of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, the soldiers being the links and the cannon the beads. Now, my driver was getting restless. He turned to me and said, —

“It looks to me, sir, as if we should meet with barricades out there. Shall I turn round?”

“Keep on,” I said.

He drove on. All at once, progress was impossible. A company of infantry, in triple ranks, occupied the whole street, from sidewalk to sidewalk. There was a small street on the right.

“Go through there,” I said to the driver. He turned to the right and then to the left. We were in a labyrinth of streets.

All at once, I heard a shot.

“Which way shall I turn, sir?” asked the driver.

“In the direction of the gunshots.”

We were in a narrow street. Above a door on my left I saw the sign, “Grand Laundry,” and on my right a square with a building in the centre, having the appearance of a market. The square and the street were deserted.

“What street is this?” I asked the driver.

“The Rue de Cotte.”

“Where is the Café Roysin?”

“Right ahead of us.”

“Drive there.”

He drove on, but at a slow pace. Another explosion occurred, this time very near us. The end of the street was filled with smoke. We were at that moment passing No. 22, which has a side door, above which I read, “Sub-Laundry.”

A voice suddenly cried to the driver, “Stop!”

The driver stopped, and the cab window being down, a hand was stretched out to grasp mine. I recognized Alexandre Rey. This brave man was pale.

"Don't go any further," he said. "It's all over."

"What! All over?"

"Yes; they got ahead of time. The barricade is taken. I just came from there. It is close by, in front of us. Baudin," he added, "is killed." The smoke lifted from the end of the street.

"Look," said Alexandre Rey.

I saw a low barricade a hundred yards in front of us, at the corner of the Rue de Cotte and the Rue Sainte-Marguerite; the soldiers were tearing it down. They were carrying a corpse away.

That was Baudin.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE SAINT-ANTOINE BARRICADE.

THIS is what had taken place. During this same night, at four o'clock in the morning, de Flotte was in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. If a movement took place before daylight he desired that a representative of the people should be on the spot; when the generous insurrection in behalf of right burst forth, he wanted to be among the first to tear up the paving stones and build a barricade. But nothing occurred. De Flotte, alone in the deserted and sleeping faubourg, wandered from street to street all night. Day comes late in December. Before the first streaks of dawn, de Flotte was at the appointed place opposite the Lenoir market. This point was but weakly guarded. The only troops in the neighborhood were at the post at the Lenoir market, and, at some distance, another post occupied the guardhouse at the corner of the faubourg and the Rue de Montreuil, near the old liberty tree planted by Santerre in 1793. Neither of these posts was commanded by officers. De Flotte reconnoitred the position, walked for some time up and down the sidewalk, and then, seeing no one coming, and fearing that he might attract attention, he withdrew to the side streets of the faubourg.

Aubry du Nord got up at five o'clock. Returning home in the dead of night from the Rue Popincourt, he had taken but three hours of rest. His porter had told him that suspicious-looking men had asked for him during the evening of the second, and that they had gone to the opposite house, No. 12 Rue de Racine, to arrest Huguenin. This decided Aubry to go out before daylight. He went on foot to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. As he reached the appointed place, he met

Cournet and others from the Rue Popincourt. They were joined, almost immediately, by Malardier. It was nearly day. The faubourg was deserted. They walked along in an abstracted way, talking in low tones. Suddenly, a singular-looking group rushed by them. They turned their heads. It was a picket of Lancers surrounding something that, in the dim light, they saw to be a police van. It rolled noiselessly along over the macadamized pavement. They were asking each other what it could mean, when another group similar to the first appeared, then a third, then a fourth. Ten police vans went by in this manner, close to one another, almost touching.

"There are our colleagues," cried Aubry du Nord.

The last batch of imprisoned representatives was going through the faubourg from the Quai d'Orsay to Vincennes. It was about seven o'clock in the morning. Several shops were opened and lighted, and a number of people came out of the houses. The vehicles went by one after another, closed, guarded, gloomy, dumb. Not a sound came from them, not a cry, not a breath. In the midst of swords, sabres, and lances, they bore away, with the rapidity and fury of a whirlwind, something silent, and this something, which was carried by, guarded in ill-omened silence, was the shattered tribune, the sovereignty of the Assembly, the supreme source of civilization, the message of the world's future, the tongue of France!

The last vehicle went by. Detained by some unknown accident, it was two or three hundred yards behind the rest, and was escorted by only three Lancers. It was not a police van, but an omnibus, the only one in the convoy. Behind the conductor, who was a police agent, they could distinctly see representatives crowded together. It seemed easy to deliver them. Cournet addressed the passers-by.

"Citizens," he cried, "they are carrying off your representatives. You have just seen them go by in convicts' wagons. Bonaparte has arrested them, contrary to law. Let us set them at liberty! To arms!"

A group of workmen in blouses, on their way to work, at once collected. This group shouted: "Long live the Republic!" and darted towards the omnibus. The omnibus and the Lancers started into a gallop.

"To arms!" repeated Cournet.

"To arms!" the populace responded.

The moment was ripe for action. Who knows what might have happened? It would have been strange indeed if the first barricade against the *Coup d'État* had been made with this omnibus which would then have served alike the crime and its punishment. But, as the people were about to hurl themselves upon the vehicle, several of the imprisoned representatives signed to them with both hands to refrain.

"Eh!" said a workman, "they don't want it."

"They don't wish for liberty," said a second.

"They didn't want it for us; they don't want it for themselves," said another.

It was all over. The omnibus was allowed to pass on. A minute later, the rear guard of the escort followed at full gallop, and the group surrounding Aubry du Nord, Malardier, and Cournet, dispersed.

The Café Roysin had just been opened. It has already been said that the great hall of this café had been used by a famous political club in 1848. At this place, it will also be remembered, was to be the meeting of the Assembly. The Café Roysin is entered by an alley opening upon the street, then by a vestibule several yards long, and one comes to a large room, with high windows and mirrors on the walls, several billiard tables, marble-topped tables, chairs, and sofas upholstered in velvet. This hall, although ill-adapted to a deliberative gathering, had been the meeting-place of the Roysin Club. Cournet, Aubry, and Malardier, went in and sat down. They did not try to conceal their identity. They were cordially received, and were shown an exit through the garden in case of need. De Flotte had just joined them.

Eight o'clock was striking when the other representatives

began to come in. Bruckner, Maigne, and Brillier, first, then, one after the other, Charamaule, Cassal, Dulac, Bourzat, Madier de Montjau, and Baudin. Bourzat, as was his custom, wore wooden shoes on account of the mud. Whoever took Bourzat for a peasant was mistaken; he was more like a friar of the order of St. Benedict. Bourzat, with his southern imagination, his alert, subtle, cultivated, and refined intelligence, has an encyclopedia in his head as well as wooden shoes on his feet. Why not? He represents both mind and people. Ex-Constituent Bastide came with Madier de Montjau. Baudin shook hands eagerly with every one, but did not talk. He seemed to be in a thoughtful mood.

"What's the matter, Baudin? Are you melancholy?" said Aubry du Nord.

"I?" said Baudin, lifting his head. "I have never been more happy!"

Did he feel the approach of destiny? When one is near to death, smiling in radiant glory from the darkness, one is perhaps conscious of its coming.

Several men who did not belong to the Assembly, but who were as determined as were the representatives themselves, were present, and lent their aid. Cournet was the chief of these. Some were workmen, but they did not wear blouses. To prevent the mercantile classes from being alarmed, the workmen, particularly Derosne and Cail, had been asked to wear coats. Baudin had with him a copy of the proclamation I had dictated the day before. Cournet unfolded and read it.

"Let's have this posted up at once in the faubourg," he said. "People ought to know that Louis Bonaparte is an outlaw."

A lithographer who was present offered to print it at once. All the representatives signed it, and they added my name to the others. Aubry du Nord wrote at the top the words, "National Assembly." The lithographer carried the proclamation away and kept his word. Several hours afterwards, Aubry du Nord, and, later on, a friend of Cournet, called Gay, met this

man in the Faubourg du Temple, with a paste-pot in his hand, posting the proclamation at every street corner, side by side with the Maupas proclamation, which threatened with death whoever was found posting an appeal to arms. People read the two placards together. It is also worth remembering that a sergeant of the line in uniform, wearing red trousers, and with a gun on his shoulder, went with the lithographer as an escort. He was doubtless a soldier who had recently left the service.

The time fixed the night before for the meeting was between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. The hour was chosen because it would give time for notifying all the members of the Left. It was best to wait till the representatives had arrived, so that the gathering might more fully resemble the Assembly, and its proceedings have more authority in the faubourg. Several representatives were not provided with scarfs. A number were hastily made at a neighboring house out of strips of red, white, and blue calico, and were worn. Baudin and de Flotte among others, wore the improvised scarfs. Before nine o'clock came, signs of impatience began to show themselves.\*

Many partook of this generous enthusiasm.

Baudin wanted to wait.

"Don't anticipate the hour," he said. "Let us give our colleagues time to get here."

\* "There was also a misunderstanding regarding the appointed time. Some thought by mistake that it was at nine o'clock. Those who came first waited impatiently for their colleagues. At half-past eight, they numbered, as we have said, some twelve or fifteen. 'We are losing time,' cried one who had just entered; 'let us put on our scarfs, show ourselves as representatives to the people, and help them raise barricades. We shall perhaps save the country,—surely, the honor of our party. Come, let us build barricades.' All were immediately seized with the same impulse. Citizen Baudin alone made this important objection: 'There are not enough of us for such an undertaking.' But he joined in with the general enthusiasm, and, with a tranquil conscience, having made his objection, he was not the last to put on his scarf." —SCHÆLCHER, *History of the Crimes of the Second of December*, pp. 130-131.



But protests were made around Baudin.

"No, begin; give the signal, go out. When the faubourg catches sight of our scarfs it will rise. You are not many, but they know that your friends will join you. That is enough. Begin."

The result showed that such haste could end only in disaster. However, they thought the first example the representatives owed the people was that of personal courage. Not to let the fire go out, to be foremost, to be at the head, — this was their duty. Apparent hesitation would have been, in fact, more disastrous than the greatest recklessness. Schœlcher has the heroic nature; he is possessed with superb impatience in the presence of danger.

"Come on," he cried; "our friends will join us. Let us go out."

They had no arms.

"Let us disarm the post," said Schœlcher.

They emerged from the Salle Roysin in marching order, two by two, arm in arm. Fifteen or twenty of the populace served as escort, going in advance and shouting, "Long live the Republic! To arms!" Several children preceded and followed them, crying, "Long live the radicals!"

The closed shops began to open. Men appeared in the doorways, women showed themselves at windows. Groups of workmen on the way to their tasks watched them pass. "Long live our representatives!" they cried. "Long live the Republic!"

Everywhere there was sympathy, nowhere, insurrection. The procession increased but little in numbers on the way. A man leading a saddled horse joined them. They did not know who the man was or whence had come the horse. It looked as if it were a provision for flight. Representative Dulac ordered the man to go away.

In this manner they came to the guardhouse in the Rue de Montreuil. At their approach, the sentinel gave the alarm and the soldiers came out in disorder. Schœlcher, calm,



impassive, wearing ruffles and a white tie, clothed as usual in black, buttoned up to his neck in his close-fitting frock coat, went straight up to them with the confiding and brotherly air of a Quaker.

"Comrades," he said, "we are the representatives of the people, and we come in the name of the people to demand your arms for the defence of the Constitution and the laws."

The soldiers allowed themselves to be disarmed. The sergeant alone showed signs of resistance, but they said to him, "You are the only one"—and he yielded. The representatives distributed the guns and the cartridges to the resolute men about them.

"Why do you take away our guns?" several soldiers cried. "We will fight for you and with you."

The representatives asked one another if they should accept this offer. Schœlcher was inclined to do so. But one of them remarked that some of the Guard Mobile had made the same offer to the June insurgents and had turned the arms given them by the insurrection against the insurrection itself.

So they kept the guns.

The soldiers disarmed, they counted the muskets. There were fifteen.

"We are a hundred and fifty," said Courmet; "we have not guns enough."

"Well," said Schœlcher, "where is there another post?"

"At the Lenoir market."

"We will disarm them."

Schœlcher leading the way, escorted by fifteen armed men, the representatives went to the Lenoir market. The soldiers at the Lenoir market allowed themselves to be disarmed more willingly than had those on the Rue de Montreuil. They turned around so that the cartridges could be taken from their pouches. The guns were immediately loaded.

"Now," said de Flotte, "we have thirty guns. Let us find a street corner and erect a barricade."

There were then about two hundred combatants. They

went up the Rue de Montreuil. After some fifty steps, Schœlcher said, —

“Where are we going? We are turning our backs on the Bastille. We are turning our backs on the conflict.”

They returned along the faubourg. “To arms!” they cried. “Long live our representatives!” was the response, but only a few young men joined them. It was evident that the wind of revolt was not blowing.

“No matter,” said de Flotte; “let us begin the fight. We shall have the glory of being the first killed.”

As they reached the point where the Rue Sainte-Marguerite and the Rue de Cotte intersect one another and the faubourg, a peasant’s cart loaded with manure entered the Rue Sainte-Marguerite.

“Here,” exclaimed de Flotte.

They stopped the cart of manure and overturned it in the middle of the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Antoine.

A milkman came up.

They overturned the milk cart.

A baker was going by in his bread cart. He saw what was going on and tried to get away, lashing his horse into a gallop. Two or three street Arabs — children of Paris, brave as lions, agile as cats — ran after the baker, got ahead of the galloping horse, stopped him, and brought the cart back to the barricade.

They overturned the bread cart.

An omnibus came up on the way from the Bastille.

“Well,” said the conductor, “I see what this means.”

He got down good humoredly, made the passengers get out, then the driver unharnessed his horses and went away shaking his cloak.

They overturned the omnibus.

The four vehicles placed end to end scarcely blocked the street, which is very wide at this point. While putting them in line the men of the barricade said, —

“Let us be careful of the carts.”

It was a poor barricade — low, too narrow, and leaving the sidewalks free.

At this moment a staff officer came up followed by an orderly, saw the barricade, and fled at full gallop.

Schœlcher quietly inspected the overturned vehicles. When he came to the peasant's cart, which was higher than the others, he said, "This is the only one that is good for anything." The barricade increased in size. They threw on a few empty baskets, which made it wider and higher without strengthening it any. They were still at work when a child came running up, shouting, "The soldiers!" Two companies, divided into squads and extending clear across the street, were coming at double-quick through the faubourg from the Bastille. Doors and windows were hastily closed. During this time, Bastide, standing calmly at one corner of the barricade, was gravely telling a story to Madier de Montjau.

"Madier," he said, "nearly two hundred years ago, the Prince de Condé, ready to give battle in this same Faubourg Saint-Antoine where we now are, asked of one of his officers who stood by him, 'Have you ever seen a battle lost?' 'No, sire.' 'Well, you will see one now.' Madier, I tell you to-day, you will soon see a barricade captured."

Meanwhile, those who were armed took defensive positions behind the barricade.

The moment drew near.

"Citizens," Schœlcher shouted, "do not fire a shot. When the army and the faubourgs fight, the blood of the people flows on both sides. Let us first speak to the soldiers."

He climbed upon one of the baskets on top of the barricade. The other representatives gathered about him on the omnibus. Malardier and Dulac were on his right.

"You do not know me, Citizen Schœlcher," said Dulac, "but I have a great admiration for you. Give me permission to stay near you. I am in the second rank in the Assembly, but I want to be in the first rank in battle."

At this moment, men in blouses, enlisted by the second of

December, appeared at the corner of the Rue Sainte-Marguerite, near the barricade, and shouted, "Down with the twenty-five francs!"

Baudin, who had chosen his position for combat and who was standing erect on the barricade, looked sternly at these men, and said, —

"You shall see how one can die for twenty-five francs."

There was a noise in the street. Several doors that had been left open were closed. The two attacking columns now came in sight of the barricade. Further back could be seen another confused array of bayonets. These were the ones that had barred my passage.

Schœlcher, lifting his arm in an authoritative manner, signed to the captain of the first squad to stop. The captain made a sign with his sword in the negative. The whole of the second of December was in these two gestures. Law said, "Stop!" The sabre replied, "No!"

The two companies continued to advance, but at a slow pace and at the same intervening distance.

Schœlcher descended from the barricade into the street. De Flotte, Dulac, Malardier, Brillier, Maigne, and Bruckner followed him.

It was a magnificent spectacle.

Seven representatives of the people, armed only with their scarfs, majestically clad in law and justice, went along the street outside the barricade, and marched directly up to the soldiers, who awaited them with levelled muskets.

The other representatives, remaining behind the barricade, made their last preparations for resistance. The combatants had an intrepid attitude. Lieutenant Cournet towered above them all with his lofty stature. Baudin, still standing erect on the overturned omnibus, had half of his body exposed above the barricade.

On seeing the seven representatives approaching, the soldiers and the officers were momentarily dumbfounded. However, the captain signed to Schœlcher to halt. They halted, and Schœlcher said in a measured voice, —

"Soldiers, we are the representatives of the sovereign people, we are your representatives, we are the elect of universal suffrage. In the name of the Constitution, in the name of universal suffrage, in the name of the Republic, we who are the National Assembly, we who represent law, we order you to join with us, we summon you to obey our commands. We are your leaders. The army belongs to the people, and the representatives of the people are the heads of the army. Soldiers, Louis Bonaparte is violating the Constitution. We have made him an outlaw. Obey us."

The commanding officer, a captain named Petit, would not allow him to finish.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have my orders. I belong to the people. I am a Republican, as you are, but I am only an instrument."

"You know the Constitution," said Schœlcher.

"I know nothing but my orders."

"There is one order above all other orders," said Schœlcher, "imperative for the soldier as for the citizen, and that is law." He turned once more towards the soldiers to harangue them, but the captain called out, —

"Not another word! You shall not go on. If you add a word more, I will give the command to fire."

"What does that matter to us," said Schœlcher.

At this moment an officer came up on horseback. It was the major of the regiment. He spoke for an instant in a low tone to the captain.

"Gentlemen, representatives," the captain said, flourishing his sword, "fall back or I shall charge."

"Charge," cried de Flotte.

The representatives, in wonderful and heroic imitation of Fontenoy, took off their hats and faced the troops. Schœlcher alone kept his hat on his head, and stood with folded arms.

"Fix bayonets!" said the captain, and turning towards the troops, he added, "Ready! — charge!"

"Long live the Republic!" shouted the representatives.



The bayonets were lowered, the companies moved forward, and the soldiers came at double-quick towards the motionless representatives.

It was a terrible, a glorious moment.

The seven representatives, without a word, without a gesture, without a step backward, saw the bayonets approach their breasts. But the hesitation that was not in their souls was in the hearts of the soldiers. The soldiers realized clearly that this was a double disgrace to their uniform — an attack upon the representatives of the people, which is treason, and the massacre of unarmed men, which is cowardice. Now treason and cowardice are two epaulets to which a general sometimes reconciles himself — the soldier, never. When the bayonets were so close to the representatives as to touch their breasts, they were voluntarily turned aside, and the soldiers, by a common impulse, passed between the representatives without doing them any harm. Schœlcher alone had his frock-coat torn in two places, and in his opinion, this was through awkwardness rather than through malice. A soldier who faced him wanted to push him away from the captain, and pricked him with his bayonet. The point came against an address book of representatives, which Schœlcher carried in his pocket, and only pierced the clothing.

"Citizen," a soldier said to de Flotte; "we don't want to hurt you."

However, a soldier came up to Bruckner and took aim.

"Well," said Bruckner, "fire."

The soldier was overcome with emotion, let his arm fall, and shook Bruckner by the hand.

A remarkable thing, in spite of the orders given by the commanding officers, both companies coming up to the representatives, charging with the bayonet, and turning aside. Orders rule, but instinct governs. Orders may be criminal, but instinct is honor. Major P—— said afterwards, —

"We were told that we had to deal with brigands, but we were dealing with heroes."



Meanwhile, those behind the barricade were getting restless, and, seeing the others surrounded and wishing to succor them, some one fired a shot. This unfortunate shot killed a soldier between de Flotte and Schœlcher. The officer in command of the second squad was passing Schœlcher as the soldier fell. Schœlcher showed the officer the fallen man. "Lieutenant," he said, "look!"

The officer responded with a despairing gesture, "What would you have us do?"

The two companies replied to the shot with a general volley and rushed to the assault of the barricade, leaving the seven representatives in the rear, and astonished to find themselves still alive.

The barricade replied by a volley, but it could not hold its own. It was taken.

Baudin had been killed.

He had been standing erect in his place on top of the omnibus. Three bullets struck him. One hit him below the right eye and went upward into the brain. He fell. He did not regain consciousness. Half an hour later he was dead. His body was taken to the Sainte-Marguerite hospital.

Bourzat, who with Aubrey du Nord was close by Baudin, had a bullet hole in his coat.

It is well to notice that the soldiers made no prisoners at this barricade. The defenders dispersed through the streets of the faubourg, or found a refuge in neighboring houses. Representative Magne, pushed by a terrified woman behind an alley gate, found that he was shut up there with one of the soldiers who had just taken the barricade. A moment later, the representative and the soldier went out together. The representatives were at liberty to quit their first battlefield.

At this solemn overture to the struggle, one last ray of justice and right still shone, and military probity shrank, with a sort of anxious horror, from the attempt upon which they were entering.

There is an exhilaration in doing well, and an intoxication in

doing evil; the conscience of the army was, later on, drowned in the intoxication of evil. The French army was not made to commit crimes. When the struggle was prolonged and they were called upon to execute the barbarous orders of the day, the soldiers must have been maddened. They obeyed, not coldly, which would have been monstrous, but angrily, and herein history finds their excuse; and no doubt, in many cases, at the bottom of this anger was despair.

The dead soldier lay on the pavement. Schœlcher lifted him up. A few weeping but courageous women came out of a house. Several soldiers came up. They carried him, Schœlcher holding his head, first to a fruiterer's, then to Sainte-Marguerite's hospital, where they had already carried Baudin.

He was a conscript. The bullet had struck him in the side. In his gray coat buttoned to the neck, they could see a hole stained with blood. His head fell upon his shoulder; his pale face, encircled by the chin-strap of his shako, was devoid of life; blood was running from his mouth. He seemed to be scarcely eighteen years old. Already a soldier, and yet a boy. He was dead. This poor soldier was the first victim of the *Coup d'État*; Baudin was the second.

Before he became a representative, Baudin had been a tutor.\* He belonged to that brave and intelligent race of schoolmasters, who have always been subject to persecution, and who have fallen from the Guizot law to the Falloux law, and from the Falloux law to the Dupanloup law. The schoolmaster's crime is that he holds a book open; that is enough—the Church condemns him. In every French village there is now a lighted torch, the schoolmaster; and a mouth trying to blow it out, the priest. The schoolmasters of France know how to starve in behalf of truth and knowledge; it was worthy of them that one of their number should die for liberty.

\* This is a mistake, made when these pages were written, twenty-six years ago. Esquiros, who knew Baudin, when interrogated by me, told me then that Baudin was a tutor. Esquiros was mistaken. Baudin was a physician.

The first time that I saw Baudin was at the Assembly, January 13, 1850. I wanted to speak against the educational law. My name was not down. Baudin's name stood second. He offered me his place. I accepted, and I was able to speak two days afterward, on the fifteenth. Baudin was one of Dupin's targets for calls to order and general ill treatment. He divided this honor with Representatives Miot and Valentin.

Baudin often spoke from the tribune. His speech, although hesitating in manner, was in reality energetic. He sat on the topmost of the radical benches. He was strong of intellect, but timid in his ways. There was in his whole person an indescribable air of embarrassment mingled with decision. He was a man of moderate stature. His plump and ruddy face, his prominent chest, his broad shoulders, proclaimed a robust man, the working schoolmaster, the peasant thinker. In this he resembled Bourzat. Baudin leaned his head to one side, listened with intelligence, and spoke in a soft, grave voice. He had the mournful look and melancholy smile of a victim of destiny. On the night of the second of December I said to him, —

“How old are you?”

“Not quite thirty-three,” he answered. “And you?”

“Forty-nine.”

“To-day,” he responded, “we are both of the same age.”

He was thinking, no doubt, of the morrow which awaited us all and which concealed the great Perhaps, the leveller of all things.

The first shots had been fired, a representative had fallen, and the people did not rise. What bandage did they wear upon their eyes? What weight was resting on their hearts? Alas, the darkness in which Louis Bonaparte had enveloped his crime, did not lessen, it grew more sombre. For the first time in sixty years, the intelligent city of Paris did not seem to know enough to take advantage of a favorable moment for a revolution.

On leaving the barricade at the Rue Sainte-Marguerite, de Flotte went to the Faubourg Saint-Marceau, Madier de Montjau went to Belleville, Charamaule and Maigne betook themselves to the boulevards. Schœlcher, Dulac, Maladier and Brillier went up the Faubourg Saint-Antoine through the cross streets not yet occupied by the troops. They shouted, "Long live the Republic!" They appealed to the people on the doorsteps. "Would you prefer the Empire?" asked Schœlcher. They even went so far as to sing the "Marseillaise." People took off their hats as the representatives went by and shouted, "Long live our representatives!" But that was all.

They were thirsty and weak from fatigue. In the Rue de Reuilly a man came out of a door with a bottle in his hand and offered them drink. Sartin joined them on the way. They went to the headquarters of the Cabinet-makers' Association in the Rue de Charonne, hoping to find the standing committee of the Association. No one was there. But nothing abated their courage. As they reached the Place de la Bastille, Dulac said to Schœlcher, —

"I want permission to leave you for an hour or two, and for this reason, I am alone here in Paris with my little daughter, seven years old. For a week she has been ill with scarlet fever, and yesterday when the *Coup d'État* occurred, she was at the point of death. This child is all I have in the world. When I left her this morning to come here, she asked, 'Papa, where are you going?' As I have not been killed, I am going to see if she is not dead."

Two hours later the child was still alive, and we of the standing committee — Jules Favre, Carnot, Michel de Bourges and myself — were holding a meeting at No. 15 Rue Riche-lieu, when Dulac entered and said, —

"I have come to place myself at your disposal."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE WORKMEN'S ASSOCIATIONS ASK US FOR PERMISSION TO FIGHT.

CONFRONTED by what took place at the Saint-Antoine barricade — so bravely erected by representatives, so sadly neglected by the populace — the last illusions, even mine, ought to have been dissipated. Baudin killed, the faubourg irresponsible — such things were not without meaning. It was a supreme, evident, absolute demonstration of a fact to which I could not resign myself — the sluggishness of the people; deplorable sluggishness if they understood, self-delusion if they did not understand, a fatal neutrality in any case; a calamity for which the responsibility, let us repeat, falls, not upon the people, but upon those who in June, 1848, after having promised amnesty, refused it, and so had disconcerted the great soul of the people of Paris by failing to keep faith with them. What the Constituent Assembly sowed, the Legislative Assembly reaped. We, innocent of fault, were obliged to endure the consequences.

The spark that we had seen for an instant flashing through the crowd — Michel de Bourges from Bonvalet's balcony, I in the Boulevard du Temple — this spark seemed to be extinguished. First Maigne, then Brillier, then Bruckner, — later on, Charamaule, Madier de Montjau, Bastide, and Dulac, — came and told us of what had taken place at the Saint-Antoine barricade, gave the reasons why the representatives who were there did not wait for the appointed hour, and described Baudin's death. My own report of what I had seen, and the details added by Cassal and Alexandre Rey, further outlined



the situation. The committee could hesitate no longer; I myself renounced the hopes I had based upon a grand manifestation, a mighty counter-blow at the *Coup d'État*, a sort of battle between the guardians of the Republic and the bandits at the Élysée. The faubourgs had failed us; we had the lever — right — but the mass to be raised, the people, was beyond our reach. There was nothing to be hoped for, as those two great orators, Michel de Bourges and Jules Favre had with their keen political knowledge declared — nothing to be hoped for except in a prolonged, continuous struggle, evading decisive encounters, changing quarters, keeping Paris well stirred up, saying to every one, "It isn't over yet," allowing time for the departments to organize resistance, worrying the troops, and then as the Parisians cannot long endure the smell of powder with impunity, perhaps the people would finally take fire. Barricades erected everywhere, lightly defended, quickly rebuilt, vanishing and multiplying at the same time, — such was the strategy which the situation demanded. The committee adopted it, and sent corresponding orders in every direction. We were at this particular time assembled at No. 15, Rue Richelieu, at the house of our colleague, Grévy, who had been arrested the day before in the tenth arrondissement, and who was at Mazas. His brother had offered us the use of the house. Our natural emissaries, the representatives, gathered about us and then scattered over Paris with our instructions to organize resistance everywhere. They were the arms, the committee was the brain. A certain number of ex-Constituents, true and tried men, Garnier-Pagès, Marie, Martin (of Strasbourg), Senart, formerly president of the Constituent Assembly, Bastide, Laissac, and Landrin, had, since the day before, been united with the representatives. In districts wherever it was possible, permanent committees, corresponding to our central committee, were established, made up of representatives or loyal citizens. We chose for our watchword, "Baudin."

Towards noon, the central part of Paris began to show signs



of agitation. Our appeal to arms first attracted attention in the Place de la Bourse and the Rue Montmartre. Groups crowded together to read, and fought with the police agents who tried to tear the placards down. Other lithographed placards displayed in parallel columns, the decree of deposition voted by the Right at the mayoralty of the tenth arrondissement, and the decree of outlawry voted by the Left. The judgment of the high court of justice declaring Louis Bonaparte to be guilty of high treason, and signed by "Hardouin" (president) "Delapalme," "Moreau" (of the Seine), "Cauchy," "Bataille," judges, was distributed, printed in large type on gray paper. The last name was typographically incorrect; it should have been "Pataille." The people generally, and we ourselves, believed in this judgment, which, as we have seen, was not genuine. At the same time, these two proclamations were posted at the corners of all the streets in the populous quarters:—

#### TO THE PEOPLE.

ART. 3. \*—The Constitution is entrusted to the guardianship and the patriotism of the French citizens.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON is outlawed.

"The state of siege is abolished.

"Universal suffrage is re-established.

"LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC!

"TO ARMS!

"FOR THE UNITED RADICALS.

"*The Delegate*, VICTOR HUGO."

\* A misprint. It should be "Art. 68." In connection with this placard, the author of this book has received the following letter. It is an honor to those who wrote it:—

"CITIZEN VICTOR HUGO,—We know that you have made an appeal to arms. We have not been able to secure it. We supplement it with these placards to which we attach your name. You will not disown us. When France is in danger your name belongs to every one; your name is a public power.

"DABAT.

"FÉLIX BONY."

## INHABITANTS OF PARIS.

"The National Guards and the people of the departments are marching upon Paris to aid you in seizing the TRAITOR, Louis Napoleon BONAPARTE.

"For the representatives of the people,

"VICTOR HUGO, *President.*

"SCHÆLCHER, *Secretary.*"

This last proclamation, printed on little squares of paper, was, according to a historian of the *Coup d'État*, distributed by thousands of copies. On the other hand, the criminals installed in the government buildings replied with threats. Large, white, that is official placards, were multiplied. On one was printed, —

"We, Prefect of Police,

"Decree as follows:

"ART. 1. — All meetings are rigorously prohibited. They will immediately be dispersed by force.

"ART. 2. — All seditious cries, all public speaking, all posting of political documents not emanating from the regular constitutional authorities, are also forbidden.

"ART. 3. — Agents of the public police will enforce the regulations of this decree.

"Done at the Prefecture of Police, December 3, 1851,

"*The Prefect of Police,*

"DE MAUPAS."

"Read and approved,

"DE MORNAY, *Minister of the Interior.*"

On another proclamation the following appeared, —

"The Minister of War,

"In accordance with the law of the state of siege,

"Decrees:

"That all persons taken in the construction or defence of a barricade, or with arms in their hands, WILL BE SHOT.

"DE SAINT-ARNAUD,

"*Major-General and Minister of War.*"

The words "will be shot" were in very large letters in the proclamation signed "de Saint-Arnaud."

The boulevards were covered with an excited crowd. The

agitation, beginning at the centre, swept into the sixth, seventh, and twelfth arrondissements. The Quartier des Écoles got into an uproar. Law and medical students cheered de Flotte in the Place du Panthéon. Madier de Montjau, the ardent and eloquent, went through and stirred up Belleville. Troops, increasing in numbers every moment, took possession of all the strategical points in Paris.

At one o'clock a young man was brought to us by the advocate of the Workingmen's Associations, Ex-Constituent Leblond, at whose house the committee had sat that same morning. We were holding a permanent session, Carnot, Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and I. This young man, who was earnest in speech and intelligent of countenance, was named King. He was sent to us as a delegate from the Workingmen's Associations. "The Workingmen's Associations," he said, "place themselves at the disposal of the Committee of Insurrection appointed by the Left. They can throw five or six thousand determined men into the struggle. They will make powder; as to guns, they will be found." They wanted an order to fight, signed by us. Jules Favre took a pen and wrote, —

"The undersigned Representatives hereby authorize Citizen King and his friends to join with them in the armed defence of universal suffrage, the Republic, and the laws."

He affixed the date and we all four signed.

"That will do," said the delegate. "You will hear of us."

Two hours later we learned that the struggle had begun. There was fighting in the Rue Aumaire.

## CHAPTER V.

### BAUDIN'S BODY.

As far as the Faubourg Saint-Antoine was concerned we had, as I have said, lost about all hope ; but the men of the *Coup d'État* had not lost all anxiety. Since the attempts and the barricades in the morning, a vigorous surveillance had been organized. Whoever approached the faubourg, ran the risk of being watched, followed, and, on the least suspicion, arrested. And yet the surveillance was everywhere defective. At about two o'clock a short man, with a serious and observant air, was crossing the faubourg. A police sergeant and a detective in citizen's clothes, barred the road.

"Who are you ?"

"You see — a passer."

"Where are you going ?"

"There, close by, to Bartholomé's, overseer of the sugar refinery."

They search him. He himself opens his pocket-book. The agents turn his waistcoat pockets wrong side out, and unbutton his shirt over his breast. Finally the sergeant says, with a growl, —

"Yet it seems to me that I saw you around here this morning. Clear out !"

It was Representative Gindrier. If they had not stopped at the waistcoat pockets, but had searched his overcoat, they would have found his sash, and Gindrier would have been shot. Not to be arrested, to keep at liberty for the struggle, such was the watchword of the members of the Left. That is why we kept our scarfs about us, but did not display them.

Gindrier had not eaten all day. He thought of going home, and got as far as the new district near the Havre Railway station, where he lived. In the Rue de Calais—a lonely street, running from the Rue Blanche to the Rue de Clichy, a cab was passing. Gindrier heard himself called by name. He turned, and saw two persons, relatives of Baudin, in the cab, and also a man whom he did not know. One of these relatives of Baudin, Madame L——, said,—

“Baudin is wounded. They have taken him to the Saint-Antoine hospital. We are going to see him. Come with us.”

Gindrier got into the cab. Now the unknown man was a messenger for the Saint-Antoine commissary of police. He had been told by the commissary to go to Baudin’s house, No. 88, Rue de Clichy, and tell the family. Finding only women, he had simply said that Baudin was wounded. He had offered to accompany them and was in the cab. Gindrier’s name had been spoken in his presence. This might be an imprudence. They made an explanation. He declared that he would not betray the representative, and it was agreed that while they were with the commissary, Gindrier should pass for a relative and should be called Baudin. The poor women still hoped. The wound was serious, perhaps, but Baudin was young, and had a good constitution. “He will get well,” they said. Gindrier was silent. At the commissary’s, the veil was suddenly torn aside.

“How is he?” asked Madame L——, as she went in.

“Why,” said the commissary, “he is dead.”

“What! Dead?”

“Yes; killed on the spot.”

It was a sorrowful moment. The despair so suddenly fallen upon these women’s hearts, found vent in sobs.

“Ah, infamous Bonaparte!” cried Madame L——, “he has killed Baudin, I will kill him. I will be the Charlotte Corday to this Marat.”

Gindrier claimed Baudin’s body. The commissary would give it up only on condition that the family would promise

to bury it at once, privately, and without letting any one see it.

"You understand," he said; "the sight of a dead and bleeding representative might rouse Paris."

The *Coup d' État* made corpses, but did not wish that they should be exhibited. On these conditions, the commissary gave Gindrier two men and a safe conduct to bring Baudin from the hospital whither he had been carried. Meanwhile, Baudin's brother, a medical student, a young man of twenty-four, arrived. This young man has since been arrested and imprisoned. His crime was that he had a brother. Let us go on. They went to the hospital. At the sight of the safe-conduct, the superintendent showed Gindrier and young Baudin into a lower room. There, on three cots, covered with white sheets, were the motionless forms of three human bodies. Baudin was between the other two. On his right, was the young soldier, killed at Schœlcher's side, a minute before his own death; and on his left, an old woman struck down by a stray bullet in the Rue de Cotte, and later on gathered up by the executioners of the *Coup d' État*. Such treasures are not discovered at the first moment.

The three corpses were naked under their winding-sheets. Baudin alone had on his shirt and flannel undershirt. Upon him had been found seven francs, his watch and gold chain, his representative's medal, and a gold pencil which he had used in the Rue Popincourt after having given me the other pencil, which I still have. Gindrier and young Baudin approached the central cot with uncovered heads. They turned back the sheet and Baudin's dead face was visible. It was peaceful as if in sleep. Not a muscle of the face was contracted. A livid tint had begun to spread over his cheeks. They prepared an official report. Such is the custom. It is not enough to kill people—there must also be an official report. Young Baudin testified by his signature that, in accordance with a requisition from the commissary of police, they "had delivered to him the body" of his brother. While



this writing was being done, Gindrier was in the hospital courtyard trying to console, or at least to calm, the two heart-broken women. All at once a man who had just entered the courtyard and who had been looking at them attentively for several moments, came forward, and said brusquely, —

“What are you doing here?”

“What’s that to you?” retorted Gindrier.

“You have come to get Baudin’s body?”

“Yes.”

“Is this your carriage?”

“Yes.”

“Get in there at once and lower the curtains.”

“What do you mean?”

“You are Representative Gindrier; I know you. You were at the barricade this morning. If any one beside myself sees you, you are lost.”

Gindrier followed his directions and got into the cab. As he was getting in, he asked, —

“Do you belong to the police?”

The man did not reply. A moment later he approached and, with his mouth close to the curtain that hid Gindrier from view, he said, —

“Yes, I eat the bread, but I do not do the work.”

The two men sent by the commissary of police came out with Baudin’s body on a wooden stretcher, and brought it to the carriage. They placed it on the bottom of the vehicle, the entire body wrapped from head to foot in the winding sheet. A workman who was there lent his cloak, which was thrown over the corpse to ward off the attention of passers. Madame L—— sat on one side of the body; Gindrier, opposite; and young Baudin by the side of the latter. Another cab followed, with Baudin’s other relative and a medical student named Dutech. They started. During the journey the head of the corpse, shaken by the motion of the carriage, rolled first one way then the other. Blood begun to run again from

the wound and stained the white sheet with great red stains. Gindrier with outstretched arm and hand upon the breast of the body prevented it from rolling over, and Madame L—— guarded it on the other side. They had asked the coachman to drive slowly. The journey lasted more than an hour.

When they reached No. 88 Rue de Clichy, and took the body from the carriage, a throng of curious people gathered about the door. The neighbors came hurrying thither. Baudin's brother, assisted by Gindrier and Dutech, carried the corpse up to the fifth floor where Baudin had lived. It was a new house and had been occupied only a few months. They took him into his room, which was just as he had left it on the morning of December 2. The bed, which he had not occupied the previous night, was undisturbed. A book he had been reading was on the table, open at the page where he had left off. They unrolled the winding-sheet, and Gindrier took a pair of scissors and cut away the shirt and the flannel undershirt. They washed the body. The bullet had entered at one corner of the right eye and had come out at the back of his head. The wound in the eye had not bled. A sort of swelling had formed there. The blood had flowed freely from the hole in the occiput. They clothed him in clean linen, they made the bed up with fresh sheets, and they laid him there with his head upon the pillow, his face uncovered. The women wept in the adjoining room.

Gindrier had previously rendered the same service to the ex-constituent, James Demontry. In 1850, James Demontry died an exile at Cologne. Gindrier went to Cologne, and had James Demontry's body dug up from the cemetery. He took out the heart, embalmed it, sealed it up in a silver vase, and brought it to Paris. He, with Chollet and Joigneaux, were appointed by the radicals to take the heart to Dijon, Demontry's native place, and have it interred with solemn funeral rites. The funeral was prohibited by order of Louis Bonaparte, then President of the Republic. The interment of brave and loyal men was displeasing to Louis Bonaparte; their death, not at all.

When Baudin had been placed upon the bed, the women came in and the whole family sat round the body and wept. Gindrier, called away by other duties, went downstairs with Dutech. There was a crowd before the door. A man wearing a blouse, and with his cap on his head, was standing on the curbstone making a speech, glorifying the *Coup d'État*, — “universal suffrage re-established,” “the law of May 31 abolished,” “the twenty francs suppressed,” “Louis Bonaparte has done well,” and so on. Gindrier spoke from the doorway.

“Citizens,” he said, “upstairs is Baudin, a representative of the people, killed in defending the people—Baudin, your representative, understand that clearly. You are in front of his house, he lies bleeding upon his bed, and this man dares come here and applaud his murderer! Citizens, shall I tell you this man’s name? He is called the police. Shame and infamy to traitors and cowards! Respect to the corpse of him who died in your behalf!” And pushing his way through the crowd, Gindrier seized the man who had been speaking by the collar, knocked his cap to the ground with a sweep of his hand, and said to him, —

“Hats off!”

## CHAPTER VI.

### DECREES ISSUED BY REPRESENTATIVES AT LIBERTY.

THE text of the judgment thought to have been rendered by the high court of justice was brought to us by ex-Constituent Martin (of Strasbourg), a barrister at the superior court. We learned, at the same time, of what was going on in the Rue Aumaire. The battle begun, it was important to support and sustain it, to follow armed resistance with legal resistance. The members who had met the day before at the mayoralty of the tenth arrondissement had decreed the deposition of Louis Bonaparte; but this decree, voted by a gathering composed almost exclusively of the unpopular members of the majority, could have but little effect upon the masses. The Left must take it up, appropriate it, give it a more energetic and revolutionary meaning, and also utilize the ostensible judgment by the high court, back it up with a strong hand, and render it effective. In our appeal to arms we had declared Louis Bonaparte to be an outlaw. The decree of deposition adopted and countersigned by us, would be a useful addition to the ban of outlawry, and complete the revolutionary act by a legal ordinance.

The Committee of Resistance called the Republican representatives together. Monsieur Grévy's apartment, where we then were, being too small, we appointed the meeting to be at No. 10 Rue des Moulins, although warned that the police had already made a descent upon that house. But we had no choice. In a revolution, prudence is impossible, and is soon found to be useless. "Be bold, be always bold," such is the law of the great actions that sometimes bring about great

events. Unwearying perseverance in the devising of means, of processes, of expedients, of resources; nothing by forethought, everything at a rush; never sounding the ground under foot; taking all chances in a lump, the good with the bad; risking everything at once, on every side,—the hour, the place, the occasion, friends, family, liberty, fortune, life;—such is revolutionary warfare.

At about three o'clock, perhaps sixty representatives had met at No. 10 Rue des Moulins, in the large drawing-room, out of which opened a small room where the Committee of Resistance held its session. It was a gloomy December day, and it seemed as if night were already near. Hetzel the publisher, who might also be called Hetzel the poet,—a generous and courageous soul, who, as every one knows, displayed unusual political sagacity as general secretary to the ministry of foreign affairs under Bastide,—came and offered us his services, as the brave patriot Hingray had done in the morning. Hetzel knew that our greatest need was a printing office, that we could not reach the public ear, to which Louis Bonaparte spoke alone. Hetzel had found a printer who had said, "Tell me it must be done, put a pistol to my head, and I'll print anything you want." So they had only to get a few friends together, take the printing office by force, shut themselves in, and, if need be, sustain a siege while our proclamations and decrees were printing. Hetzel offered to do this. An incident connected with his arrival at our place of meeting deserves record. As he approached the entrance, he saw a man standing motionless in the twilight of the dismal December day, and apparently on the watch for some one. He went nearer and recognized Monsieur Yon, the former police commissary of the Assembly.

"What are you doing here?" Hetzel said at once. "Are you here to arrest us? If so, this is what you'll get,"—and he drew a pair of pistols from his pocket.

"It is true that I am on the watch," Monsieur Yon responded with a smile, "not against you, but for you. I am



guarding you." Monsieur Yon, knowing of our meeting at Landrin's, and fearing that we might be arrested, was voluntarily acting as our police.

Hetzel had already explained his project to Representative Labrousse, who was to go with him, and give him the moral support of the Assembly in his perilous expedition. They agreed first to meet at the Café Cardinal, but missed each other, and Labrousse left a note for Hetzel at the café, running as follows: "Madame Elizabeth awaits Monsieur Hetzel at No 10 Rue des Moulins." This note had brought Hetzel to the place.

We accepted Hetzel's offer, and it was decided that Representative Versigny, who acted as secretary to the committee, should at nightfall give him our proclamations, our decrees, such news as we desired to spread abroad, and everything that we thought it best to print. Hetzel was to wait for Versigny at the end of the Rue de Richelieu, which runs along by the Café Cardinal. Meanwhile, Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and I had drawn up a final decree combining the deposition voted by the Right and our own ban of outlawry. We entered the drawing-room, to read it to the assembled representatives, and to get them to sign it. At that moment the door opened and Émile de Girardin came in. We had not seen him since the previous day.

Émile de Girardin, when freed from the smoke of party combat which so often transforms or obscures public men, is seen to be a positive thinker, an exact, energetic, logical, adroit, and robust writer, and a journalist who, like all great journalists, has something of the statesman in his make up. To Émile de Girardin we owe the boon of a cheap newspaper press. Émile de Girardin has a great gift; that of sagacious obstinacy. Émile de Girardin is a public sentinel; his newspaper is his sentry box; he waits, he watches, he spies out, he enlightens, he keeps guard, he cries, "Who goes there?" at the slightest alarm, his pen breathes forth lightnings; he is ready for any form of combat, a sentinel to-day, a general to-morrow. In



common with all serious minds he understands, he sees, he recognizes, he feels so to speak, the great and magnificent identity of the three words, revolution, progress, liberty. He favors revolution, but always through progress. He stands for progress, but only through liberty. We may, and often with reason, differ from him as to the proper part to pursue, as to the attitude to maintain, the position to support; but no one can deny the courage he has displayed in so many different ways, or reject his goal—the moral and material amelioration of the masses. Émile de Girardin is more democrat than republican, more socialist than democrat. When the three ideas, democracy, the republic, and socialism, that is, the principle, the form, and the application, shall finally be harmonized in his mind, his oscillations will cease. He already has power, he will then have fixity of action. In the course of this meeting I did not, as we shall see, always agree with Émile de Girardin. All the more reason why I should here record how well I appreciate that mind of light and leading.

Émile de Girardin, whatever reservations each of us may make with regard to him, is one of the men who are an honor to contemporary journalism. In him polemical dexterity and philosophical serenity are in the highest degree united. I went up to him and asked,—

“Have you any workmen left at the *Presse*?”

“Our presses,” he answered, “are under seal and are guarded by troops, but I have five or six workmen upon whom I can call, and they can produce a few placards with the brush.”

“Well,” I said, “print our decrees and proclamations.”

“I will print anything,” he replied, “that does not involve an appeal to arms. I have seen your proclamation,” he added; “it is a war-cry. I cannot print that.”

They remonstrated. He then explained to us that he was in favor of proclamations, but in a different sense from ourselves. In his opinion, Louis Bonaparte was to be fought, not with arms, but with vacuity. In arms he would be the victor;

in a vacuum he would be vanquished. He begged us to aid him in isolating "the deposed of the Second of December."

"Let us make a vacuum about him," cried Émile de Girardin. "Proclaim a universal strike. Let the merchant cease to sell, the consumer to buy, the workman to work, the butcher to kill, the baker to bake, let every one, even to the national printing office, leave his vocations. Let Louis Bonaparte be unable to find a compositor to set up the *Moniteur*, a pressman to print it, a bill-sticker to post it up. Isolation, solitude, emptiness, about this man. Let the nation withdraw from him. Any power not supported by the nation falls like a tree whose roots have been severed.

"Louis Bonaparte, if abandoned by every one to his crime, will vanish away. Fold your arms as you stand around him, and see him fall. If, on the contrary, you shoot at him, you will simply increase his strength. The army is drunk, the people are bewildered and helpless, the mercantile classes are afraid of the president, of the people, of you, of everything. Victory is impossible. You march out like brave men and risk your lives. Very good. You induce some two or three thousand courageous fellows to follow you and their blood, which is already flowing, is mingled with yours. That is heroic, of course. It is not politic. For my part, I will not print any call to arms, and I refuse to fight. Organize a universal strike."

This point of view was haughty and superb, but, unfortunately, I regarded it as unattainable. Girardin was impressed by truth in two ways — on its logical and on its practical side. In this case, it seemed to me that the practical aspect was lacking.

Michel de Bourges replied, and with irresistible logic and sound reasoning put his finger on what was to us the question of the moment: Louis Bonaparte's crime and the necessity of confronting that crime. It was more a conversation than a discussion, but Michel de Bourges and then Jules Favre, who afterwards spoke, rose to the highest pitch of eloquence.

Jules Favre, who was well qualified to understand Girardin's forceful intellect, would willingly have adopted the idea of a universal strike if it had seemed to him to be practicable. He thought it grand, but impossible. A nation cannot come to a dead stop. Even when struck to the heart it still lives. The social movement, or the animal life of society, survives political desuetude. In spite of Émile de Girardin's hopes, there will always be a butcher who will kill, and a baker who will bake. Men must eat. "Make labor fold its arms and stop work! — a chimæra," said Jules Favre, "a dream! The people will fight three days, four days, a week, but society will not come to an indefinite standstill. The situation is no doubt terrible, it is even tragic, and blood flows; but who is responsible for the situation? Louis Bonaparte. We simply accept things as they are — nothing more."

Émile de Girardin insisted with firm, logical conviction of the truth of his idea. His vigorous and inexhaustible mind was overflowing with arguments. As for me, I saw duty before me like a blazing torch. I interrupted.

"It is too late," I exclaimed, "to deliberate over what we are to do. It is done. The *Coup d'État* has thrown down the gauntlet, the Left has picked it up. It is all very simple. The act of December 2d is an infamous, insolent, unprecedented challenge of democracy, civilization, liberty, the people, France. I repeat, we have taken up the gauntlet, we are law, incarnate law, and if need be we can take arms and fight. A musket in one's hands, that is a protest. I do not know that we shall conquer, but we ought to protest. Protest first in parliament; parliament closed, protest in the street; the street closed, protest in exile; exile accomplished, protest in the tomb. That is our part, that is what we have to do, that is our mission. The legislative power is elastic; it comes from the people; it may be enlarged to cope with events."

While we were talking, our colleague Napoleon Bonaparte, son of the former King of Westphalia, came in. He listened. He spoke. With a tone of sincere and generous indignation he

forcibly denounced his cousin's crime, but he declared that in his opinion a written protest would suffice, a protest coming from the representatives, from the Council of State, from the magistrates, from the press. A unanimous protest would enlighten France. No other form of resistance could be adopted unanimously. For his own part he had always regarded the Constitution with disfavor, he had fought against it from the first, and he would not at the last moment come to its defence; certainly he would not shed a drop of blood for it. The Constitution was dead, but the Republic was alive. We must save, not the defunct Constitution, but the Republic, the principle.

Objections burst forth. Bancel, young, ardent, eloquent, impetuous, overflowing with self-confidence, declared that we must look, not at the defects in the Constitution, but at the horror of a crime, open treason, a violated oath. It was quite possible to have voted against the Constitution in the Constituent Assembly, and to defend it to-day in the presence of a usurper. Such a course was logical, and several of those present had followed it. "Victor Hugo, for one," he said. "You have," he remarked in closing, "been present at the building of a ship. You think she is badly built. You have given advice and it has not been heeded. Yet you have been obliged to embark on this vessel. Your children and your brothers are with you. Your mother is on board. A pirate ranges alongside, axe and torch in hand, to scuttle and burn the ship. The crew, eager for defence, rushes to arms. Will you say to the crew, 'The ship is not well built, I want her to be destroyed'?"

"In such a case," added Edgar Quinet, "he who is not for the ship is for the pirates." Then the cry went up from all sides, "The decree! Read the decree!" I was leaning against the mantelpiece. Napoleon Bonaparte came up and whispered, —

"You are fighting a lost battle."

"I am not thinking of success," I replied, "but of duty."

"You are in politics," he responded, "and, consequently,

you ought to think of success. I tell you again, before you go any further, that it is a lost battle."

"If we engage in this struggle," was my reply, "I believe with you that it is a losing fight; but if we do not fight, honor will be lost. I would rather lose the battle than lose honor."

He stood there silently for a moment; then he took me by the hand. "Let it be so," he said, "but listen. You, personally, are in great peril. Of all the Assembly, you are the one whom the president hates the worst. You have in the tribune nicknamed him 'Napoleon the Little,' and that, you understand, never will be forgiven. Moreover, every one knows that you dictated the appeal to arms. If you are taken, you are lost. You will be shot on the spot, or at least, transported. Have you any place where you can sleep to-night?"

I had not thought about it before. "Why, no," I said.

"Well," he replied, "come to me. There is probably not another house in all Paris where you would be safe. They will not look for you there. Come in the daytime, at night, at any hour you please. I will be there and will myself let you in. I live at No. 5 Rue d'Alger."

I thanked him. It was a noble and a cordial offer. I was touched by it. I did not avail myself of it, but I have not forgotten it.

Again the cry went up, "Read the decree! Sit down! Sit down!"

There was a round table in front of the fireplace. On it they placed a lamp, pens, inkstands, and paper. The members of the committee sat down about this table. The representatives gathered around them on sofas, easy chairs, and all the seats that could be got from the adjoining chambers. Some looked for Napoleon Bonaparte. He had withdrawn.

A member asked that the meeting should first of all declare itself to be the National Assembly, and organize by appointing a president and a bureau. I remarked that we were not called upon to declare ourselves to be the Assembly, since we were the Assembly, legally and actually, our absent colleagues



being detained by force. The National Assembly, even when mutilated by the *Coup d'État*, ought to preserve its integrity and retain its organization, after as well as before. To name another president and another bureau would be to give in to Louis Bonaparte and in a certain way to acknowledge the dissolution. We ought not to do anything of the kind. Our decrees ought to be published, not with the signature of a president, whoever that president might be, but with the signatures of all the members of the Left remaining at liberty, and so bear the full authority of the people in united action. They gave up the idea of appointing a president. Noël Parfait proposed that our decrees and other proceedings should be introduced not with the phrase, "The National Assembly decrees," but "The Representatives of the People remaining at liberty decree," etc. In this way we should retain all the authority appertaining to representatives of the people without making the arrested representatives responsible for our acts. Moreover, this form would have the advantage of separating us from the Right. The people knew that the representatives remaining at liberty were members of the Left. Noël Parfait's proposition was adopted. I then read the decree of deposition. It was in the following form:—

#### DECLARATION.

"The Representatives of the people remaining at liberty, in accordance with Article 68 of the Constitution which runs as follows, —

"ARTICLE 68. — Any means taken by the President of the Republic to dissolve the Assembly, to prorogue it, or to place any obstacle in the way of the exercise of its authority, involves the crime of high treason. By such action the President is deposed from his office; the citizens are bound to refuse him obedience; the executive power legally devolves upon the National Assembly; the judges of the High Court of Justice must at once convene under penalty of treason, and summon jurors at some designated place for the trial of the President and his accomplices, —

"Decree:

"ARTICLE I. — Louis Bonaparte is deposed from his office as President of the Republic.



“ARTICLE II. — All citizens and public functionaries are required to refuse him obedience, under penalty of complicity.

“ARTICLE III. — The judgment rendered on the second of December by the High Court of Justice, declaring Louis Bonaparte guilty of the crime of high treason, will be published and executed. All civil and military authorities are therefore required, under penalty of treason, to give their active support to the execution of said judgment.

“Done at Paris, in permanent session, this third day of December, 1851.”

The decree having been read and unanimously adopted, we signed it, and the representatives crowded about the table to join their signatures to ours. Sain observed that the signing would occupy a good deal of time, that there were only about sixty present, and that a large number of members of the Left were on duty in the insurrectionary districts. He asked if the committee, to whom was delegated the full power of the Left, saw any objection to putting at once upon the decree the names of all the Republican representatives at liberty, whether they were absent or present. Our response was in substance that a decree signed by all would best meet the end in view. This, moreover, was the advice I had already given.

Bancel happened to have in his pocket an old number of the *Moniteur* containing the record of a division. From it they cut out the list of members of the Left, erased the names of those who had been arrested, and added it to the decree.\* I saw the name of Émile de Girardin in this list. He was still present.

“Will you sign the decree?” I asked.

“Unhesitatingly.”

“In that case, you will agree to print it?”

“At once. Not having any presses, as I told you,” he went on, “I can only have placards made with a brush. It’s slow work, but to-night at eight o’clock you shall have five hundred copies.”

\* This list, which belongs to history, it having served as the basis of a proscription list, will be found in full in the notes to this book.

"And you persist in your refusal to print the appeal to arms?"

"I persist."

They made two copies of the decree, and Émile de Girardin took them away. The deliberations were resumed. Representatives were constantly coming up with news. "Amiens in revolt." "Rheims and Rouen moving on Paris." "General Canrobert resisting the *Coup d'État*, General Castellane hesitating." "The United States' minister asking for his passports." We paid little heed to these rumors, and the result showed that we were right. Meanwhile, Jules Favre had drawn up the following decree which he proposed, and which was at once adopted:—

# DECREE.

## FRENCH REPUBLIC.

### *Liberty — Equality — Fraternity.*

"The undersigned, Representatives at liberty, united in permanent session, in consideration of the arrest of the majority of their colleagues, and the urgency of the moment,

"Considering that Louis Bonaparte, for the accomplishment of his crime, has not alone multiplied the most formidable means of destruction against the life and the property of the citizens of Paris, but has also trampled all laws under his feet and annulled all the obligations incumbent upon civilized nations,

"Considering that such criminal folly can only increase the violent condemnation of all honest minds and hasten the hour of national vengeance, but feeling the necessity of proclaiming the law,

"Decree:

"ART. I. — The state of siege is raised in all departments where it has been established; ordinary laws resume their jurisdiction.

"ART. II. — All military commanders are enjoined, under penalty of treason, to resign any extraordinary powers which may have been conferred upon them.

"ART. III. — Government officials and agents of public administration are ordered, under penalty of treason, to assist in the execution of the present decree.

"Done in permanent session, this third day of December, 1851."

Madier de Montjau and de Flotte came in. They came from the streets. They had been wherever the struggle was in progress, and with their own eyes they had seen a portion of the population hesitating at the words, "The law of May 31st is abrogated, universal suffrage is re-established." Louis Bonaparte's placards were evidently doing damage. We must meet effort with effort, and neglect nothing that could open the eyes of the people. I dictated the following proclamation, —

#### PROCLAMATION.

"People, you are deceived.

"Louis Bonaparte says that he has re-established your rights, and restored universal suffrage.

"Louis Bonaparte is a liar.

"Read the placards. He gives you — what infamous mockery! — the right to confer the constituent power, that is the supreme power that belongs to you, upon him, — upon him *ALONE*. He gives you the right to appoint him dictator *FOR TEN YEARS*. In other words, he gives you the right to abdicate and to crown him; a right you do not possess, O People, for one generation cannot dispose of the sovereignty of the generation that is to follow.

"Yes, he grants to you, the sovereign, the right to appoint a master, and that master is himself.

"Hypocrisy and treason!

"People, we unmask the hypocrite; it is for you to punish the traitor.

"JULES FAVRE, DE FLOTTE, CARNOT, MADIER DE MONTJAU, MATHIEU (DE LA DRÔME), MICHEL DE BOURGES, VICTOR HUGO,

*"Committee of Resistance."*

Baudin had heroically fallen. We must make his death known to the people, and honor his memory. The following decree was voted, on motion of Michel de Bourges: —

#### DECREE

*By the Representatives of the People Remaining at Liberty.*

"Whereas, Representative Baudin has died upon a barricade in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, in behalf of the Republic and the law, and since he merits the consideration of his country, it is

"Decreed:

"That Representative Baudin be accorded the honors of the Panthéon.

"Done in permanent session, this third day of December, 1851."

After honors to the dead, and the necessities of combat, it behooved us, in my opinion, to bring about some great popular benefit at once and in an authoritative manner. I proposed the abolition of the city tolls, and of the duty on liquors. This objection was made, —

“No truckling to the people. After the victory, we will see. Meanwhile, let them fight. If they will not fight, if they will not rise, if they will not understand, that we, their representatives, are now risking our heads for them, and for their rights, if they leave us in the breach to face the *Coup d'État* alone,— then they are not worthy of liberty !”

Bancel observed that the abolition of the city tolls and the duty on liquors would not be a bid for popular favor, but a relief to public hardship, a great reparatory, economical measure, a response to a popular demand, a response that the Right had always obstinately refused, and that the Left, now mistress of the situation, ought immediately to grant. With the proviso that they were not to be published till after the victory, the two decrees were voted in this form, —

#### DECREE.

“The Representatives remaining at liberty,

“Decree:

“That the city tolls be abolished throughout the territory of the republic.

“Done in permanent session this third day of December, 1851.”

Versigny took a copy of the proclamations and of the decree, and went in search of Hetzel. Labrousse went with him. They agreed to meet at eight o'clock that night at the house of Marie (a former member of the provisional government) in the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs. As the members of the committee and the representatives were going out, I was told that some one wished to speak with me. I went into a little reception room adjoining the drawing-room, and there found a sympathetic and intelligent-looking man in a blouse. He had a roll of paper in his hand.

"Citizen Victor Hugo," he said, "you have no printing office. Here is something that will serve you instead."

He spread out the roll of paper on the mantelpiece. It was a packet of very thin blue paper, which looked as if it had been oiled. Under each sheet of blue paper a sheet of white paper was placed. He took a sort of blunted bodkin from his pocket, with the remark that "anything would do, a nail or a match," and he then wrote the word "Republic" on the topmost sheet. "Look," he said, turning over the other sheets. The word "Republic" was reproduced on the fifteen or twenty sheets making up the packet.

"This paper is constantly used," he said, "for tracing textile designs. I thought it would perhaps be useful in an emergency like this. I have a hundred sheets at home, and with them I can make a hundred copies of anything you wish, a proclamation for instance, in the time ordinarily required to make four or five copies. Write something for me, anything that you think the public ought to know, and to-morrow morning it shall be posted up in five hundred places in Paris."

I did not have at hand any of the acts we had just passed. Versigny had taken the copies away. I took a sheet of paper and on a corner of the mantelpiece, I wrote the following proclamation, —

#### TO THE ARMY.

"Soldiers!

"A man has just broken the Constitution. He breaks the oath he has sworn to the people, suppresses law, stifles right, stains Paris with blood, throttles France, betrays the Republic!

"Soldiers, this man draws you into his crime.

"Two things are sacred: the flag, representing military honor; the law, representing national right. Soldiers, the greatest of outrages is when the flag is raised against the law! Follow no longer the wretch who misleads you. Of such a crime, French soldiers should be the avengers, not the accomplices.

"This man says that he is called Bonaparte. He lies, for Bonaparte is a synonym of glory. This man says that he is called Napoleon. He lies, for Napoleon is a synonym of genius. He is obscure and very small. Turn the miserable fellow over to the law! Soldiers, this is a sham



Napoleon. A true Napoleon would lead you to another Marengo; he leads you to another Transnonain.

"Think of the true mission of the French army, — to protect the country, to perpetuate liberty, to deliver peoples, to support nationality, to emancipate the continent, to break all bonds, to defend the right, — that is your mission among the armies of Europe. You are worthy of great battlefields.

"Soldiers, the French army is the vanguard of humanity.

"Consider, reflect, acknowledge your faults, arise! Think of your generals, collared by galley sergeants and thrown handcuffed into robbers' dungeons! That scoundrel at the Élysée thinks that the French army is a mercenary band, who will do anything for money and drink! He has put you at an infamous task; here, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in the city of Paris, he would have you throttle liberty, progress, and civilization. He would have you, children of France, destroy all that France has so gloriously and so painfully built up in three centuries of light, and sixty years of revolution! Soldiers, if you are 'the grand army,' respect the grand nation.

"We, citizens, representatives of the people, your representatives, your friends, your brethren, we who are law and right, we who stand before you with outstretched arms and whom you blindly strike with your swords — know that our greatest despair is not that our own blood should be shed, but that your honor should be sacrificed.

"Soldiers, one step more in crime, one more day with Louis Bonaparte, and you are lost to all sense of justice. You are commanded by outlaws. They are not generals, they are criminals. The mark of the galley slave awaits them — see, it is already on their shoulders! Soldiers, there is yet time. Pause, return to your country, return to the Republic! If you go on, do you know what history will say of you? It will say, 'Beneath the hoofs of their horses and the wheels of their cannon they crushed their country's laws — they, the soldiers of France, dishonored the anniversary of Austerlitz, and by their fault and their crime they to-day, in the name of Napoleon, cover France with shame as they once, in the name of Napoleon, covered her with glory.'

"Soldiers of France, lend no further aid to crime!"

My colleagues being gone I could not consult them, and time pressed. I signed, —

"In behalf of the Representatives of the People remaining at liberty,  
"VICTOR HUGO, *Representing the Committee of Resistance.*"

The man in the blouse took the proclamation and said, "You will see it to-morrow morning." He kept his word. I found



it the next morning posted in the Rue Rambuteau, at the corner of the Rue de l'Homme-Armé, and at the Chapelle Saint-Denis. To those who were not acquainted with the process, it looked as if it were written by hand in blue ink.

I thought of returning home. When I came opposite my house in the Rue de la Tour-d'Auvergne, it so happened that the outer door stood partly open. I pushed it back and went in. I crossed the courtyard and went upstairs without meeting any one. My wife and my daughter were sitting by the fire in the drawing-room with Madame Paul Meurice. I entered noiselessly. They were talking in low tones. They were speaking of Pierre Dupont, the popular singer, who had come to my house and asked for arms. Isidore, who had been a soldier, was the owner of a pair of pistols which he lent to Pierre Dupont for the combat. Suddenly, the ladies turned their heads and saw me standing close by; my daughter shrieked.

"Oh, do go away," cried my wife, as she flung her arms about my neck; "you are lost if you remain here a moment longer. You will be arrested!"

"They are looking for you," said Madame Paul Meurice. "The police were here only fifteen minutes ago."

I could not reassure them. They gave me a package of letters offering places of refuge for the night, some signed with names I did not know. After a few moments, seeing that they were becoming more and more alarmed, I went away.

"What you do, you do for justice," said my wife. "Go, keep on!"

I embraced my wife and daughter. Five months have elapsed as I write these lines. While I have been in exile they have been near my son Victor in prison. I have never seen them since that day. I went out as I had entered; there were only two or three little children in the porter's lodge, seated around a lamp, laughing, and looking at pictures in a book.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE ARCHBISHOP.

DURING this gloomy and tragic day, an idea came to a man of the people. He was a workman belonging to the honest and almost imperceptible minority of Catholic Democrats. His tendency to revolutionary ideas on the one hand, and to mysticism on the other, had made him a suspicious character, even to his comrades and friends. Sufficiently religious to be called a Jesuit by the socialists, enough of a Republican to be styled "Red" by the reactionists, he was an exception in the workshops of the faubourg. Now, on supreme occasions, we must have for the government of the masses, exceptional geniuses and not men of exceptional opinions. There is no revolutionary originality. To be anything in times of social struggle and regeneration one must be in the full tide of party progress. Human progress follows intellectual progress, and the true revolutionary leader is he who best knows how to force men in the direction of dominant ideas. The Gospel is in accord with revolution, but Catholicism is not; largely, because the papacy is not in accord with the Gospel. A Christian Republican can easily be understood, but a Catholic Democrat is incomprehensible. Such a one is a union of two contraries. Negation bars the way of affirmation. The result is neutral. Now, in revolutionary periods, a neuter is impotent.

And yet, from the very beginning, of resistance to the *Coup d'État*, the Catholic Democratic workman whose noble effort we are now describing, threw himself so energetically into the cause of truth and justice, that in a short time he

transformed distrust into confidence, and won the acclamations of the people. He was so valiant at the raising of the Rue Aumaire barricade, that he was unanimously chosen leader. When the attack came he fought as bravely as he had worked assiduously. It was a sadly glorious battlefield. Most of his companions were killed, and he himself escaped only by a miracle. However, he succeeded in getting home, saying to himself in anguish of spirit, "All is lost."

It seemed plain to him that the great masses of the people would not rise. To conquer the *Coup d'État* by a revolution seemed to him henceforth to be impossible. The combat must now be a legal one.

The only hope now, was that the middle classes might be set in motion. If an armed legion were to go out, the Élysée would be doomed. But to bring this about they must strike a decisive blow, reach the heart of the middle classes, and stir them by a grand but not a terrifying spectacle.

Then an idea occurred to the workman.

Write to the archbishop of Paris.

The workman took a pen, and there, in his wretched garret, he a workman and a believer wrote an enthusiastic and artless letter to the archbishop of Paris. We give the substance of the letter,—

"It is a solemn hour; there is civil war between the army and the people; blood is flowing. When blood is shed, the bishop should come forth. Monsieur Sibour should follow in the footsteps of Monsieur Affre. The example is great, the occasion is greater still.

"Let the archbishop of Paris, followed by all the clergy, preceded by the pontifical cross, with his mitre on his head, go forth in procession into the streets. Let him summon the National Assembly and the high court, the legislators in their scarfs, and the judges in their crimson robes; let him summon the citizens; let him summon the soldiers; and let him go directly to the Élysée. There let him lift his hand, in the name of justice, against the man who is violating the

laws; in the name of Jesus, against the shedder of blood. Simply with uplifted hand will he shatter the *Coup d'État*.

"Thus will he place his statue by the side of that of Monsieur Affre, and it will be said that the archbishops of Paris, have twice put civil war under their feet.

"The Church is holy, but the country is sacred. When she is needed, the Church must come to the country's aid."

The letter concluded, he put his workingman's signature at the end.

Now a difficulty arose. How was it to be delivered?

Carry it himself?

But would he, a poor laboring man in a blouse, be permitted to go into the presence of the archbishop?

And then, to reach the archiepiscopal palace, he would be obliged to traverse the districts in insurrection, where the battle was still going on; he would have to pass through streets filled with troops; he would be arrested and searched; his hands smelled of powder, he would be shot, and the letter would not reach its destination.

What should he do?

In the moment of his despair, the name of Arnaud de l'Ariège occurred to him.

Arnaud de l'Ariège was a representative after his own heart. He was a noble figure—Arnaud de l'Ariège. He was, like the workman, a Catholic Democrat. He was almost the only one in the Assembly who carried the standard of the ecclesiastical democracy, and he carried it bravely. Arnaud de l'Ariège was young, handsome, eloquent, enthusiastic, gentle, firm, combining the talent of the legislator with the ardor of the chevalier. His candid soul would not separate from Rome, and yet it worshipped liberty. He had two motives, but he was always sincere. On the whole, the democratic idea had the upper hand. "I give my hand to Victor Hugo," he said to me one day, "but I do not give it to Montalembert."

The workman knew him, had often written to him, and had sometimes seen him.

Arnaud de l'Ariège lived in a district as yet comparatively unoccupied by troops.

The workman went at once to his house.

Like all the rest of us, Arnaud de l'Ariège had plunged into the struggle. Like most of the representatives of the Left, he had not been home since the morning of December 2. However, on the second day, he thought of his young wife, whom he had left not knowing that he would ever see her again; of the six months' old child she was nursing, whose face he had not seen for so many hours; of the domestic shrine to which one is drawn back with irresistible power, he could not resist—arrest, Mazas, the dungeon, the prison-ship, the firing party,—all these were as nothing, danger was forgotten, he went home.

At precisely the same moment, the workman arrived.

Arnaud de l'Ariège received him, read the letter, and gave it his approval.

Arnaud de l'Ariège was personally acquainted with the archbishop of Paris.

Monsieur Sibour, a Republican priest, appointed archbishop of Paris by General Cavaignac, was the true ecclesiastical leader of the liberal Catholicism of which Arnaud de l'Ariège dreamed. In the archbishop's opinion, Arnaud de l'Ariège was the representative in the Assembly of the Catholicism which Monsieur de Montalembert belied. The Democratic representative and the Republican archbishop frequently conferred together, employing the Abbé Maret as intermediary. The Abbé Maret was an intelligent priest, a friend of the people and of progress, vicar-general of Paris, and since that time bishop *in partibus* of Surat. A few days before, Arnaud had received the archbishop's complaints of the encroachment of the clerical party on the Episcopal authority, and he had intended soon to interpellate the government on the subject and carry the question into the tribune.

Arnaud added to the workman's letter a letter of introduction signed by himself, and he sealed up the two documents in the same envelope.



But here the same question arose.

How was the letter to be delivered ?

Arnaud, for reasons far more weighty than those which influenced the workman, could not carry it himself.

And yet time pressed !

His wife saw his difficulty and quietly said : " I will take charge of it."

Madame Arnaud de l'Ariège, young and beautiful, scarcely two years married, was the daughter of a Republican ex-constituent, Guichard ; worthy daughter of such a father, and worthy wife of such a husband. They were fighting in Paris. There was danger in the streets, bullets were flying about, she would be in peril of her life. Arnaud de l'Ariège hesitated.

" What do you wish to do ? " he asked.

" To carry the letter."

" Yourself ? "

" Myself."

" But there is danger."

" Did I make any such objection when you left me day before yesterday ? " she asked, looking into his face.

He kissed her, with tears in his eyes, and said, —

" Go."

But the police were suspicious ; many women were searched as they went through the streets ; the letter might perhaps be found on Madame Arnaud. How should they conceal it ?

" I will take the baby," said Madame Arnaud.

She undid the little girl's linen, hid the letter there, and re-fastened the swaddling bands. This done, the father kissed his child on the forehead, and the mother exclaimed, —

" Oh, the little ' Red ' ! Only six months old, and already a conspirator ! "

Madame Arnaud got to the archbishop, not without some difficulty. The carriage in which she went was obliged to take a circuitous route. However, she got there. She asked for the archbishop. A woman carrying a baby was not a



very terrifying object, so they let her in. But she lost her way in the labyrinth of corridors and staircases. She was trying to find her way, a good deal discouraged, when she met the Abbé Maret. She knew him. She went up to him. She told him the object of her visit. The Abbé Maret read the workman's letter and was enthusiastic over it.

"This may save everything," he said; and he added, "Follow me, madam; I will introduce you."

The archbishop of Paris was in the chamber adjoining his study. The Abbé Maret took Madame Arnaud to the study, and went after the archbishop, who, a moment later, came in. Beside the Abbé Maret, the Abbé Deguerry, curate of the Madeleine, was there. Madame Arnaud handed the two letters—her husband's letter and that of the workman—to the archbishop. The archbishop read them and relapsed into thought.

"What reply shall I take back to my husband?" asked Madame Arnaud.

"Madam," said the archbishop, "it is too late. It should have been done before the struggle began. Now, we should run the risk of shedding more blood than has already flowed."

The Abbé Deguerry was silent. The Abbé Maret made a respectful attempt to turn the archbishop's mind toward the undertaking advised by the workman. He spoke briefly, but eloquently. He dwelt upon the point that the appearance of the archbishop would lead to a manifestation on the part of the National Guard, and that a manifestation by the National Guard would overawe the Élysée.

"No," said the archbishop. "You hope for too much. The Élysée will not now draw back. You think that I could stop bloodshed. Not at all. I should make it flow in streams. The National Guard has no influence. If the legions turned out, the Élysée would crush them with the regular troops. And then, what is an archbishop to a man who has brought about a *Coup d'État*? Where is the oath? Where is sworn fealty? Where is respect for righteousness? He who takes

three steps in such a crime, never turns back. No, no ; do not delude yourself with vain hopes. This man will hesitate at nothing. He has assaulted law in the persons of its representatives ; through me, he would strike at God."

And he dismissed Madame Arnaud with the expression of a man overwhelmed with sorrow.

The historian must do his duty. Six weeks later, in the church of Notre-Dame, some one chanted the *Te Deum* in honor of December's treason, making God an accomplice in a crime.

It was Archbishop Sibour.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AT MONT-VALÉRIEN.

OF the two hundred and thirty representatives imprisoned in the Quai d'Orsay barracks, fifty-three had been sent to Mont-Valérien. They filled four police vans. Those still remaining were put into an omnibus. Benoist-d'Azy, Falloux, Piscatory, Vatimesnil, were locked into the perambulating dungeons with Eugène Sue and Esquiros. The Honorable Gustave de Beaumont, a fervent partisan of the cell system, climbed into a vehicular cell. It was not a bad thing, as we have said, that the legislator should taste of his own laws. The commandant at Mont-Valérien appeared in the archway of the fort to receive his prisoners. He made at first some show of registering their names. General Oudinot, under whom he had served, spoke harshly to him.

"You know who I am?"

"Yes, general."

"Very well, that's enough for you. Don't ask for anything more."

"Yes," said Tamisier, "ask more, and salute. We are greater than the army, we are France."

The commandant understood. Thereafter, he uncovered in the presence of the generals, and bowed low before the representatives. They were taken to the barracks and shut up together in a dormitory in which fresh beds had been prepared, and which had just been vacated by the soldiers. There they passed the first night. The beds touched one another. The sheets were dirty.

The next morning, from some talk overheard outside, a rumor spread among the representatives that the fifty-three

were to be classified, and that the Republicans were to be put by themselves. A little later, the rumor was confirmed. Madame de Luynes was allowed to see her husband, and she brought some news. Among other things, they were assured that the man who kept the seals of the *Coup d'État*, and who signed himself "Eugène Rouher, Minister of Justice," had said, —

"Set the men of the Right at liberty, and put the men of the Left in dungeons. If the populace rises we can use them as hostages. We can force the faubourgs to submit by threatening the heads of the 'Reds.'"

We do not believe that Monsieur Rouher uttered this speech, for it demands a certain amount of audacity, and audacity, at that particular time, Monsieur Rouher did not possess. Appointed minister on December 2d, he temporized, he made a vague display of prudery, he did not dare to install himself in the Place Vendôme. Was everything just as it should be? In some minds, doubt of success leads to conscientious scruples. To violate all laws, to commit perjury, to stifle right, to assassinate the country, — is that honest? As long as the fact is not accomplished, they recoil. When the thing is done, they want their share. There is no treason in victory. Nothing like success to trick out the unknown quantity we call crime, and render it acceptable. Later on, he was one of the most devoted of Louis Bonaparte's admirers. 'Tis very simple. His anticipatory fear explains his subsequent zeal. The truth is that the menacing speech already quoted was uttered, not by Rouher, but by Persigny.

Monsieur de Luynes told his colleagues privately of what was going on, and warned them that their names would be asked for, in order that the white sheep might be separated from the scarlet goats. A unanimous protest went up. The representatives of the Right did themselves honor in the ardor of their generosity.

"No, no; no names!" exclaimed Gustave de Beaumont. "Do not allow them to divide us."

"We came here together," said Monsieur de Vatimesnil, "we ought to go away together."

However, Antony Thouret came a few moments later and announced that a list of names was secretly being made, and that the Royalist representatives were asked to sign it. This ignoble arrangement was attributed, doubtless unjustly, to the Honorable Monsieur de Falloux. Antony Thouret spoke earnestly to the groups conferring together in the dormitory.

"Gentlemen," he said, "a list of names is preparing. This is a dishonorable thing. Yesterday, at the mayoralty in the tenth arrondissement, you said to us, 'There is neither Left nor Right; we are the Assembly.' You believed then that the people would be victorious, and you sheltered yourselves behind the Republicans. To-day, you believe that the *Coup d'État* is triumphant, and you once more are Royalists, in order that you may give up the Democrats. Very good. Let it be so!"

There was a general clamor. "No, no; neither Right nor Left." "A united Assembly!" "The same for all." The list was seized and burned.

"By decision of the Chamber," said Monsieur de Vatimesnil, with a smile. "Of the Chamber, no," retorted a Legitimist; "of the chambered."

Some moments later, the commissary of the fortress entered, and in polite but authoritative terms, asked the representatives to give their names, that they might be assigned to definite destinations. There was an outburst of indignation.

"No names," said General Oudinot. "Not one."

"We all bear the same name," observed Gustave de Beaumont. "Representatives of the people."

The commissary bowed and withdrew. In two hours he came back. This time he was accompanied by the head usher of the Assembly, a certain Duponceau, a supercilious fellow with a red face and white hair who on noteworthy occasions lolled at the foot of the tribune, wearing a silver collar, a chain across his stomach, and a sword between his legs.

“Do your duty,” said the commissary to Duponceau.

By the word duty, the commissary meant, and Duponceau understood, that the usher was to denounce the legislators. It was something like the valet betraying his master.

This is the way it was done.

Duponceau looked the representatives in the face, one after another, and gave their names to a police agent, who took notes. The fellow was roughly handled while this was going on.

“I always thought you were a fool, Duponceau,” said Monsieur de Vatimesnil, “but I believed you to be an honest man.”

The hardest thing was said by Antony Thouret. He looked Duponceau in the face and said, —

“You deserve to be called Dupin.”

The fact is, that the usher would have made an excellent president, and the president would have served admirably as an usher.

The flock counted, the division made, they found thirteen goats, — ten representatives of the Left, Eugène Sue, Esquiros, Antony Thouret, Pascal Duprat, Chanay, Fayolle, Paulin Durrieu, Benoît, Tamisier, Teillard-Latérisse; and three members of the Right, who, since the night before, had suddenly become “Red” in the eyes of the *Coup d'État*, — Oudinot, Piscatory, and Thuriot de la Rosière. These were shut up by themselves, and the forty who remained were one by one set at liberty.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE PEOPLE ARE AROUSED.

THE evening was ominous. Groups had gathered on the boulevards. By nightfall they grew larger and were transformed into mobs, which in turn coalesced into a single crowd—a tremendous crowd, constantly increased and set in motion by tributary currents from the side streets, jostling, swaying, stormy, and sending forth a prolonged and portentous murmur. The murmur was condensed into a single word, which was uttered simultaneously by every tongue, and which defined the whole situation: “Soulouque!”\* Throughout the entire extent of the boulevard, from the Madeleine to the Bastille, the roadway nearly everywhere—except (was this deliberate?) at the Porte Saint-Denis and the Porte Saint-Martin—was occupied by troops, by infantry and cavalry, and by harnessed batteries. On both sides of this motionless and sombre mass, bristling with cannon, sabres, and bayonets, streams of excited people went to and fro along the sidewalks. In the boulevards, public indignation everywhere. About the Bastille, a perfect calm.

Near the Porte Saint-Martin the dense and restless crowd spoke together in an undertone. Groups of workingmen conversed, with lowered voices. The Society of the Tenth December was at work there. Men in white blouses, a sort of uniform adopted by the police for that occasion, said,—

“Let us leave them alone. Let the twenty-five francs

\* Faustin Soulouque, president of the Haytien republic, seized the government in 1848, and became emperor. His assumption of power was accompanied by dreadful massacres. *Tr.*

settle it for themselves. They left us in the lurch in June of '48, now let them get out of this affair as best they can. It is nothing to us."

Other blouses, blue blouses, replied, "We know what we've got to do. It's only begun yet. We must wait and see."

Others related how they were building up the barricade again in the Rue Aumaire, how a good many people had been killed there already, how they fired without warning, how drunk the soldiers were, and how in various parts of the quarter there were hospitals filled with dead and wounded. All this was said seriously, in an even voice, without gestures, and in a confidential way. From time to time they were silent and listened, and they could hear firing in the distance.

"They're beginning to tear cloth over there," said the people.

We were holding a permanent session at Marie's in the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs. We were getting recruits from all sides. Many of our colleagues, who had not been able to find us the day before, were now with us, among others Emmanuel Arago, the brave son of an illustrious father, Farconnet, Roussel (of the Yonne), and several Parisian notabilities, including the young and already famous defender of the *Avénement du Peuple*, Monsieur Desmarets. Two eloquent men, Jules Favre and Alexandre Rey, were seated at a large table near a window in the reception-room, getting up a proclamation to the National Guard. In the drawing-room, Sain, seated in an arm-chair, his feet on the irons, drying his wet boots before a glowing fire, said with that tranquil and courageous smile which he always had in the tribune, —

"It's going badly with us, but well with the Republic. Martial law is proclaimed; it will be ferociously enforced, and especially against us. We are ambushed, followed, hunted down, and it is not at all likely that we shall escape. To-day, to-morrow, perhaps in ten minutes, there will be a little squelching of representatives. We shall be taken here or

elsewhere, shot on the spot, or killed with the thrust of a bayonet. Our bodies will be paraded, and let us hope that the people will be finally aroused, and Bonaparte overthrown. We are dead, but Bonaparte is doomed."

At eight o'clock, as Émile de Girardin had promised, we received from the printing office of the *Presse*, five hundred copies of the decree of deposition and outlawry, with the judgment of the high court, and bearing all our signatures. It was a placard twice as large as one's hand, and printed on proof paper. Noël Parfait brought the five hundred copies, which were still wet, hidden between his shirt and his waistcoat. They were divided among thirty representatives, whom we sent into the boulevards to distribute the decree among the people. The effect of the decree, falling suddenly upon the crowd, was extraordinary. A few cafés were still open. People snatched the bills, pressed about the lighted windows, and gathered under the street lamps; some climbed upon posts and tables, and read the decree in a loud voice. "That's it; bravo!" people said. "The signatures, the signatures!" they cried. The signatures were read; at each favored name, the crowd clapped its hands. Charamaule went through the crowd in wrathful gayety, distributing the decree, his immense stature, his loud and vigorous voice, and the package of handbills he waved above his head drawing many outstretched arms towards him. "Shout, 'Down with Soulouque!'" he said, "and you shall have some." All this in the presence of the soldiers. A sergeant of the line, seeing Charamaule, put out his hand, also, for one of the bills that Charamaule was distributing. "Sergeant," said Charamaule, "shout 'Down with Soulouque!'" The sergeant hesitated a moment, then said, "No." "Very well," said Charamaule, "shout, 'Long live Soulouque!'" This time the sergeant did not hesitate, he lifted his sabre, and amidst laughter and applause resolutely cried, "Long live Soulouque!" The reading of the decree fanned the flame of popular indignation. They began on every side to tear down the placards of the

*Coup d'État.* A young man at the door of the Café des Variétés called out to the officers, "You are drunk." Workmen in the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle shook their fists at the soldiers, and said, "Shoot, you cowards, we are unarmed! If we had guns, you'd turn your muskets t'other end up." The calvary began to charge in front of the Café Cardinal.

As there were no troops in the Boulevard Saint-Martin, and the Boulevard du Temple, the crowd there was more dense than elsewhere. All the shops were closed. The street lamps were the only source of light. At the panes of unlighted windows, heads of people could be indistinctly seen. Darkness and silence reigned. This multitude, as we have already said, was quiet; only confused whispers could be heard. All at once a light, a shout, a tumult, burst forth at the head of the Rue Saint-Martin. All eyes were turned that way. The crowd swayed from side to side, they pressed close together against the rail of the high footpaths bordering the cutting in front of the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre and the Ambigu. They could see a crowd moving forward, and a light approaching. They heard voices singing. They recognized the formidable refrain, —

"Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!"

Lighted torches were coming, and that other torch of revolution and warfare was flaming, the "Marseillaise." The crowd fell back to make way for the singers and their torches. They entered the Saint-Martin cutting. Then the import of the lugubrious procession was clearly seen. The mob was made up of two distinct groups. Those who came first bore a plank upon their shoulders, and stretched upon it was the stiffened body of an old white-bearded man, his mouth open, his eyes staring, a hole in his forehead. The corpse swayed to and fro with the motion of the bearers, and the dead face rose and fell in a threatening and pathetic fashion. One of the men who helped to uphold the plank was hurt in the chest, and, keeping his hand upon the wound, leaned over the old man's

feet and seemed himself almost ready to fall. The other group bore a second bier on which a young man lay, his face pale, his eyes closed, his blood-stained shirt opened at the breast, showing his wounds. The men carrying the two biers were singing; they sang the "Marseillaise," and when they came to the chorus they stopped, and, lifting their torches, cried: "To arms!" Several young men waved naked swords. The torches cast a ruddy light across the ghastly features of the corpses, and upon the livid faces of the crowd. A shudder ran through the multitude. They seemed to see again the terrifying vision of February.

This tragic procession came from the Rue Aumaire. Towards eight o'clock, thirty workmen, the same who the next day built the barricade in the Rue Guérin-Boisseau, assembled in the neighborhood of the markets, and reached the Rue Aumaire through the Rue du Petit-Lion, the Rue Neuve-Bourg-l'Abbé, and Saint-Martin square. They came to fight, but hostilities were over at that point. The soldiers had retired, after tearing down the barricades. Two corpses, one an old man of seventy and one a young man of twenty-five, lay at the corner of the street on the ground, with faces uncovered, in a pool of blood, their heads on the sidewalks where they had fallen. Both wore overcoats, and seemed to belong to the middle class. The old man, his hat lying by his side, was a venerable figure, white of hair, white of beard, and with a peaceful expression. A bullet had entered his skull. The young man's breast was pierced with buckshot. They were father and son. The son, seeing his father fall, had said: "I would die too." They lay close by one another. Opposite the gateway of the Conservatory of Arts and Industries, where a house was in process of construction, they got two planks, put the bodies on them, lifted the planks to their shoulders, brought torches, and started on their way. In the Rue Saint-Denis a man in a white blouse stood before them.

"Where are you going?" he said. "You will get us into trouble. You are helping the 'twenty-five francs.'"



"Down with the police! Down with the white blouse!" the crowd shouted, and the man slunk away.

The group increased as it went along, the crowd opened to give it passage, and joined in the chorus to the "Marseillaise," but, except for a few sabres, no one was armed. In the boulevard there was great excitement. The women clasped their hands in pity. Workmen were heard to exclaim: "And to think that we have no arms!"

The procession, after following the boulevards for some time, went into the side streets, followed by an excited and angry multitude. In this way, they came to the Rue des Gravilliers. There a squad of twenty police sergeants leaped forth suddenly from a narrow alley-way, hurled themselves with uplifted swords upon the men who carried the stretchers, and knocked the corpses into the mud. A battalion of Chasseurs came up at double-quick and put an end to the struggle by charging with bayonets. One hundred and two citizens were made prisoners and taken to the prefecture. The two corpses received several sword thrusts in the encounter, and so twice they "slew the slain." Corporal Revial, who commanded the squad of police sergeants, got the cross of the Legion of Honor for this bold feat of arms.

We were in danger of being surrounded at Marie's. We decided to leave the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs.

At the Élysée they began to be in trepidation. Ex-Commandant Fleury, one of the presidential aids, was called to the room where Monsieur Bonaparte had kept himself all day. He had a few moments' interview with Monsieur Fleury, who then came out, got on his horse, and galloped away in the direction of Mazas. Then the men of the *Coup d'État* met in Monsieur Bonaparte's room and held a council of war. It was plain that things were going badly with them; it was probable that the struggle ultimately would be a formidable affair; up to that time this was what they had wanted, but now the prospect seemed more alarming. They did all they could to bring it about, but they mistrusted the result. The strength



of the resistance was an alarming symptom, and the cowardice of their own adherents was not less disheartening. Not one of the new ministers appointed that morning had taken possession of his office, a significant indication of timidity on the part of people who are ordinarily ready to grab at anything. Monsieur Rouher, in particular, had disappeared from view. Sign of a storm. With the exception of Louis Bonaparte, the *Coup d'État* rested upon the shoulders of three men, — Morny, Saint-Arnaud, and Maupas. Saint-Arnaud would answer for Magnan.

“But,” laughed Morny, in an undertone, “would Magnan answer for Saint-Arnaud?”

They took precautions, they brought up more troops, the order for the garrisons to march upon Paris was sent, on the one hand, as far as Cherbourg; on the other, to Maubeuge. They were profoundly uneasy at heart, these criminals, but they tried to reassure one another. They put a good face on the matter. Each talked as if victory were certain, and at the same time secretly provided means for flight without letting the other conspirators know of it, hoping that in case of failure their colleagues would be left behind to appease the fury of the people. To this little crew of Machiavellian apes, the abandonment of friends is the crowning triumph of the game. Run, and throw your accomplices behind you.

## CHAPTER X.

### WHY FLEURY WENT TO MAZAS.

TOWARDS four o'clock on this same night, the approaches to the Northern Railway station were silently invested by two battalions — one of Vincennes Rangers, the other of the Mobile Guards. Several squads of police sergeants took possession of the station. The station master was ordered to get a special train ready, and to have a locomotive at hand with steam up. A number of firemen and engineers were retained for night service. For the rest, no explanation to any one; absolute secrecy. A little before six o'clock a movement took place among the troops, police sergeants came up on the run, and, a few moments later, a squadron of Lancers swept at full speed into the Rue du Nord. In the centre of the squadron, between two lines of troopers, were two police vans drawn by post horses. Behind each van came a small, open barouche carrying a man. Fleury, the aide-de-camp, galloped along at the head of the Lancers. The procession entered the square, went inside the station, and the gates and doors were closed.

The two men in the barouches made themselves known to the special commissary at the station, to whom Fleury had something special to say. The mysterious arrival excited the curiosity of the railway officials, and they questioned the police, but the latter had no information to give. All they knew about it was that the police vans contained eight divisions, that each van carried four prisoners, and that the other four places in each van were occupied by four police sergeants who prevented any communication between the prisoners.

After a good deal of talk between the Élysée man and Prefect Maupas's people, the two police vans were placed on trucks and behind each van was an open barouche like a sentry-box on wheels, a police agent acting as sentinel. The locomotive was ready, the trucks were coupled to the tender, and the train started. It was still pitch dark. The train rolled silently along for some time. The air was frosty, and in the second of the two police vans the police sergeants, who were cramped and chilled, opened the doors of their cells and began to walk up and down the narrow passageway to warm themselves and stretch their legs. Dawn came. The four police sergeants drank in the fresh air, and looked at the country through the port holes close to the roof on either side of the passage. Suddenly, a sturdy voice was heard issuing from one of the closed cells.

"Hullo, there! It's very cold. Can I light a cigar?"

"What!" said another voice, from another cell, "Is it you? Good morning, Lamoricière."

"Good morning, Cavaignac," said the first voice.

General Cavaignac and General Lamoricière had recognized one another. A third voice came from a third cell.

"Ah, gentlemen, you are there? Good morning, and a pleasant journey." It was General Changarnier who spoke.

"Generals," called a fourth voice, "I'm in the same box." The three generals recognized Monsieur Baze, and a laugh went up simultaneously from the four cells. The police van was taking Auditor Baze and Generals Lamoricière, Cavaignac, and Changarnier away from Paris. The other van, which preceded them, contained Colonel Charras, Generals Bedeau and Le Flô, and Comte Roger du Nord. At midnight, these eight imprisoned representatives were asleep in their cells at Mazas, when some one knocked violently at their doors and a voice said, "Dress yourselves! They are coming after you." "To have us shot?" asked Charras, behind the door. He got no answer. Curiously, the same idea occurred at the same time to all of them. And indeed, if we can

believe what has since transpired in the quarrels of the accomplices, it seems that in case of an attack upon Mazas a general execution had been resolved upon, and that Saint-Arnaud carried a written order to that effect in his pocket, signed "Louis Bonaparte." The prisoners got up. They had been through the same performance the night before, they had remained up all night, and at six o'clock in the morning the turnkey had said, "You can go to bed again." The hours went by, they began to think that it was again a false alarm, some of them, hearing five o'clock strike, were preparing for bed, when their cell doors were opened. The eight were taken down, one after another, to the registrar's office in the rotunda, and then placed in the police vans, without meeting or seeing each other during the transfer. A fellow clad in black, and very impertinent in his manners, sat at a table, pen in hand, and asked for their names as they went by.

"I am no more disposed to give you my name than I am curious to know yours," said General Lamoricière, and he passed on.

Aide-de-Camp Fleury, his uniform hidden under a cloak, waited in the registrar's office. He had been instructed, to use his own words, to "ship them," and give an account of the "shipping" to the Élysée. Aide-de-Camp Fleury had passed nearly the whole of his military career in Africa, where he had served in General Lamoricière's division, and General Lamoricière, while minister of war in 1848, had made him a major. When he went through the office, General Lamoricière looked earnestly at Fleury. As they were getting into the police vans, the generals were smoking and were at once deprived of their cigars. General Lamoricière kept his. A voice outside called three separate times, "Stop his smoking!" A police sergeant, who stood in front of the general's cell, after hesitating for some moments, finally said, "Throw away your cigar." Hence the exclamation which later on made General Lamoricière known to General Cavaignac. The vans loaded, they began their journey.

They did not know whom they were with or where they were going. Each one, shut up in his box by himself, tried to keep track of the streets and to imagine a destination. Some thought they were bound for the Northern Railway; others, for the Havre Railway station. They heard the escort's horses trotting on the pavement. On the railway, the discomfort of the cells was greatly increased. General Lamoricière, encumbered with a parcel and a cloak, was more closely imprisoned than the others. He could not move, he was cold, and finally he uttered the exclamation that put the four in communication with one another. On hearing the names of their prisoners, the guards, who up to that time had been very rude, became respectful.

"See here," said General Changarnier, "open the doors and allow us to walk up and down the passageway."

"General," replied a police sergeant, "we are forbidden to do so. The commissary of police is in a carriage behind us, and can see everything that goes on in here."

However, a few moments later, the guards, under pretext of the cold, closed the ground-glass door at the end of the passageway, next to the commissary, and having thus "blocked the police," as one of them remarked, they opened the prisoners' cells. It was a great pleasure to the four representatives to see one another and take one another by the hand. Each of the three generals was on this occasion consistent with his own particular temperament, — Lamoricière, impulsive and witty, expending all his military fervor on "the Bonaparte"; Cavaignac, calm and cold; Changarnier, silently looking through the port hole at the landscape. The police sergeants ventured to throw in a few words. One told the prisoners that Ex-Prefect Carlier had passed the night of December 1-2, at the prefecture of police.

"I came away at midnight," said the narrator; "but I saw him there still, and I can swear to it."

They reached Creil, then Noyon. At Noyon, they had breakfast in the vans — a hasty mouthful and a glass of wine.



The commissaries said nothing to them. Then the vehicles were closed, taken from the trucks, and were placed again on wheels. Post horses were attached, and the vans went on their way, but slowly. For escort they now had a company of Mobile Guards on foot. When they left Noyon they had been ten hours in the police vans. The infantry halted. They asked permission to get down for a moment.

"We consent," said one of the commissaries; "but for a minute only, and then only on condition that you will give your word of honor not to escape."

"We will make no promise," replied the prisoners.

"Gentlemen," said the commissary, "give it for a moment only — the time to drink a glass of water."

"No," said General Lamoricière, "time to do the contrary; to Louis Bonaparte's health," he added.

They were allowed to get out, one at a time, and permitted to breathe the air of the open country for a moment, by the side of the road. Then the procession moved on. As the day waned they saw through the port holes a mass of high walls surmounted by a large round tower. A moment later the vehicles passed under a low archway and entered a long, battlemented courtyard, surrounded by high walls and overlooked by two buildings, one having the appearance of a barrack; the other, with iron bars at every window, looking like a prison. The van doors were opened. An officer wearing a captain's epaulets stood near the steps. General Changarnier got out first.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"You are at Ham," replied the officer. This officer was commandant of the fortress. He had been appointed to that position by General Cavaignac.

The journey from Noyon to Ham had lasted three hours and a half. They had passed thirteen hours in the police vans, ten of them on the railway. They were now taken separately into the prison, each to a room especially reserved for him. However, as General Lamoricière was taken by



mistake to General Cavaignac's apartment, these two had one more opportunity for shaking hands. General Lamoricière wished to write to his wife. The only letter the commissaries would agree to deliver consisted of a sheet of paper bearing the words, "I am well."

The main wing of the Ham prison consists of one story above the ground floor. The ground floor, intersected by a low, vaulted corridor leading from the main courtyard to the rear court, contains three apartments separated by a passageway. There are five rooms on the floor above. One of the three rooms on the ground floor is so small as scarcely to be habitable—this they gave to Monsieur Baze. In the two other lower rooms, General Lamoricière and General Changarnier were installed. The five other prisoners were assigned to the five rooms on the second floor.

The room allotted to General Lamoricière was occupied, at the time when the ministers of Charles X. were imprisoned, by Monsieur d'Haussez, former Minister of Marine. It was low, damp, had been long uninhabited, had been used as a chapel, was close to the dark, vaulted corridor, was floored with huge, mouldy planks, slimy and sticky to the feet; the walls once covered with paper that had been gray and was now green, and which was hanging in tatters, exuded salt-petre from floor to ceiling; light came from the courtyard through two grated windows which had always to be left open because the chimney smoked. At one end, the bed; between the windows, a table and two straw-bottomed chairs. Water trickled from the walls. When General Lamoricière left this room he took rheumatism with him. Monsieur d'Haussez came out a cripple.

When the eight prisoners had taken possession of their rooms, the doors were closed upon them; there was a sound of moving bolts, and a voice outside said, "You are in solitary confinement." General Cavaignac occupied at first the room once inhabited by Louis Bonaparte, the best room in the prison. The first thing that attracted the general's atten-

tion was an inscription on the walls giving the day when he had entered the fortress and the day when he had made his escape, disguised as a mason with a plank on his shoulder. The choice of this particular place was a thoughtful attention on the part of Louis Bonaparte, who, in 1848, had succeeded General Cavaignac in power, and who now, in 1851, desired General Cavaignac to take his place in prison.

"Turn about is fair play," observed the smiling Morny.

The prisoners were guarded by the Forty-eighth of the Line who were then in garrison at Ham. Fortresses have no favorites. They are at the service of conspirators till these, in turn, become their victims. What care they for equity, truth, conscience, and the rest? — words that in some cases have no more effect upon men than upon stones. They are the impartial, ill-omened servants of the just and the unjust. They take what is given them. Everything is meat that comes to their maws. "Guilty?" Very good. "Innocent?" It's all the same. "This man is a conspirator." Put him in prison. "This man is the victim of a conspiracy." Enter his name — same room — dungeons for the vanquished. These hideous fortresses correspond admirably with man's idea of justice, the justice which with similar impartiality passed sentence upon Socrates and Jesus Christ; the justice which takes and leaves, seizes and liberates, absolves and condemns, sets free and imprisons, opens and closes, according to the will of him who stands without and carries the keys.

## CHAPTER XI.

### END OF THE SECOND DAY.

WE left Marie's none too soon. The troops who had been instructed to hunt us down, and arrest us, were drawing near. We could hear the measured tread of soldiers in the darkness. The streets were enshrouded in gloom. We went whither we could. I will say nothing of a refuge which was refused us. Less than ten minutes after our departure, Monsieur Marie's house was surrounded. A horde of muskets and sabres swarmed about it, and went from cellar to attic. "Everywhere, everywhere!" cried the leaders. The soldiers conducted the search with a good deal of energy. Without taking the trouble to see if any one were there, they explored the space under the beds with their bayonets. Sometimes they had hard work to pull the bayonets out of the wall, where they stuck fast. It was an unfortunate waste of zeal, for we were not there. The zeal was transmitted from above. The poor soldiers obeyed. "Kill the representatives," — that was their command. It was on this occasion that Morny sent this despatch to Maupas: "If you take Victor Hugo, do what you will with him." Such were their polite phrases. Later on, the *Coup d'État*, in the decree of banishment, spoke of us as "those persons," which led Schœlcher to say, proudly: "Those people don't even know how to exile any one with courtesy." Doctor Véron, who published the Morny-Maupas despatch in his "Memoirs," adds,—

"Monsieur de Maupas tried to find his friend, Victor Hugo, at the house of his brother-in-law, Victor Foucher, a counsellor of the superior court. But he was not there."

An old friend, a warm-hearted and able man, Henry d' E—— had offered me a refuge in the little apartment occupied by him on the Rue Richelieu. This apartment, close by the Théâtre Français, was on the second floor of a house, which, like Monsieur Grevy's, had an exit into the Rue Fontaine-Molière. Thither I went. Henry d' E —— was absent. His servant waited upon me and gave me the key. A candle was burning in the room which I entered. There was a table near the fire, an inkstand, paper. It was after midnight; I was rather tired; but before going to sleep, knowing that if I survived these experiences I should make a contribution to history, I wished immediately to record a few details of the situation in Paris at the close of this, the second day of the *Coup d'État*. I wrote the following, which I reproduce here because of its fidelity to the facts; it is a sort of instantaneous photograph,—

“Louis Bonaparte has invented an affair which he calls a ‘consultative commission,’ and instructed it to put the stamp of its approval upon his crime. Léon Faucher declines to be in it, Montalembert hesitates, Baroche accepts.

“Falloux despises Dupin.

“The first shots were fired at the Record Office. I heard shots near the markets, in the Rue Rambuteau and the Rue Beaubourg.

“Aide-de-Camp Fleury risked his life in the Rue Montmartre. A bullet went through his military cap. He went off at a gallop. At one o'clock they made the regiments vote on the *Coup d'État* — all voted ‘Yes.’ The law and medical students got together at the Law School, to protest. They were dispersed by the Municipal Guards — great many arrests. Tonight, patrols everywhere. Sometimes, the patrol is an entire regiment.

“Representative d' Hespel, who is six feet high, could not find a cell big enough at Mazas, so he stays in the porter's lodge, where he is carefully watched.

“Mesdames Odilon Barrot and de Tocqueville do not know

where their husbands are. They hasten from Mazas to Mont-Valérien. The jailers are dumb.

"It was the Nineteenth Light Infantry that attacked the barricade where Baudin was killed. Fifty men of the Mobile Guards carried the Oratoire barricade in the Rue Saint-Honoré at a single charge. It is easy now to see what is coming. They are sounding the *tocsin* at the Brèa Chapel. For every barricade that is taken, twenty barricades go up. There is the barricade of the Schools, in the Rue Saint-André des Arts, the barricade in the Rue du Temple, the barricade in the Carrefour Phélippeaux, defended by twenty young men, nearly all of whom were killed,—they are rebuilding it,—and the barricade in the Rue de Bretagne, at this moment being bombarded by Courtigis. There is a barricade at the Invalides, a barricade at the Barrière des Martyrs, a barricade at Chapelle-Saint-Denis. Courts-martial are constantly sitting, and order all prisoners to be shot. The Thirtieth of the Line has shot a woman. Oil on fire.

"The colonel of the Forty-ninth of the Line has surrendered his commission. Louis Bonaparte has appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Negrier to take his place. Monsieur Brun, police officer at the Assembly, was arrested with the auditors.

"It is said that fifty members of the majority signed a protest at Odilon Barrot's.

"Increasing anxiety to-night at the *Élysée*. They are afraid of incendiarism. Two battalions of Sappers have been added to the Fire Brigade. Maupas has put guards around the gasometers.

"This is the military grip on Paris: Bivouacs at all strategical points; Municipal Guards at the Pont Neuf, and on the Quai aux Fleurs; twelve field pieces, three of them mortars, with lighted matches, in the Place de la Bastille; at the corner of the faubourg, houses seven stories high occupied by troops from top to bottom; Marulaz's brigade at the Hotel de Ville; Sauboul's brigade at the Panthéon; Courtigis's brigade in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine; Renaud's division in the Faubourg

Saint-Marceau ; Vincennes Rangers and a battalion of the Fifteenth Light Infantry at the Legislative Palace ; infantry and cavalry at the Champs-Élysées ; artillery in the Avenue Marigny ; a whole regiment inside the Riding School — they bivouacked there all night ; a squadron of Municipal Guards bivouacked in the Place Dauphine ; bivouacs at the palace of the Council of State, and in the courtyard of the Tuilleries ; then garrisons at Saint-Germain and Courbenaie.

“Two colonels killed — Loubeau, of the Seventh, and Quilio. Hospital attendants are on every side bearing litters. Ambulances everywhere — Bazar de l'Industrie (Boulevard Poissonnière), Salle Saint-Jean, Hôtel de Ville, Rue du Petit-Carreau.

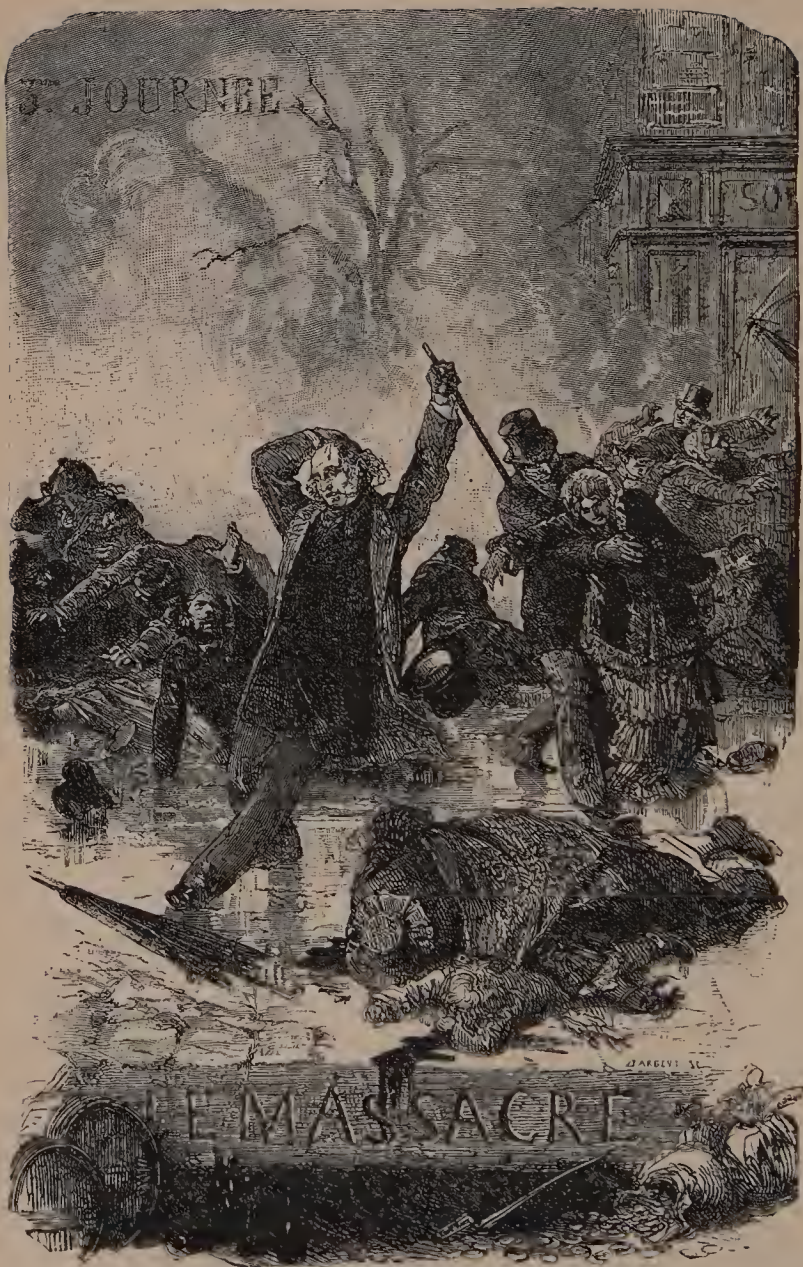
“Nine brigades are engaged in this gloomy contest, each provided with a battery. A squadron of cavalry keeps communication open between the brigades. Forty thousand men in the combat, with a reserve of sixty thousand men. One hundred thousand soldiers in Paris. This is the army commanded by crime. Reibell's brigade of First and Second Lancers protects the Élysée. The ministers stay at the ministry of the interior, with Morny. Morny watches, Magnan gives orders. To-morrow will be a terrible day.”

This page written, I went to bed and slept.









THE MASSACRE.

# HISTORY OF A CRIME

(DEPOSITION OF A WITNESS)

BY

VICTOR HUGO

*TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH*

BY

HUNTINGTON SMITH

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# HISTORY OF A CRIME.

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## THIRD DAY.—THE MASSACRE.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### SOME SLEEP WHILE OTHERS WATCH.

DURING the night of the third and fourth of December, while we, overcome with fatigue and doomed to calamity, slept the sleep of the just, not an eye was closed at the Élysée. There, an infamous vigil was maintained. Towards two o'clock in the morning, Comte Roguet, former peer of France and lieutenant-general, now the most trusted of the Élysée accomplices, with the exception of Morny, came out of Louis Bonaparte's apartments, accompanied by Saint-Arnaud, who, it will be remembered, was at this time Minister of War. Two colonels were waiting in the reception-room. General Saint-Arnaud had been a supernumerary at the Ambigu. He made his first appearance as a comedian in the suburbs. He was a tragedian later on. In person he was tall, bony, lean, angular, with gray moustaches, straight hair, a common face. He was an unmannerly cut-throat. He talked about the "sovierun" people. Morny laughed at this. "His pronunciation of the word is no better than his understanding of its meaning," said Morny. The Élysée, which prided itself on being fastidious, only half accepted Saint-Arnaud. He was bloodthirsty, so they overlooked his vulgarity. Saint-Arnaud was brave, violent, and yet timid in his bearing. He was as audacious as a gold-laced veteran, and as awkward as



a poor devil asking for a favor. I saw him once in the tribune — pale, stammering, but bold. He had a long, bony face, and a treacherous jaw. His theatrical name was Florival. He was a strolling player turned trooper. He died a marshal of France. Ill-omened creature.

The two colonels who were waiting for Saint-Arnaud in the reception-room were two energetic men, each at the head of one of the “crack” regiments, which always take the lead on supreme occasions; to glory, as at Austerlitz, or to crime, as on the Eighteenth Brumaire. These two officers belonged to what Morny called “the select crowd of bankrupt revellers.” We will not give their names; one of them is dead, the other is still living, and will know whom I mean. Moreover, we have met them before, in the first pages of this book. One, a man of twenty-eight, was shrewd, courageous, and ungrateful, — three qualifications for success. The Duc d’Aumale had saved his life in the Aurès. He was then a captain. A bullet went through his body, he fell among the underbrush, the Kabyles rushed up to secure his head, the Duc d’Aumale rallied two officers, a soldier, and a bugler, charged the Kabyles, and saved the captain. Having saved, he loved him. One was grateful — it was the deliverer. The Duc d’Aumale was delighted to think that the young captain had given him an opportunity for such a feat of arms. He made him a major. In 1849, then a lieutenant-colonel, he commanded an assaulting column at the siege of Rome, and then went back to Africa, where Fleury bought him over at the same time that he secured Saint-Arnaud. Louis Bonaparte made him a colonel in July, 1851, and depended upon him. In November, Louis Bonaparte’s colonel wrote to the Duc d’Aumale, “Nothing is to be apprehended from this wretched adventurer!” In December, he commanded a regiment of assassins. Later on, in the Dobrudsha, a horse he was abusing turned upon him and bit off his cheek; after that, there was room on his face for only one slap.

The other was about forty-eight and was turning gray. He

also was a man of blood and pleasure. Abject as a citizen, brave as a soldier. He had been one of the first to leap into the breach at Constantine. He was as mean as he was brave. He was a knight of nothing except the gambling table. Louis Bonaparte had made him a colonel in 1851. Twice his debts had been paid by princes — the first time by the Duc d'Orléans, the second time by the Duc de Nemours.

Such were the colonels.

Saint Arnaud spoke to them for some time in an undertone.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE COMMITTEE AT WORK.

AT dawn we were again together at the house of our imprisoned colleague, Monsieur Grévy. We were installed in his study. Michel de Bourges and I sat near the fireplace, Jules Favre and Carnot wrote, one at a little table near the window, the other standing at a high desk. We had been invested by the Left with discretionary power. A general meeting became every moment more and more impossible. In their name we drew up the following decree, which Jules Favre hastily wrote out, and which we gave to Hingray that it might at once be printed.

### FRENCH REPUBLIC.

#### *Liberty ! Equality ! Fraternity !*

“The undersigned Representatives of the People, being still at liberty and met in permanent extraordinary session, in consideration of the arrest of the greater number of their colleagues and of the urgency of the moment ;

“Believing that the crime of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, by violently abolishing the action of public power, has reinstated the nation in the direct exercise of its own sovereignty, and that everything at variance with such sovereignty ought to be annulled ;

“Considering that all prosecutions on account of political crimes or offences are annulled by the inalienable power of the people,

“Decree :

“ART. I. — All civil or criminal prosecutions, and all sentences pronounced for political crimes or offences, are hereby abolished.

“ART. II. — All superintendents of jails and houses of detention are therefore enjoined to set at liberty any persons detained by them for causes already indicated.

“ART. III. — All magistrates and the judiciary police are also commanded, under penalty of treason, to quash all prosecutions begun for such causes.

“ART. IV. — Government officials and officers of the police are charged with the execution of the present decree.

“Done at Paris, in permanent assembly, December, 4, 1851.”

“Set your sons and your friends at liberty,” said Jules Favre, with a smile, as he handed me the decree to sign.

“Yes,” I replied; “four more combatants for the barricades.”

A few hours later we gave a copy of the decree to Representative Duputz and ordered him to take it himself to the Conciergerie as soon as we had succeeded in our surprise upon the prefecture of police and the Hôtel de Ville. Unfortunately, our surprise did not succeed.

Landrin came in. His duties in Paris in 1848, had made him fully acquainted with the members of the state and municipal police. He warned us that he had seen suspicious creatures nosing about the neighborhood. We were in the Rue Richelieu, nearly opposite the Théâtre Français, a point where there was a great deal of passing, and, consequently, a point that was closely watched. The advent and departure of representatives who were in communication with the committee and who were constantly coming and going, would surely attract attention and lead to a raid by the police. Porters and neighbors already displayed much anxious curiosity.

Landrin asserted that we were in imminent danger. “You’ll be taken and shot,” he said. He begged us to go elsewhere. Monsieur Grévy’s brother, when questioned by us, admitted that he could not answer for the fidelity of the servants.

What were we to do? Hunted down for two days, we had exhausted nearly every one’s good will, we had been refused a refuge the night before, and at this moment no house was open to us. In the last two days we had changed our place of meeting seventeen times, sometimes going from one end of

Paris to the other. We began to feel the effects of fatigue.

Moreover, the house where we then were, had, as I have said, the inestimable advantage of a rear exit into the Rue Fontaine-Molière. We decided to remain; but we believed it our duty to take some precautions.

The members of the Left showed their devotion in every possible way. A noteworthy member of the Assembly, a man of rare wit and rare courage, Durand-Savoyat, had the whole night through served as our guardian, or rather, let us say, as our usher and porter. He had himself put a bell on our table and said, —

“When you want me, ring; I will come.”

Wherever we went, there he was in attendance. He stood in the antechamber, calm, impassive, silent, with his serious and noble countenance; his buttoned frock coat and his broad-brimmed hat giving him the appearance of an Anglican clergyman.

He opened the door in person, scanned the visitors, and sent away the importunate and the useless. Always in good spirits, too, and constantly saying, “We are getting on very well.” We in irremediable danger, he smiled. Optimism in despair.

We called him in. Landrin told him how we were situated. We asked Durand-Savoyat, henceforth, not to allow any one to remain in the apartment, not even representatives; to get hold of all the news and information he could obtain, to admit only indispensable men; in a word, to take all possible means to put an end to the constant coming and going. Durand-Savoyat bowed and went back to the antechamber, saying, “Certainly.” He kept as far as he could to these two phrases. When he spoke to us he said, “We are getting on very well.” To himself he remarked, “Certainly.” It was a noble conception of duty. Landrin and Durand-Savoyat having gone out, Michel de Bourges began to speak.

The game that Louis Bonaparte was playing, Michel said, was in this, as in everything, in imitation of his uncle. He

threw out an appeal to the people, called for a popular vote, and so sought to bring a new government to the top at the very moment when he overturned the other. In great crises when everything is unstable and ready to fall, the people seize upon whatever offers. In default of any other security they would accept Louis Bonaparte's sovereignty. Our place was to offer them the true security — the true sovereignty of the people. The Assembly, Michel de Bourges went, on was practically dead. The Left, the popular branch of an unpopular Assembly, might, perhaps, survive a few days longer. Nothing more. It must draw new strength from the nation at large. We also, then, must make an appeal to universal suffrage, meet vote with vote, set the sovereign people over against the imperial usurper, and at once convoke a new Assembly. To this end, Michel de Bourges suggested a decree. He was right. Behind Louis Bonaparte's victory there was something detestable, yet people knew what it was — Empire. Behind the Left, there was nothing but darkness. We must make daylight about us. People generally are most easily disquieted by the tyranny of the unknown. To convoke a new Assembly as quickly as possible, to place France in the hands of France, was to reassure those who were taking part in the struggle, and to win recruits afterwards. It was a stroke of political wisdom.

While we were listening to Michel de Bourges and Jules Favre, who supported his views, we thought we heard voices in the antechamber. Jules Favre called several times, "Is any one there?" "Of course not," we said; "we asked Durand-Savoyat not to allow any one to remain." And the discussion went on. Meanwhile, the noise of voices increased and finally became so distinct that we were compelled to notice it. Carnot opened the door. The drawing-room and the antechamber were filled with representatives who were peaceably talking together. We called Durand-Savoyat in surprise.

"Didn't you understand?" asked Michel de Bourges.



"Yes, indeed," said Durand-Savoyat.

"The house may be watched," said Carnot. "We are in danger of being taken."

"And killed on the spot," added Jules Favre, with his quiet smile.

"Exactly so," replied Durand-Savoyat, with an expression more tranquil than Favre's smile. "The entrance to this room is dark and not easily discovered. I have retained the representatives as they came in, and put them in the drawing-room, or antechamber, as they preferred. That makes something of a crowd. If the police and the soldiers come, I shall say, 'Here we are.' They will take us. They will not see the door to this room, and will not find you. We shall suffer for the rest. If any one is to be killed, they will be satisfied with us." And without realizing that he had said anything heroic, Durand-Savoyat went back to the antechamber.

We resumed our discussion with regard to the decree. We all agreed upon the desirability of immediately convoking a new Assembly. But at what date? Louis Bonaparte had designated December twentieth for his election, we chose the twenty-first. Now what name should we give the Assembly? Michel de Bourges insisted that it should be the "National Convention," Jules Favre favored "Constituent Assembly," Carnot proposed as a title "Sovereign Assembly," which had no associations with the past, and therefore no restrictions for the future. The title of "Sovereign Assembly" was adopted. The decree, for which Carnot willingly wrote the preamble at my dictation, was drawn up on these terms. It is one of those which were printed and placarded.

(No. 5.)

#### DECREE.

"The crime of Louis Bonaparte imposes a great responsibility upon those Representatives of the people who remain at liberty.

"A brutal power strives to render the accomplishment of this responsibility impossible.

"Hunted down, driven from refuge to refuge, assassinated in the

streets, the Representatives still deliberate and act in spite of the infamous espionage of the *Coup d'État*.

"Louis Napoleon's outrage, by destroying all minor authority, has left in force but one power, the supreme power, the authority of the people, universal suffrage.

"The sovereign people must now take possession of and put in order the social forces that have been disorganized.

"The Representatives of the people therefore decree:

"ARTICLE 1. — The people are summoned for December 21, 1851, for the election of a Sovereign Assembly.

"ARTICLE 2. — The election will be by universal suffrage, according to the method set forth in the decree of the provisional government, March 5, 1848.

"Done at Paris, in permanent assembly, this fourth day of December, 1851."

Just as I had signed the decree, Durand-Savoyat came in and said in an undertone that a woman had asked for me, and was waiting in the antechamber. I went to her. It was Madam Charassin. Her husband had disappeared. Representative Charassin, publicist, agriculturalist, man of science, was also a man of courage. We had seen him the night before in the most dangerous quarters. Had he been arrested? Madam Charassin came to ask me if we knew where he was. I did not know. She went to Mazas to make inquiries. A colonel, who belonged both to the army and to the police, received her and said, —

"I can let you see your husband only on one condition."

"What is that?"

"You will tell him nothing."

"What! Nothing?"

"No news — nothing about politics."

"Very well."

"Give me your word of honor."

"You ask me to give my word of honor," she answered, "and I would not deign to receive yours."

I saw Charassin afterwards in exile. Madam Charassin had just left me when Théodore Bac came in. He brought us the protest of the Council of State. Here it is, —

"PROTEST OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

"The undersigned, members of the Council of State, elected by the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies, convened, in spite of the decree of December 2, at their usual place of meeting, and, finding it surrounded and their entrance prohibited by armed men, hereby protest against the decree dissolving the Council of State, and declare that they will surrender their duties only when obliged to do so by force.

"Paris, December 3, 1852.

"(Signed): BETHMONT, VIVIEN, BUREAU DE PUZY, STOURM, ÉD. CHAR-  
TON, CUVIER, DE RENNEVILLE, HORACE SAY, BOULA-  
TIGNIER, GAUTIER DE RUMILLY, DE JOUVENCEL, DUN-  
OYER, CARTERET, DE FRESNE, BOUCHENAY-LEFER,  
RIVET, BOUDET, CORMENIN, PONS DE L'HÉRAULT."

Let us see what had happened to the Council of State. Louis Bonaparte had expelled the Assembly with the army, the high court with the police; he turned out the Council of State with a porter. On the morning of December 2, at the hour when the representatives of the Right were on their way from Monsieur Daru's to the mayoralty in the tenth arrondissement, the Council of State went to their quarters on the Quai d'Orsay. They went in one by one. The quay was covered with soldiers. A regiment, with stacked arms, was bivouacking there. There were soon about thirty councillors present. The session opened. A protest was drafted. As they were about to sign, the porter entered, very pale. He declared that he was obeying orders, and he asked them to go away. Upon this, several councillors observed that, however indignant they might be, they would never put their names side by side with Republicans. That was their way of obeying the porter. Monsieur Bethmont, one of the presidents of the council, offered the use of his house. He lived in the Rue Saint-Romaine. The Republicans went there, and, without further discussion, signed the protest we have just read.

Several members who lived at a distance had not been able to attend the meeting. Édouard Charton, the youngest of the councillors, and a man of strong heart and noble mind, under-

took to carry the protest to his absent colleagues. He did this on foot, not being able to obtain a carriage, running the risk of being stopped by soldiers and searched, which would have been dangerous. He succeeded, however, in seeing several of the councillors. A number signed: Pons de l'Hérault resolutely, Cermenin feverishly, Boudet after some hesitation. Monsieur Boudet trembled, his family were alarmed, through the open window they could hear the roar of artillery. Charton, brave and calm, said: "Your friends, Vivien, Rivet, and Stourm, have signed." Boudet signed. Some refused, one alleging his great age; another, the *res angustæ domi*; another, "fear of helping the Reds." "Say you are afraid, and be done with it," Charton retorted. The next day, the third, Messieurs Vivien and Bethmont took the protest to Boulay de la Meurthe, vice-president of the Republic, and president of the Council of State, who received them in his dressing-gown, and called to them, —

"Go away! Ruin yourselves, if you will, but without me."

The morning of the fourth, Monsieur de Cermenin refused his signature with this extraordinary but actual excuse, —

"The phrase 'ex-councillor of state' wouldn't look well on a book. I am afraid of injuring my publisher."

One more characteristic detail. Monsieur Béhic arrived on the morning of the second, while they were drafting the protest. He opened the door. Near by stood Gautier de Rumilly, who was deservedly one of the most respected members of the Council of State.

"What has been done?" asked Monsieur Béhic of Gautier de Rumilly. "It is a crime. What have we to do?"

"A protest," replied Gautier de Rumilly. At this, Monsieur Béhic closed the door and disappeared. He turned up later, under the Empire, as a minister.

## CHAPTER III.

### INSIDE THE ÉLYSÉE.

IN the morning, Doctor Yvan met Doctor Conneau. They knew one another. They had some conversation. Yvan belonged to the Left. Conneau belonged to the Élysée. Yvan gathered from Conneau details with regard to what had taken place during the night at the Élysée, and transmitted them to us. One circumstance was as follows : —

An inexorable decree had been made and was about to be posted. This decree enjoined universal submission to the *Coup d'État*. Saint-Arnaud who, as Minister of War, had to sign the decree was writing it out. -Coming to the last paragraph: "Whoever is taken constructing a barricade, posting a placard for ex-representatives, or reading the same, will be" — here Saint-Arnaud hesitated. Morny shrugged his shoulders, snatched the pen from his hand, and wrote, "shot."

Other things were decided, but no one knew anything about them. Some additional information was obtained. A National Guard, named Boillay de Dolc, was one of the guard at the Élysée on the night of December 3 and 4. The windows of Louis Bonaparte's room on the third floor were lighted up all night. In the adjoining chamber there was a council of war. From his sentry-box, Boillay saw silhouettes and gesticulating shadows reflected upon the window panes — the shadows of Magnan, Saint-Arnaud, Persigny, Fleury, spectres of crime.

Korte, general of cuirassiers, had been summoned, as well as Carrelet, who commanded the division that did most of the work on the next day, the fourth. From midnight until three o'clock in the morning, generals and colonels "were constantly



going and coming." Even captains put in an appearance. Towards four o'clock, several carriages came "with women." Debauchery and treason went hand in hand. The boudoir in the palace corresponded with the brothel in the barracks. The courtyard was full of Lancers, who held the horses of the attendant generals. Two of the women who came during this night belong, in a certain way, to history. There are feminine shadows of this sort in the background. These women had their influence upon the unhappy generals. Both were of the highest caste. One was the Marquise de —— who fell in love with her husband, after she had deceived him. She found out that the husband was worth more than the lover—that happens sometimes. She was a daughter of the most eccentric of French marshals, and of the pretty Comtesse de ——, to whom Monsieur de Châteaubriand, after a night of love, dedicated this quartrain, which can be published now, since all are dead,—

“ Des rayons du matin l’horizon se colore,  
Le jour vient éclairer notre tendre entretien,  
Mais est-il un sourire aux lèvres de l’aurore  
Aussi doux que le tien ? ” \*

The daughter’s smile was as sweet as the mother’s, and more fatal. The other was Madame K ——, a Russian, fair, tall, blonde, merry, mixed up with diplomatic intrigues, possessing and showing a casket of love letters from Comte Molé, something of a spy, wholly charming, and irresistibly terrible.

The precautions which had been taken in case of failure, were visible even from without. Since the night before, two post-chaises, with horses harnessed and postilions in the saddle, had been seen in the Élysée courtyard, from the windows of neighboring houses. At the Élysée stables in the Rue Montagne, were more carriages in readiness, and horses saddled and bridled.

\* The morning light tinges the horizon ; day breaks in upon our loving vigil ; but is the smile upon the lips of dawn as sweet as thine?



Louis Bonaparte had not slept. During the night he had given mysterious orders, and in the morning his pale face was appallingly serene.

Crime tranquillized — a disquieting symptom.

During the morning he actually laughed. Morny had entered his private room. Louis Bonaparte, having had a touch of fever, summoned Conneau, who was present at the conversation. They believed people to be "sure," but even these had ears. Morny brought police reports. Twelve workmen at the national printing office had refused to print the decree and proclamations, on the night of the second. They had been immediately arrested. Colonel Forestier was arrested. He had been transferred to the Bicêtre fortress, with Crocé-Spinelli, Genillier, Hippolyte Magen, a courageous and able writer, Goudounèche, a schoolmaster, and Polino. This last name attracted the attention of Louis Bonaparte.

"Who is this Polino?"

"An officer formerly in the service of the Shah of Persia," said Morny; and he added, "a combination of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza." The prisoners had been put in casemate number 6. Another question from Louis Bonaparte.

"What are these casemates?"

"Dungeons without light or air," said Morny; "twenty-four meters long, eight wide, five high, walls damp, pavements wet."

"Have they given them straw?" asked Louis Bonaparte.

"Not yet," said Morny. "By and by, we will see about it. Those to be exiled are at Bicêtre; those to be shot, at Ivry."

Louis Bonaparte asked what precautions had been taken. Morny went into particulars: sentries in all the clock towers, all the printing-presses under seal, all the drums belonging to the National Guard locked up, — so there was no fear of a proclamation from the printing offices, or a call to arms, or an alarm from any of the city bells. Louis Bonaparte asked if all the batteries were complete, a full battery being composed of four field pieces and two mortars. He expressly

ordered that only three-inch cannons and six-inch mortars should be used.

"That's so," said Morny; "there'll be work enough for them to do."

Then Morny talked about Mazas. Said there were about six hundred Republican Guards in the courtyard, all picked men, who, if attacked, would defend themselves to the last; that the soldiers received the arrested representatives with shouts of laughter, and that they had stared at Thiers "point-blank"; that the officers sent the soldiers away, but gently, and "with a sort of respect"; that three prisoners were in solitary confinement — Greppo, Nadaud, and a member of the socialist committee, Arsène Meunier, the latter occupying No. 32 in the sixth division; next to him, in No. 30, was a representative of the Right, who continually wept and groaned, and made Arsène Meunier laugh — Louis Bonaparte laughed also.

Another incident. When the cab that brought Monsieur Baze entered the courtyard at Mazas, it struck against the gateway, and the cab lantern fell to the ground and was broken. The driver was overwhelmed at his loss and complained bitterly.

"Who's going to pay for this?" he exclaimed.

One of the agents in the vehicle with Monsieur Baze said to the driver, "Don't worry. Speak to the corporal. In cases of this sort, when anything is broken, the government pays."

Bonaparte smiled, and muttered behind his moustache, "That's fair."

Another of Morny's stories amused him still more. It was about Cavaignac's anger when he was put into his cell at Mazas. In the door of each cell there is an aperture called the "spy" through which prisoners are watched without knowing it. The warders watched Cavaignac. First he walked up and down with folded arms, and then, the cell being small, he sat down on a stool. These stools are narrow pieces of plank with three legs converging at the centre and projecting through the plank so that they do not make the

most comfortable seat. Cavaignac got up and with a kick sent the stool to the other end of the cell. Then, fuming and swearing, he struck with his fist the little five by twelve table, the only other article of furniture in the cell, and broke it in pieces. The kick and the blow greatly amused Louis Bonaparte.

“And Maupas is still in great terror,” said Morny. At this, Bonaparte laughed once more.

His report made, Morny went away. Louis Bonaparte went into an adjoining room. A woman was waiting for him. It seems that she was making a petition in behalf of some one. Doctor Conneau heard these significant words, —

“Madam, I shut my eyes to your amours; leave me a free field for my enmities.”

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE SATELLITES.

MÉRIMÉE was naturally a dastard ; we must not blame him for that. With Morny the case is different ; he was the better man and had in him a dash of the bandit. Morny was courageous. The bandit has his points of honor. Mérimée has wrongly represented himself as one of the confederates in the *Coup d'État*. He had nothing to brag of. The truth is, Mérimée was a confederate in nothing. Louis Bonaparte had no useless accomplices. It is not at all probable, in spite of some slight evidence to the contrary, that Monsieur Mérimée had, on December 2, any direct relations with Louis Bonaparte. Those came later on. Mérimée at first was acquainted only with Morny. Morny and Mérimée were both intimate at the Élysée, but in different ways. Morny could be trusted, not so Mérimée. Morny was in the great secrets ; Mérimée in the small ones. The court of love was his vocation. The Élysée satellites were of two sorts, — the trusty confederates and the courtiers. At the head of the first class stood Morny ; at the tail of the second class was Mérimée.

This is the way Mérimée's "fortune" was made. Crimes are glorious only at their inception ; their brilliancy soon fades. This sort of success does not last ; it must be seized while it is upon the wing. The Élysée wanted a literary ornament. An academical robe is not wholly out of place in a bandit's cavern. Monsieur Mérimée was available. It was his destiny to be "the empress's jester." Madame de Montijo presented him to Louis Bonaparte, who took a fancy to him, and so added this distinguished mediocrity to his court. This

court was a curious collection — a cabinet of vulgarities, a menagerie of reptiles, an herbal of poisons. Besides the trusty accomplices, who were for service, and the courtiers, who were for ornament, there were also the supernumeraries. On certain occasions, reinforcements are needed; sometimes women — “The Flying Squadron.” Sometimes men — Saint-Arnaud, Espinasse, Saint-Georges, Maupas. Sometimes neither man nor woman — the Marquis de C.——

It was a noteworthy troop.

We will say a few words of it.

There was Vieillard, the preceptor; an atheist with a leaning towards Catholicism, and an excellent billiard player. Vieillard could tell a story. He smilingly related the following anecdote: —

Towards the end of 1807, Queen Hortense, who preferred to live in Paris, wrote to King Louis that she could not live any longer without seeing him, that she couldn't get along without him, and that she was coming at once to the Hague. “She is with child,” said the king. He called his minister, Van Maanen, showed him the queen's letter, and said, “She is coming. Very good. Our rooms communicate by a door which the queen will find walled up.” Louis took his kingly *rôle* seriously, for he exclaimed, “The king's mantle shall never be used to cloak a strumpet.” Van Maanen was alarmed, and told the emperor about the matter. The emperor was angry, not with Hortense, but with Louis. The latter, however, was as good as his word. The door was not walled up, but his majesty was, and when the queen came, he turned his back upon her. But in spite of that, Napoleon III. was born, and his birth was saluted with the regulation number of salvos of artillery.

Such was the story told by Monsieur Vieillard, an ironical Bonapartist and avowed atheist, at the house called “The Terrace,” Saint-Leu-Taverny, in the summer of 1840, before witnesses, among whom was Ferdinand B——, Marquis de la L——, a boyhood companion to the author of this book.

Besides Vieillard, there was Vaudrey, whom Louis Bonaparte made a general at the same time with Espinasse. Foresight! A colonel of conspiracies may become a general of ambushades. There was Fialin, the corporal-duke. There was Fleury, destined to the glory of travelling with the tsar. There was Lacrosse, a liberal turned clerical, a conservative who wanted to embalm what was, and transform the past into a mummy; later on, senator. There was Larabit, friend of Lacrosse, just as domestic and no less a senator. There was Canon Coquereau, abbé of the "Belle-Poule." We know what he said to a princess who asked, "What is this Élysée?" One may say to a princess what one would not say to a woman. There was Hippolyte Fortoul, a "a climber," a sort of Gustave Planche or Philarète Chasles, a literary scribbler who became Minister of Marine, whereat Béranger said, "Fortoul knows all the spars, including the greased pole." There were the Auvergnats. Two of them. They hated one another. One nicknamed the other "the melancholy tinker." There was Sainte-Beuve, a man of inferior distinction, with a pardonable fondness for the ugly. A great critic, like Cousin, is a great philosopher. There was Troplong, who has had Dupin for his attorney, and who has been Dupin's president. Dupin — Troplong, — double mask worn by the law. There was Abbatucci, with a conscience so easy that he let everything go by, until he is now become a street. There was the Abbé M——, later bishop of Nancy, who smilingly gave his approval to the oaths of Louis Bonaparte. There were frequenters of a famous box at the opera, Montg—and Sept—, who unscrupulously put their frivolous wisdom at the prince's service. There was Romieu, the shadow of a drunkard behind a red spectre. There was Malitourne, not a bad friend, obscene, but sincere. There was Cuch— whose name was a terror to drawing-room servants. There was Suin, a man of excellent counsel for evil deeds. There was Doctor Véron who had on his face what other Élysée men had in their hearts.



There was Mocquart, once the beau of the Dutch court. Mocquart had romances to remember. He was qualified by age, and possibly otherwise, to be the father of Louis Bonaparte. He was a lawyer. In 1829, he took the winning side with Romieu. Later, he published something, I don't know what, something pompous, in quarto form, and which he sent to me. It was he who, in 1847, came with the Prince of Moskowa to bring me King Jérôme's petition to the Chamber of Peers. The petition asked that the exiled Bonaparte family might be allowed to return to France. I supported it; a good action and a fault I would commit again.

There was Billault, something of an orator, an accomplished divagator and an unconscionable blunderer, with a reputation as a statesman. A statesman is a man possessed of superior mediocrity. There was Lavalette, the complement to Morny and Walewski. There was Bacciochi. And others.

Under the tutelage of these companions, that Dutch Machiavelli went about during his presidency, to the chamber and elsewhere, to Tours, to Ham, to Dijon, sleepily droning treasonable speeches. The *Élysée*, wretched hole as it was, has its place in history. The *Élysée* has engendered catastrophes and follies. It cannot be passed over in silence. It was the dark, disturbing corner of Paris. It was an evil haunt of formidable pigmies. It was a family circle of dwarfs. Their motto was "pleasure." Their life was death to the people. They breathed the atmosphere of shame, and their food was others' poison. There they skilfully, deliberately, actively, and voluntarily built up the decadence of France. There, obliging public men, who had been bought and fed, did their work — let us say it plainly — prostituted themselves. They even aspired to literature. Vieillard was a classic in 1830, Morny made Chouffleury, and Louis Bonaparte was a candidate for the Academy. It was the *Hôtel Rambouillet* combined with the *Maison Bancal*. The *Élysée* was an imperial workshop, counting-room, confessional, nursery, and star-chamber. The *Élysée* claimed authority over every-

thing, even morals, — especially morals. It put paint on women's bosoms and rouge on men's faces. It set the fashions in toilettes and music. It invented the crinoline and the operetta. A certain amount of ugliness was indispensable to elegance at the *Élysée*. They scoffed at nobility of countenance, as they scoffed at greatness of soul. The "human face divine" was ridiculed at the *Élysée*, and there, for twenty years, they made every form of meanness fashionable — effrontery included.

History, however fastidious she may be, is obliged to admit the existence of the *Élysée*. It had its grotesque as well as its tragic side. Within its walls took place the second abdication, the abdication after Waterloo. At the *Élysée* Napoleon I. came to an end, and Napoleon III. began. At the *Élysée*, Dupin appeared to both Napoleons; in 1815 to abase the great, in 1851 to exalt the little. At this date the place was thoroughly corrupt. Not one virtue remained. The court of Tiberius had its Thraseas, but Louis Bonaparte had nothing. Instead of conscience, there was Baroche; instead of religion, Montalembert.

## CHAPTER V.

### AN UNCERTAIN ALLY.

DURING the frightfully historical morning of the fourth of December, the satellites watched the master. Louis Bonaparte had shut himself up, but he who shuts himself up betrays himself. Privacy means meditation, and for some men, meditation means a plot. What was Louis Bonaparte thinking about? What had he in his mind? Questions every one asked, with two exceptions, — Morny, the counsellor, Saint-Arnaud, the executioner. Louis Bonaparte rightfully prided himself on his knowledge of men. He prided himself on this, and to a certain extent he was justified in so doing. Others had divination, he could smell out character by instinct. It is a brutal trait, but trustworthy. He certainly was not deceived in Maupas. He needed a false key to pick the lock of the law, and he took Maupas. No better burglar's tool could have been found to force the bolts of the Constitution. He was not deceived with regard to Q—— B——. He saw at once that this serious-minded man had in him the essential elements of rascality. In fact, Q—— B——, after voting and signing the decree of deposition at the mayoralty in the tenth arrondissement, was one of the three judges on the joint commission, and his share of the victims, as history records them, is sixteen hundred and thirty-four.

But occasionally, Louis Bonaparte was deceived, notably with regard to Peauger. Peauger, although selected by Bonaparte, remained an honest man. Louis Bonaparte, being doubtful of the workmen at the national printing office — not without reason, for, as we have seen, twelve of them declined to

serve him — had planned a second official printing office, for use in an emergency, in the Rue Luxembourg, with hand presses and eight workmen, and he placed Peauger in charge. When the fatal hour came, and the nefarious placards were to be printed, he sounded Peauger, and found him rebellious. Then he tried Saint-Georges, who was the better valet of the two.

He was not so much mistaken, but yet he was mistaken in X——. On December 2, X——, an ally deemed necessary by Morny, was a source of anxiety to Louis Bonaparte. X—— was forty-four years old, was fond of women, and was ambitious for promotion — not many scruples there. He had begun his military career in Africa, under Colonel Combes, with the Forty-second of the Line. He had displayed bravery at Constantine; at Zaatsha, he relieved Herbillon, and the siege, which was going badly under Herbillon, was brought by X—— to a triumphant conclusion. He was small, short, his head was sunk between his shoulders, he was brave, and he knew how to handle a brigade. Bugeaud, Lamoricière, Cavaignac, and Changarnier, were the stepping-stones to his ambition. In 1851, he saw Lamoricière at Paris, and was received coldly; Changarnier treated him better. From Satory's he came away indignant, exclaiming,—

“We must put an end to this Louis Bonaparte, he is corrupting the army. These drunken soldiers make me sick at heart. I will go back to Africa.”

In October, Changarnier's influence waned, and the enthusiasm of X—— abated. He frequented the Élysée at that time, but not as a satellite. He had given his promise to General Bedeau, who depended on him. At dawn on the second of December, some one came to awaken X——. It was Edgar Ney. X—— would be a prop for the *Coup d'État*, but would he consent? Edgar Ney explained what was going on, and did not leave him until he emerged at the head of the first regiment from the barracks in the Rue Verte. X—— took up his position in the Madeleine. It so happened that La Rochejaquelein, repulsed from the Chamber by its invaders, crossed

the square. La Rochejaquelin was not yet a Bonapartist, and he was furious. He saw X —, whom he had known intimately at the Military School, in 1830, went up to him and said,—

“It is an infamous act. What are you doing?”

“I am waiting,” said X —. La Rochejaquelin went on his way. X — dismounted and went to see one of his relatives, a state councillor, Monsieur R —, who lived in the Rue de Suresnes. He asked for advice. Monsieur R —, who was an honest man, did not hesitate.

“I am going to the Council to do my duty,” he said. “It is a crime.”

X — shook his head and replied, “We must wait and see.” Louis Bonaparte was troubled over the replies, “I am waiting,” “We must see.”

“Bring on the ‘Flying Squadron,’” said Morny.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DENIS DUSSOUBS.

GASTON DUSSOUBS was one of the bravest members of the Left. He was representative from the Haute-Vienne. When he first appeared in the Assembly, he wore a red waistcoat, as Théophile Gautier had done in 1830, and Dussoub's waistcoat had the same terrifying effect on the Royalists in 1851 that Gautier's waistcoat had had on the Classicists in 1830. Monsieur Parisis, bishop of Langres, who was not at all afraid of a red hat, was greatly alarmed at Dussoub's red waistcoat. Another source of horror to the Right was their belief that Dussoub had passed three years at Belle-Isle, as a political prisoner, in consequence of his participation in the "Limoges affair." Universal suffrage had taken him from there and put him in the Assembly. To go from the prison to the senate is not at all surprising in these variable times, and sometimes there is a return trip from the senate to the prison. But, as a matter of fact, the Right were mistaken. It was not Gaston Dussoub, but Denis, his brother, who was condemned for the "Limoges affair."

Gaston Dussoub "alarmed" people. He was witty, brave, and gentle. During the summer of 1851, I went every day to dine with my two sons and my two friends at the Conciergerie. Those great-hearted, big-souled men, Vacquerie, Meurice, and Charles and François Victor Hugo, attracted men of like quality, and, in the ghastly twilight that came through the barred and latticed windows, we had a little family table where eloquent orators like Crénieux and forcible and charming writers like Peyrat, sat together in friendly converse. One



day, Michel de Bourges brought Gaston Dussoubs, who lived in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, close by the Assembly.

We did not see him at any of our meetings on December second. He was ill and in bed, "tied up," as he wrote to me, "with rheumatism." He had a younger brother, whose name we have already given — Denis Dussoubs. On the morning of the fourth, this brother paid him a visit. Gaston Dussoubs knew of the *Coup d'État*, and was beside himself with rage to think that he must keep his bed.

"I am disgraced," he exclaimed. "There will be barricades, and my scarf will not be there!"

"Yes," said his brother, "it will be there."

"What do you mean?"

"Lend it to me."

"Take it."

Denis took the scarf and went away. We shall hear of him again.

## CHAPTER VII.

### INFORMATION AND INTERVIEWS.

ON this same morning, Lamoricière found means for sending the following information to Madame de Courbonne,\* —

“FORT HAM. — The commandant’s name is Baudot. He was appointed in 1848 by Cavaignac, and Charras countersigned the order. Both are to-day his prisoners. The police commissary sent by Morny to the village of Ham, to watch prisoners and jailer, is called Dufaure de Pouillac.” †

I thought when this communication reached me, Commandant Baudot, “the jailer” must have connived at its speedy transmission. Token of instability in the central power. Lamoricière gave me, in the same manner, details with regard to his arrest and that of the other generals, his companions. These details may be added to what I have already told.

The generals were arrested simultaneously, at their several abodes and under almost precisely similar circumstances. In every instance, houses surrounded, doors opened by force or by trickery, porters foiled and sometimes gagged, men in disguise carrying ropes and axes, bedside surprises, nocturnal violence. It was, as I have said, a good deal like an invasion of bandits.

General Lamocrière was, according to his own expression, “sound asleep.” In spite of the noise at the door, he did not awake. His servant, a devoted old soldier, spoke loudly and called out, hoping to arouse the general. He even engaged in a struggle with the police, and got a sword cut across his

\* Rue d’Anjou-Saint-Honoré, 16.

† The author has preserved this note in Lamoricière’s handwriting.

knec.\* The general was awakened, seized, and taken away. While passing the Quai Malaquais, Lamoricière saw troops marching by with knapsacks on their shoulders.

He quickly leaned out of the carriage window. The commissary who was with him thought he was about to harangue the soldiers. He seized the general by the arm, and said, "General, if you utter a word, I shall put this on you." And with the other hand he held up in the darkness what proved to be a gag.

All the arrested generals were taken to Mazas. There they were shut up and forgotten. At eight o'clock in the evening, General Changarnier had as yet eaten nothing. The arrests were hard for the commissaries. Their cup of shame was full to the brim. Cavaignac, Le Flô, Changarnier, Bedeau, and Lamoricière, spared them no more than did Charras. As he was going out, General Cavaignac took some money. Before putting it in his pocket he turned to Commissary Colin, who arrested him, and asked, —

"Will this money be safe on my person?"

"Ah, general," exclaimed the commissary, "what are you thinking of?"

"How do I know that you are not thieves?" replied Cavaignac. At almost the same instant, Charras was saying to Commissary Courteille, —

"How do I know that you are not pickpockets?"

A few days later, these wretches got the cross of the Legion of Honor. The cross given by the last Bonaparte to his police agents after the second of December, was the cross that the first Napoleon attached to the eagles of the "Grand Army" after Austerlitz. I told the committee what I had learned. Other reports came in. Some concerned the newspapers; they had been treated, since the morning of December 2, with soldierlike brutality. Serrière, the courageous printer, came to tell us of what had taken place at the *Presse*. Serrière printed the *Presse* and the *Avénement du Peuple*, a judicious trans-

\* The wound grew worse, and, after a time, the leg was amputated.

formation of the *Événement* which had been suppressed. On the second at seven o'clock in the morning, the printing office was invaded by twenty-eight soldiers of the Republican Guard, commanded by a lieutenant named Pape (he has since been decorated). He brought Serrière an order not to print anything — the order was signed "Nusse." A police commissary came with Lieutenant Pape. The commissary told Serrière of "a decree by the President of the Republic" suppressing the *Avénement du Peuple*; then they put guards over the presses. The pressmen resisted. One of them said to the soldiers: "We shall print in spite of you." Then came forty more Municipal Guards, with two quartermasters, four corporals, and a detachment of the Linc, commanded by a captain and with drummers at their head. Girardin came in, very angry, and protested so energetically that a quartermaster said, "I'd like to have a colonel like you." Girardin's courage spurred up the workmen, and by sheer skill and audacity they printed Girardin's proclamations on a hand press and with the brush under the very eyes of the police, and carried away the wet sheets in small packages under their waistcoats. Fortunately, they were drunk. The police gave the soldiers drink, and the workmen profited by the resulting merriment.

The Municipal Guards laughed, swore, bandied jokes, drank champagne and coffee, and said: "We're in the representatives' shoes now, we get twenty-five francs a day." All the printing offices in Paris were occupied in this way by troops. The *Coup d'État* was supreme everywhere. It even abused the journals that gave it their support. At the office of the *Moniteur Parisien* the police threatened to shoot any one who opened a door. Monsieur Delamarre, director of the *Patrie*, had forty Municipal Guards on his hands and was greatly alarmed for fear they would break his presses. "Why, I'm on your side!" he said to one of them, who replied, "What's that to me?" Towards three o'clock on the morning of the fourth, all the printing offices were evacuated. "We have orders to return to quarters," the captain said to Serrière, and

the latter, in narrating the incident to us, added, "They are getting ready for something."

Since the previous night, I had talked several times with Georges Biscarrat about the combat; he was a brave and upright man, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. I had asked him to meet me at No. 19 Rue Richelieu. There was a good deal of passing to and fro on that morning of the fourth between No. 15 where we held our sessions, and No. 19 where I slept. At one time as I was in the street, after leaving the courageous and honest Biscarrat, I saw his exact opposite, Monsieur Mérimée, coming towards me.

"Ah!" said Monsieur Mérimée, "I was looking for you."

"I hope you will not find me," was my response.

He held out his hand to me; I turned my back upon him. I have never seen him since. I believe he is dead. This Mérimée, along about 1847, was speaking to me one day about Morny.

"Monsieur de Morny," he said, "has a great future. Do you know him?" he asked.

"Ah,—a great future!" I replied. "Yes, indeed, I know Monsieur de Morny. He is shrewd. He goes about a great deal; he is engaged in several commercial enterprises; he started the Vieille-Montagne affair, the zinc mines, the coal-mines at Liège. I have the honor of his acquaintance. He is a sharper."

Between Mérimée and me there was a slight difference: I detested Morny, he esteemed him. Morny, in turn, esteemed Mérimée; it was natural.

I waited till Mérimée had got around the street corner. When he had disappeared, I entered No. 15. They had news from Canrobert. On the evening of the second, he had been to see Madame Le Flô, a noble woman, very indignant at what had happened. The next night, the third, Saint-Arnaud was to give a ball at the ministry of war. General Le Flô and Madame Le Flô had been invited, as had also General Canrobert. But Madame Le Flô did not speak of the ball.

"General," she said, "your comrades are all under arrest; can you give your support to such proceedings?"

"I shall hand in my resignation," said Canrobert. "You may say so to General Le Flô." He was very pale and walked to and fro in great agitation.

"Your resignation, general?"

"Yes, madam."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, madam, if there is no outbreak."

"General Canrobert," exclaimed Madame Le Flô, "that 'if' tells me exactly what you will do!"

And yet Canrobert had not come to any decision. Indecision was his prominent trait. "Judge men by their names," the gruff and coarse-grained Pélistier used to say, "I am called 'Amable,' Randon \* is named 'César,' and Canrobert was christened 'Certain.'"

\* Surnamed, "We."



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SITUATION.

ALTHOUGH the fighting tactics of the committee were, as I have already explained, not to concentrate resistance into one hour, or one locality, but to spread it over the greatest possible extent of territory, and the greatest possible number of days, each of us felt, as did also the Élysée criminals, that this was the decisive day. The moment when the *Coup d'État* was to assault us on all sides drew near, and we were about to receive the shock of an entire army. Would the people, the great revolutionary populace of the Parisian faubourgs, desert their representatives, make no attempt at self-defence? or, awakened and enlightened, would they yet rise? The question became more and more important, and we propounded it with increasing anxiety. There was no serious sign of any demonstration by the National Guard. The eloquent proclamation, which Jules Favre and Alexandre Rey had written at Marie's, and which was addressed in our name to the legions, had not yet been printed. Hetzel's plan had miscarried. Versigny and Labrousse had not been able to join him, as the place of meeting at the corner of the boulevard and the Rue Richelieu had been constantly in the possession of cavalry. The courageous effort made by Colonel Gressier to call out the Sixth Legion, the less determined attempt by Lieutenant-Colonel Howyne to get the Fifth together, had equally failed. Yet there were signs of indignation in Paris. The previous evening had been significant.

Hingray came early in the morning, bringing a bundle of the

decrees of deposition — they had been reprinted — under his cloak. To get them to us he had many times run the risk of being arrested and shot. We immediately took measures for the distribution and posting of these placards. The posting was carried out in the most resolute manner. In many places our placards were pasted up by the *Coup d'État* placards pronouncing the penalty of death against any one who posted decrees coming from the representatives. Hingray told us that our decrees and proclamations had been lithographed and circulated from hand to hand by thousands of copies. It was important that the work should go on. A printer, formerly publisher of several democratic newspapers, Monsieur Boulé, had offered me his services the night before. In June, 1848, I had undertaken the defence of his printing office, when it was being sacked by the National Guards. I wrote to him, enclosing our acts and decrees with the letter, and Representative Montaigu undertook to deliver the missive. Monsieur Boulé sent his apologies; his presses had been seized at midnight, by the police.

Through our precautions, and thanks to the patriotism of several young students of chemistry and pharmacy, powder had been made in several different places. At one place in the Rue Jacob they made a hundred kilogrammes in a single night. As the powder was mostly made on the left bank of the Seine while the fighting would be on the right bank, it was necessary to get the powder across the bridges. This they did as best they could. About nine o'clock, we were warned that the police had been told, and that they were searching pedestrians, particularly on the Pont-Neuf. A certain amount of strategy was shown. The ten central bridges were guarded by troops. People were arrested in the streets simply because of their personal appearance. A police sergeant said aloud to the passers-by at the corner of the Pont-au-Change, —

“We shall seize every one with an untrimmed beard, or who looks as if he hadn't slept.”

However, we succeeded in getting a little powder; the disarmament of the National Guard had provided us with about eight hundred muskets; our proclamations and decrees were posted; our voice had reached the people — altogether, we began to feel some confidence in the situation.

"The wave is rising! The wave is rising!" said Edgar Quinet, as he came in to shake hands with me. We were told that the schools would revolt during the day and would provide a refuge for us.

"To-morrow," Jules Favre joyfully exclaimed, "we shall date our decrees at the Panthéon."

Good signs multiplied. An old hotbed of insurrection, the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts was in a ferment. The association called "The Workingman's Press," began to show signs of life. Several courageous workmen had organized a little printing office in the attic where one of their number, Nétré, lived, at No. 13 Rue du Jardinets, close by a barrack of Mobile Guards. They passed the night in editing and printing a "Manifesto to Workingmen" which called the people to arms. They were five able and resolute men; they had procured paper; they had new type; some wet down the paper while others did the composition; and about two o'clock in the morning they began to print. They must not be heard by their neighbors, so they muffled the sound of the ink-rollers and the sharp strokes of the printing blanket. In a few hours, they printed fifteen hundred copies, and by daylight these were posted at the street corners. One of the courageous workmen, their leader, A. Desmoulins, who belonged to the sturdy race of fighting men of letters, had been greatly depressed the night before, now he was more hopeful.

"Where are our representatives?" he wrote the previous evening. "Communications are cut off. We cannot pass through the quays and boulevards. It is impossible to get the popular Assembly together. The people need leaders. De Flotte on the one hand, Victor Hugo on the other, Schœl-

cher elsewhere, are urging on the combat at the peril of their lives, but they are not supported by an organized body, and then the attempt by the Royalists in the tenth arrondissement has aroused alarm, — people are afraid of seeing them at the top again.”

Now this brave and intelligent man had regained confidence and he wrote, —

“Louis Napoleon is certainly afraid. The police reports have frightened him. The resistance maintained by the Republican representatives begins to bear fruit. Paris is arming. Some of the troops seem ripe for revolt. The Mobile Guard itself is not sure, and this morning an entire battalion refused to march. There is disorder in the service. Two batteries fired upon one another for a long time without knowing it. It begins to look as if the *Coup d'État* would fail.”

The signs, as we have seen, were more encouraging. Was Maupas unequal to his task? Would they turn to some one more able? An incident seemed to point that way. The night before, a tall man had been seen, between five and seven o'clock, walking up and down in front of the café in the Place Saint-Michel; he had been joined by two of the commissaries who made the arrests on the second, and he had talked with them for a long time.

This man was Carrier. Was he to supplant Maupas? Representative Labrousse, seated at a table in the café, had witnessed the interview. Each of the two commissaries had been followed by an attendant called “the commissary’s dog.” At the same time, extraordinary warnings reached the committee. We learned of the following letter.

“December 3, ’51.

“MY DEAR BOCAGE, — To-day at six o'clock, twenty-five thousand francs were offered to any one who should seize or kill Victor Hugo. You know where he is. Do not allow him to go out on any pretext whatever.

“Yours,

“AL. DUMAS.”

On the back was written "Bocage, Rue Cassette."\*

We were obliged to consider the minutest details. There were a great many passwords in use in different districts and this might lead to danger. The night before we had given "Baudin" as the password. Names of other representatives had been adopted as passwords at the barricades. In the Rue Rambuteau, the password was "Eugène Sue and Michel de Bourges"; in the Rue Beaubourg, "Victor Hugo"; at the Chapelle-Saint-Denis it was "Esquiros and de Flotte." We thought it best to put an end to this confusion and stop the use of proper names which are always easy to guess. The password we agreed upon was, "What is Joseph doing?" Information was constantly coming in from all sides to the effect that barricades were going up everywhere, and that hostilities had begun in the central streets.

"Make a square barricade," exclaimed Michel de Bourges, "and we will deliberate inside."

We had news from Mont-Valérien. Two more prisoners, Rigal and Belle, had been brought in. Both belonged to the Left. Doctor Rigal represented Gaillac, and Belle was from Lavaur. Rigal was ill and they put him in bed. He lay on a cot in the prison, and could not dress himself. His colleague, Belle, waited upon him.

At nine o'clock, Jourdan, who had been captain of the Eighth Legion of National Guards, in 1848, came and offered his services. He was a brave man, one of those who had carried out the reckless assault on the Hôtel de Ville, on the morning of February 24. We asked him to repeat the assault and to try it also on the prefecture of police. He knew what to do. He told us that he had a few men, but that it would be necessary for strategical reasons to take possession during the day of certain houses on the Quai de Gèvres, the Quai Lepelletier, and in the Rue de la Cité, and that, if the combat in the centre of the city increased and the troops were

\* The original of this note is in the possession of the author. It was given him by Monsieur Avenel in behalf of Monsieur Bocage.



withdrawn from the Hôtel de Ville and the prefecture, the attempt would at once be made. Captain Jourdain did as he had promised; unfortunately, as we learned that evening, he began perhaps a little too soon. As he had foreseen, the time came when the square in front of the Hôtel de Ville was almost denuded of troops, General Herbillon having been obliged to withdraw the cavalry to carry the central barricades. The Republicans at once attacked, firing from the windows on the Quai Lepelletier, but the left wing of the column was still on the Pont d'Arcole; a file of sharpshooters had been stationed by a Major Larochette in front of the Hôtel de Ville, the Forty-fourth fell back, and the attack was a failure.

"Good news," said Bastide, as he came in with Chauffour and Laissac. "Everything is going on well." His serious, honest, impassive visage was lit up with a sort of civic serenity. He came from the barricades and was about to return thither. He had two bullet holes through his cloak. I took him aside and said, —

"You are going back?"

"Yes."

"Take me with you."

"No," he replied; "you are needed here. To-day, you are the general and I am the private soldier."

I insisted, but in vain. He continued to refuse saying, "The committee is our centre and it must not be dispersed. It is your duty to remain here. And meanwhile," he added, "don't worry. You are in more danger than we. If you are taken, you will be shot."

"Well," I said, "the moment may come when it will be our duty to join in the combat."

"No doubt."

"You who are at the barricades will be the best judges of when that time has come. Promise me that you will treat me as you would have me treat you, and that you will come for me."



"I promise," he said, pressing my two hands in his own.

But when Bastide had gone, in spite of my confidence in the word of that courageous and generous man, I was unable to remain and I took advantage of a two hours' interval, which I had at my disposal, to see for myself what was going on and how the resistance was holding out. I took a carriage in the Place du Palais-Royal. I told the driver who I was and that I wanted to visit and encourage the barricades, that I desired sometimes to be on foot and sometimes to be in the carriage, and that I trusted to him. I gave him my name. The first comer is nearly always an honest man. This brave fellow said, —

"I know where the barricades are. I will take you wherever you want to go. I will wait for you wherever you think best. I will take you and I will bring you back. If you have no money, you need not pay, for I am proud of the chance to serve you."

So we started.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE PORTE SAINT-MARTIN.

THE morning's work had been of great importance. "It's making headway," Bastide had said. The difficulty is to start the fire, not to keep it burning. It was plain that Paris was becoming ill-tempered. Paris does not get angry of malice prepense. She must be in the humor for it. A volcano has nerves. Her wrath was rising slowly, but surely. The first signs of an eruption were already visible. For the *Élysée*, as well as for us, the critical moment was drawing nigh. The night had been spent in preparation. The *Coup d'État* and the Republic were about to close with one another. It would have been in vain for the committee to try to stem the stream.

An irresistible power swept the defenders of liberty into action. The decisive combat was about to take place.

At certain times in Paris, when it becomes evident that some progress is to be accomplished or some right avenged, insurrection spreads rapidly through the whole city. But it always begins at some particular point. Paris has two revolutionary classes for the accomplishment of her historical destiny—the middle class and the populace. Each of these classes has a special battle ground; when the middle class revolt, it is the Porte Saint-Martin; when the populace revolt, it is the Bastille. The politician ought to keep his eyes on these two points. They are celebrated in contemporary history, and there the embers of revolution seem always to be smouldering. When the wind blows, the embers are carried hither and yon, and the city is filled with sparks.

On this occasion, for causes which we have already explained, the formidable Faubourg Antoine was dormant, and, as we have seen, it could not be aroused. The entire space about the July Column — that vast, mute memorial of the Bastille — was occupied by artillery with lighted matches. The tall revolutionary pillar, the silent witness of great deeds in the past, seemed now to be indifferent. Strange to say, the stones in the streets that had seen the fourteenth of July, did not rise beneath the cannon wheels of the second of December. Not the Bastille, but the Porte Saint-Martin was, therefore, to see the beginning of the struggle.

By eight o'clock in the morning, the Rue Saint-Denis and the Rue Saint-Martin were in commotion from end to end. People rushed angrily back and forth. They tore down the *Coup d'État* placards: they posted up our proclamations; and groups at all the neighboring street corners commented on the decree of outlawry issued by the Left, and eagerly seized the handbills. Men climbed up on posts and read aloud the names of the one hundred and twenty signers, and the applause at every well-known and popular name was more enthusiastic than it had been the night before. The crowd grew larger every moment, and their anger raged apace. The Rue Saint-Denis had a strange appearance, with all its doors and windows closed, and all the denizens in the street. The houses were like death; the street was like a whirlwind. Fifty resolute men suddenly dashed out of a side street and rushed about, crying, "To arms! Long live the representatives of the Left! Long live the Constitution!" They began to disarm the National Guards. It was done more easily than had been the case the night before. In less than an hour they secured a hundred and fifty guns. And meanwhile the street was filled with barricades.

## CHAPTER X.

### MY VISIT TO THE BARRICADES.

MY coachman put me down at the corner of Saint-Eustache, and said, "Here you are in the hornet's nest. I will wait for you in the Rue de la Vrillière near the Place des Victoires. Take your own time."

I went on from barricade to barricade. In the first I met de Flotte, who offered to be my guide. No man more determined than de Flotte. I acquiesced. He took me wherever my presence could be of use. On the way he told me how our proclamations had been printed. When Boulé's printing office failed us, they went to a lithographer's, at No. 30 Rue Bergère, and there, at the peril of their lives, two brave men had printed five hundred copies of our decrees. The name of one of these brave workmen was Rubens, and the other was Achille Poincelot. As we went on, I took notes in pencil (the pencil that Baudin had given me). I put down everything as it came. I reproduce the notes here. Such vital facts are essential to history. The *Coup d'État* is here, alive in every vein.

"Morning of the fourth.—It looks as if the struggle was at an end for the present. Will it be renewed? Barricades visited by me: one at Saint-Eustache; one at the oyster market; one in the Rue Mauconseil; one in the Rue Tiquetonne; one in the Rue Mandar (Rocher de Cancale); one barring the Rue du Cadran and the Rue Montorgueil; four closing the Petit-Carreau; one begun between the Rue des Deux-Portes and the Rue Saint-Sauveur, barring the Rue Saint-Denis; one, larger, barring the Rue Saint-Denis at the head of the

Rue Guérin-Boisseau; one barring the Rue Grenetat; one further along the Rue Grenetat, barring the Rue Bourg-l'Abbé (overturned flour wagon in the middle — good barricade); one in the Rue Saint-Denis, barring the Rue du Petit-Lion-Saint-Sauveur; and one barring the Rue du Grand-Hurleur, with the four corners barricaded.

"This last barricade was attacked this morning. One of the combatants, Massonet, a comb-maker, at 154 Rue Saint-Denis, got a bullet through his overcoat. Dupappet, called 'the man with the long beard' was the last to leave the top of the barricade. They heard him shout to the officers commanding the attack, 'You are traitors!' They believed him to be shot. Strange to say, the soldiers withdrew without destroying the barricade. They are building a barricade in the Rue du Renard. Several National Guards in uniform look on, but do not help. One of them said to me, 'We are not against you, you are in the right.' They say there are twelve or fifteen barricades in the Rue Rambuteau. This morning at daybreak, cannon were fired 'steadily' as one of them said to me, in the Rue Bourbon-Villeneuve. I visited a powder factory improvised by Leguevel at a pharmacist's, opposite the Rue Guérin-Boisseau.

"They are building the barricades in a friendly way, without offending any one. They do what they can not to annoy the neighborhood. The combatants at the Bourg-l'Abbé barricade stand in the mud because of the rain. It is a sewer. They hesitate to ask for a bundle of straw. They lie down in the water, or on the pavement. I have seen a young man who has just got up from a fever. He said to me, 'I shall be killed here.' (He was.)

"In the Rue Bourbon-Villeneuve, they would not even ask the shopkeepers for a mattress, although, the barricade being bombarded, they needed it to stop the bullets.

"Soldiers build poor barricades because they build them too well. A barricade ought to be top heavy. Well built, it is good for nothing. The paving stones must be ready to fall,

‘to roll on the troopers and break their paws,’ a street boy said to me. Sprains are to be provided for in barricade fighting.

“Jeanty Sarre is the chief of a whole group of barricades. He introduced his lieutenant, Charpentier, a man of thirty-six, educated, and devoted to science. Charpentier is making experiments by which he hopes to use gas instead of charcoal in the baking of porcelain, and he asks permission to read a tragedy to me ‘one of these days.’ ‘We are making one,’ I reply.

“Jeanty Sarre scolds Charpentier. They lack ammunition. Jeanty Sarre, having a pound of powder and twenty army cartridges at his house in the Rue Saint-Honoré, sent Charpentier to get them. Charpentier went, got the powder and the cartridges, and gave them to the combatants on the barricade, whom he met on his way back. ‘They were starved for them,’ he said. Charpentier had never touched fire-arms in his life. Jeanty Sarre showed him how to load a musket.

“They eat at a wine-seller’s on the corner, and warm themselves there. It is very cold. The wine-seller says, ‘Go and eat, if you are hungry.’ A combatant asks, ‘Who pays?’ ‘Death,’ is his reply. And in fact, a few hours later, he received seventeen bayonet thrusts.

“They have not broken the gas pipes, ‘in order not to do too much damage.’ They take the gas men’s keys, and the gas-lighter’s rods. In this way they are masters of light or darkness. This group of barricades is strong, and will be important. I had reason to hope at one time that they would attack while I was there. The bugle call came near, then withdrew. Jeanty Sarre says, ‘It will be to-night.’

“He intends to put out the gas in the Rue du Petit-Carreau, and in all the adjoining streets, and to leave only one jet lighted in the Rue du Cadran. He has put sentinels as far as the corner of the Rue Saint-Denis, where there is an opening, not barricaded, but not easily accessible to the troops, because the passageway is so narrow that they can only enter one at a time, so that there is not much danger. These narrow streets are very useful. Soldiers are good for nothing except when



massed together. A soldier is not fond of isolated fighting. In war, half the bravery depends on touching elbows. Jeanty Sarre has an uncle who is a Reactionist, with whom he is not on good terms, and who lives close by at No. 1 Rue du Petit-Carreau. 'What a fright we shall give him by and by,' says Jeanty Sarre with a laugh. Jeanty Sarre inspected the Montorgueil barricade this morning. He found only one man, who was drunk, and who put the muzzle of his gun against Jeanty Sarre's breast, saying, 'No passing through.' Jeanty Sarre disarmed him.

"I went on to the Rue Pagevin. There is an excellent barricade at the corner of the Place des Victoires. At a neighboring barricade in the Rue Jean-Jacques-Rousseau, the soldiers made no prisoners this morning. They killed everybody. There were corpses as far as the Place des Victoires. The Pagevin barricade holds out. It has fifty men well armed. I enter. 'All goes well?' 'Yes.' 'Courage!' I press those valiant hands. They make reports. They saw a Municipal Guard smash the head of a dying man with the butt of his musket. A young and pretty girl, trying to get home, took refuge in the barricade. She stayed for an hour, 'in terror.' When the danger was over, the chief sent her home under the escort of 'the oldest man he had.' As I was coming away from the Pagevin barricade, they brought me a prisoner, 'a spy,' they said. He expected to be shot. I made them set him at liberty."

Bancel was in the Pagevin barricade. We shook hands.

"Shall we conquer?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

We were almost sure of it. De Flotte and he wished to go with me, fearing that I would be arrested by the battalion guarding the bank. It was foggy, cold, and nearly dark. The darkness concealed and protected us. The weather was on our side. As we reached the corner of the Rue de la Vrillière, a group passed on horseback. They were officers,

preceded by a man who had a military bearing, but who was not in uniform. He wore a hooded cloak. De Flotte nudged my elbow and whispered, —

“Do you know Fialin?”

“No,” I said.

“Have you ever seen him?”

“No.”

“Would you like to see him?”

“No.”

“Look at him.”

I looked. The man was passing before us. It was he who led the officers. He had just come out of the bank. Had he been there to levy a forced loan? The people at the doors looked at him curiously and dispassionately. He was the incarnation of insolence. He turned now and then to speak to those who followed. The little cavalcade dashed on through the mist and the mud. Fialin looked like a man who gloried in his crime. He glanced haughtily at the passers-by. His horse was very handsome, and, poor beast, seemed to be very high-spirited. Fialin smiled. In his hand he held the whip that ought to have been laid about his head. He went by. It was the only time I ever saw the man. De Flotte and Bancel did not leave me till they saw me get into my carriage. My trusty driver was waiting in the Rue de la Vrillière. He took me back to No. 15 Rue Richelieu.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE RUE MESLAY BARRICADE.

THE first barricade in the Rue Saint-Martin was built at the head of the Rue Meslay. They overturned a big cart, they put it across the street, and they tore up the pavement; they even removed the flagstones from the sidewalk. This barricade, which was the outer defence for the whole street, was no great obstacle. In no part did it exceed the height of a man. A third of the barricade was not above a man's knees. "That's a good place to get killed in," said a street boy, as he rolled up paving stones. A hundred combatants stood behind it. About nine o'clock, the movements of the troops showed they were about to attack. The head of Marulaz's brigade occupied the corner of the street next the boulevard. A field-piece, enfilading the whole street, was stationed in front of the Porte Saint-Martin. For a time both sides were silent, awaiting the shock. The troops looked at the barricade bristling with guns, the barricade looked at the threatening cannon. Soon the order for a general attack was given. Firing began. The first ball went over the barricade and hit a woman, who was going by twenty steps away, full in the breast. She fell, torn asunder. The firing became lively without doing much damage to the barricade. The cannon was too near, the shots went too high. The combatants, who had not lost a man, saluted each shot with the cry, "Long live the Republic!" But they did not fire. They had but few cartridges and held them in reserve. Suddenly, the Forty-ninth Regiment marched out in close ranks.

The barricade fired.

Smoke filled the street. When it cleared away they saw a dozen men on the pavement, and the soldiers retreating in disorder along the side of the street. The chief of the barricade called out,—

“They are falling back. Hold your fire. Don’t waste a shot!”

For some time the street was deserted. They began firing again with the field piece. They fired every two or three minutes, but their aim was poor. A man with a fowling-piece went to the chief of the barricade and said,—

“Let’s dismount the piece, and kill the gunners.”

“Why?” asked the chief, with a smile. “They are not harming us, we will not harm them.”

Meanwhile, they distinctly heard the bugle call behind the massive row of houses which hid the troops, echeloned in Saint-Martin’s Square, and it was plain that another attack was coming. This attack would necessarily be furious, desperate, and stubborn. It was also evident that, this barricade carried, the entire street would be at their mercy. The other barricades were weaker than the first, and much more poorly defended. The “shopkeepers” had handed out their guns and gone back into their houses. They had “lent the use of the street,” that was all. It was necessary, then, that they should hold the outer barricade as long as possible. But what resistance could they make? They had scarcely two rounds of ammunition per man.

Unexpected supplies came to their relief.

A young man — I can name him now, as he is dead \* — Pierre Tissié, a workman, and also a poet, had worked a part of the morning at the barricade, and at the moment when the firing began, he went away with the excuse that he had no gun.

“There’s one who’s afraid,” said the other combatants.

Pierre Tissié was not afraid, as they found out later on.

\* It must not be forgotten that this was written in exile, and that to name heroes was to condemn them to proscription.

He left the barricade.

Pierre Tissié had no weapon but his knife, a Catalan knife; he opened it, held it in his hand, and went straight on. As he came out of the Rue Saint-Sauveur, he saw at the corner of a little lonely street, where all the windows were closed, a soldier of the line on picket, posted there, doubtless, by the main guard, which was not far away. The soldier stood with levelled musket, ready to fire. He heard Pierre Tissié's footsteps, and called,—

“Who goes there?”

“Death,” replied Pierre Tissié.

The soldier fired, but missed Pierre Tissié who sprang upon him and buried his knife in his throat. The soldier fell, blood gushing from his mouth.

“I did not think I spoke so truly,” Pierre Tissié muttered “Now for the ambulance.”

He took the soldier on his back, picked up the gun which had fallen on the ground, and returned to the barricade.

“I have brought a wounded man,” he said.

“Dead,” they exclaimed. The soldier had just expired.

“Infamous Bonaparte — poor red-coat,” said Tissié. “However, I have a gun,”

They emptied the soldier's pouch and knapsack. They divided the cartridges. There were one hundred and fifty. There were also two ten franc gold pieces, two days' pay since the second of December. These were tossed on the ground, for no one would take them. They distributed the cartridges, shouting, “Long live the Republic!”

Meanwhile, the assailants had added a mortar to the cannon. The distribution of cartridges had hardly been made when the infantry appeared and charged the barricade at the point of the bayonet. This second assault, was, as they had foreseen, desperate and furious. They were repulsed. Twice, the infantry returned to the charge, twice they fell back, leaving the street strewn with corpses. In the interval between the assaults, the shells from the mortar dismantled the barricade,

and the cannon began to fire grapeshot. The situation was desperate; the cartridges were exhausted. Some threw down their guns, and started to run away. They could escape only through the Rue Saint-Sauveur, and to reach the corner they were obliged to pass that portion of the barricade which was so low as to leave nearly the whole person exposed. Musket balls and grapeshot fell like hail. Three or four were killed, one, like Baudin, with a wound in the eye. The chief of the barricade suddenly discovered that he was alone with Pierre Tissié and a boy of fourteen, the one who had rolled up the paving stones. A third attack was imminent; the soldiers began to advance along the side of the street.

"Let us go," said the chief of the barricade.

"I shall stay," said Pierre Tissié.

"I also," said the boy. "I have neither father nor mother," he added. "Might as well be this as anything else."

The chief fired his last shot and retreated as the others had done, along the low part of the barricade. A volley knocked off his hat. He stooped and picked it up. The soldiers were not more than fifty feet away.

"Come on," he called to the others.

"No," said Pierre Tissié.

"No," said the boy.

A few moments later, the soldiers scaled the already half-ruined barricade. Pierre Tissié and the boy were stabbed to death with bayonets. Twenty muskets were abandoned at this barricade.



## CHAPTER XII.

### THE BARRICADE AT THE MAYORALTY OF THE FIFTH ARRONDISSEMENT.

NATIONAL Guards in uniform filled the courtyard at the mayoralty of the fifth arrondissement. Others were constantly arriving. A drummer, formerly belonging to the Mobile Guard, had taken a drum from a lower room near the guardroom, and had beaten the call to arms in the neighboring streets. About nine o'clock, fourteen or fifteen young men, most of them in white blouses, entered the mayoralty shouting, "Long live the Republic!" Most of them were armed with muskets. The National Guard greeted them with the cry, "Down with Louis Bonaparte!" They made friends in the courtyard. All at once there was a disturbance. It was caused by the arrival of Representatives Doutre and Pelletier.

"What shall we do?" asked the crowd.

"Barricades," said Pelletier.

They began to tear up the pavement. A large cart loaded with bags of flour was descending the faubourg and passed in front of the mayoralty. They unfastened the horses, which were lead away by the driver, and they turned the cart, without upsetting it, across the wide roadway. In an instant the barricade was complete. A dray came up. They took it and placed it in front of the cart as a screen is put in front of a fireplace. The rest was made of barrels and paving stones. The flour cart made a high barricade; it rose to the second story of the houses. It intercepted the street at the corner of the little Rue Saint-Jean. There was a narrow entrance to the barricade at the corner.

"One barricade is not enough," said Doutre. "We must have a barrier on each side of the mayoralty in order to defend it on both sides at once."

They built another barricade, facing the upper portion of the faubourg. It was low and weak, built only of planks and paving stones. The two barricades were about two hundred feet apart. There were three hundred men inside. Only a hundred had guns. Most of them had no cartridges.

The battle began about ten o'clock. Two companies of the line appeared and fired several volleys. It was a sham attack. The barricade returned the fire and so foolishly wasted its ammunition. The troops withdrew. Then the real attack began. A battalion of Vincennes Rangers came round the corner of the boulevard. They adopted African tactics, kept close to the walls, and then with a rush they hurled themselves upon the barricade.

No ammunition in the barricade. No hope of quarter.

Those who had neither powder nor bullets threw away their guns. Some wanted to occupy the mayoralty, but it was impossible for them to defend themselves there, for the building was exposed and over-topped on all sides. They climbed the walls and scattered through the neighboring houses. Others escaped through the opening in the barricade into the Rue Saint-Jean. Most of the combatants got on the other side of the second barricade and those who had a cartridge left fired once more on their assailants. Then they waited for death. Every one was killed.

One of those who succeeded in getting into the Rue Saint-Jean in spite of the volley from the attacking column, was Monsieur H. Coste, editor of the *Événement* and of the *Avénement du Peuple*. Monsieur Coste had been a captain in the Mobile Guard. At a bend in the street, where he was beyond the reach of bullets, Monsieur Coste saw in front of him the drummer of the Mobile Guard who had also escaped through the Rue Saint-Jean, and who was taking advantage of the loneliness of the place to throw away his drum.

"Keep your drum," he called.

"What for?"

"To beat the call to arms."

"Where?"

"At Batignolles."

"I will keep it," said the drummer.

These two men had just escaped from the jaws of death and immediately prepared to enter them again. But how were they to get through Paris with the drum? The first patrol they met would shoot them. A porter at a neighboring house, seeing their difficulty, gave them a packing-cloth. This they wrapped about the drum, and they got to Batignolles through the deserted streets near the barriers.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE RUE THÉVENOT BARRICADE.

GEORGES BISCARRAT gave the signal for the hooting in the Rue de l'Échelle. I had known Georges Biscarrat ever since June, 1848. He had taken part in that unfortunate insurrection. I had a chance to be of service to him. He was taken, and was kneeling to be shot when I interfered and saved him and several others, including D. D. B., and Rolland, the brave architect, who later, in exile, so skilfully restored the Palace of Justice at Brussels. That occurred June 24, 1848, in the basement of an unfinished house, No. 93 Rue Beaumarchais. Georges Biscarrat was attached to me. He discovered that he was the nephew of one of my earliest and warmest friends, Felix Biscarrat, who died in 1828. Georges Biscarrat came to see me from time to time, and now and then he consulted with me or gave me some information. Wishing to keep him free from untoward influences, I had given him and he had accepted, this rule of conduct: "No insurrections, except for duty and the right."

What was this hooting in the Rue de l'Échelle? We will relate the incident.

On the second of December, Bonaparte had ventured to go out. He took the risk of looking at Paris. Paris is not fond of being looked at by some eyes. She takes it as an insult, and an insult is to her more irritating than a wound. She will submit to assassination, but not to the assassin's leer. Louis Bonaparte gave offence. At nine o'clock in the morning, just as the Courbevoie garrison was descending on Paris, the *Coup d'État* placards being still fresh upon the walls, Louis Bona-

parte had emerged from the *Élysée*, crossed the *Place de la Concorde* and the *Tuileries* gardens, passed through the fenced *Carrousel* courtyard, and went through the gate into the *Rue de l'Échelle*. A crowd gathered immediately. Louis Bonaparte wore a general's uniform; his uncle, the ex-king, Jérôme, was with him, and Flahaut walked behind him. Jérôme wore the full uniform of a marshal of France, with a hat bearing a white plume. Louis Bonaparte's horse was a head in advance of Jérôme's horse. Louis Bonaparte was gloomy, Jérôme observant, Flahaut radiant. Flahaut wore his hat on one side. There was a large escort of Lancers. Edgar Ney followed them. Bonaparte intended to go as far as the *Hôtel de Ville*. Georges Biscarrat was there. The pavement was torn up, as the street was being macadamized. He climbed on a pile of stones and shouted, "Down with the dictator! Down with the prætorians!" The soldiers looked at him in a bewildered way, and the crowd with astonishment. Georges Biscarrat (he told me this himself), felt that his cry had been above the heads of the mob, and that they did not understand him. He shouted, —

"Down with Bonaparte! Down with the Lancers!" It was like an electric shock.

"Down with Bonaparte! Down with the Lancers!" the people exclaimed, and the whole street was in a whirlwind.

"Down with Bonaparte!"

The clamor was ominous of something more than words. Bonaparte turned suddenly to the right, and went back into the courtyard of the *Louvre*. Georges Biscarrat felt that the shouting ought to be supported by a barricade.

"Shouting is good, but action is better," he said to Benoist Mouilhe, the bookseller, who was just opening his shop.

He went to his home in the *Rue du Vert-Bois*, put on a blouse and a workman's cap, and descended into the gloomy streets. Before the day was over he had made arrangements with four associations: the gasfitters, the last-makers, the shawl-makers, and the hatters. In this way he passed the

second. The whole of the third was taken up with visits here and there, "Almost lost," said Biscarrat to Versigny.

"However," he added, "I have succeeded in getting them to tear down the *Coup d'État* placards so thoroughly that the police, to protect them better, have been obliged to post them up in the public urinals — where they belong."

On Thursday, the fourth, very early in the morning, Georges Biscarrat went to Ledouble's restaurant, where four representatives, Brives, Berthelon, Antoine Bard, and Viguier, or "Father Viguier," as he was called, took their meals. All four were there. Viguier was telling what we had done the night before, and shared my opinion, that we ought to bring matters to a head and push the crime into the abyss where it belonged. Biscarrat came in. The representatives did not know him, and they stared at him.

"Who are you?" one of them asked.

Before he could reply Doctor Petit entered, unfolded a paper and inquired, —

"Does any one here know Victor Hugo's writing?"

"I do," replied Biscarrat. He looked at the paper. It was my proclamation to the army.

"This must be printed," said Petit.

"I will take charge of it," said Biscarrat.

"Do you know Victor Hugo?" asked Antoine Bard.

"He once saved my life," replied Biscarrat.

The representatives took him by the hand.

Guilgot came in, then Versigny. Versigny knew Biscarrat; he had seen him at my house.

"Look out," said Versigny, "there's a man out there by the door."

"It's a shawl-maker," said Biscarrat; "he came with me. He's on our side."

"But he wears a blouse," said Versigny, "and under the blouse he carries a handkerchief. He looks as if he were hiding it, and there is something in the handkerchief."

"Sugar-plums," said Biscarrat.



They were cartridges.

Versigny and Biscarrat went to the *Siècle*, and found thirty workmen, who all, at the risk of being shot, offered to print my proclamation. Biscarrat left it with them, and said to Versigny, "Now I must have my barricade." The shawl-maker followed behind them. Versigny and Biscarrat went towards the upper portion of the Quartier Saint-Denis. As they approached the Porte Saint-Denis, they heard a great uproar. Biscarrat laughed, and said to Versigny, "Saint-Denis is getting angry. This is encouraging." On the way Biscarrat picked up forty combatants, among them Moulin, head of the Leather-dressers' Association. Chapuis, sergeant-major of the National Guards, brought them four muskets and ten sabres.

"Do you know where there are any more?" asked Biscarrat. "Yes; at the Saint-Sauveur baths."

They went there and found forty muskets. They were given sabres and cartridge pouches. Well-dressed "gentlemen" brought them tin boxes filled with powder and bullets. Brave women engaged gayly in the making of cartridges. At the first door next to the Rue du Hasard-Saint-Sauveur they took iron bars and hammers from a locksmith's yard. Having arms, they got men. They soon numbered a hundred. They began to tear up the pavement. It was half past ten.

"Quick! quick!" cried Georges Biscarrat, "the barricade of my dreams!"

That was in the Rue Thévenot. The barricade was built, high and formidable. Let us be brief. At eleven o'clock Georges Biscarrat had finished his barricade. At noon, on that same spot, he was killed.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### OSSIAN AND SCIPION.

ARRESTS increased in number. About noon, a police commissary named Boudrot appeared at the coffee-room in the Rue Lepelletier. He was accompanied by a police agent named Delahodde, a renegade socialist writer, who had been unmasked, and who had transferred his services from the secret to the public police. I knew him. In 1832, he was a tutor in the school attended by my two sons, then children, and he had sent verses to me, while at the same time he was spying upon me. The Lepelletier coffee-room was frequented by many Republican journalists. Delahodde knew them all. A detachment of Republican Guards occupied the approaches to the café. Then an inspection of the inmates began, Delahodde going first, and the commissary following. Two Municipal Guards brought up the rear. From time to time, Delahodde turned and said, "Take this one." In this way twenty writers were arrested, among them Hennett de Kesler\* who had been the day before at the Saint-Antoine barricade.

"You are a scoundrel," said Kesler to Delahodde.

"You are an ingrate," Delahodde retorted; "I am saving your life."

It was a singular speech, for it is difficult to believe that Delahodde had any knowledge of what was to take place on the fatal fourth.

The committee received encouraging information from all sides. Testelin, representative from Lille, was not only a

\* Died in exile at Guernsey. See *Pendant l'Exil*, Vol. ii. *Actes et Paroles*.

learned, but also a brave man. On the morning of the third he came a little later than I to the Saint-Antoine barricade where Baudin had just been killed. All was over there. Testelin was accompanied by Charles Gambon,\* another brave man. The two representatives wandered through the dark and disorderly streets, getting few followers, no sympathy, looking for insurgents, and finding only a mob of gaping sightseers. Testelin, however, had one incident to relate to the committee. He and Gambon saw a gathering at the corner of the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Antoine. They drew nearer. The people were reading a placard on the wall. It was a call to arms, signed "Victor Hugo."

"Have you a pencil?" Testelin asked of Gambon.

"Yes," answered Gambon.

Testelin took the pencil, went up to the placard, and wrote his name under mine; then he handed the pencil back to Gambon, who wrote his name beneath Testelin's.

"Bravo! They are brave men!" The crowd shouted.

"Shout, 'Long live the Republic!'" said Testelin.

"Long live the Republic." They all shouted. "And at the windows above," said Gambon, "the women clapped their hands." "That's a good sign," said Michel de Bourges, "applause from those little hands."

As we have seen, and we cannot insist too strongly upon this point, it was the chief desire of the Committee of Resistance to prevent the spilling of blood. To build barricades, to allow them to be destroyed and to build others elsewhere, to evade and to weary the army, to carry on a guerilla warfare in Paris, to be always ready to fall back and never to surrender, to make time our principal ally, to add day to day, to allow the people on the one hand time to understand and to rise, to conquer the *Coup d'État* on the other, by tiring the army,—such was the plan we discussed and adopted. The order was therefore given that the barricades were to be but lightly defended.

\* Died in exile at Termonde.

“Shed as little blood as possible,” we said to the combatants, over and over again. “Spare the blood of the soldiers, and spare also your own.”

But, when the struggle was once begun, it was impossible, on some occasions, in the ardor of the combat, to moderate the courage of those who fought. Several barricades were obstinately defended, particularly in the Rue Rambuteau, in the Rue Montorgueil, and in the Rue Neuve-Saint-Eustache. These barricades had courageous chiefs. Let us take note here, for the sake of history, of some of these valiant men — fighting shadows, coming and going, in the smoke of combat: — Radoux, architect, Deluc, Mallarmet, Félix Bony, Luneau, ex-captain of the Republican Guard, Camille Berru, editor of the *Avénement*, gay, warm-hearted, and intrepid; and young Eugène Millelot, who, at Cayenne, condemned to receive two hundred lashes, was to expire at the twenty-third blow under the eyes of his father and his brother, like him proscribed and carried into exile.

The barricade in the Rue Aumaire was one of those that made a strong resistance. Although hastily built, it was built well. Fifteen or sixteen resolute men were the defenders; two of them were killed there. The barricade was carried at the point of the bayonet by a battalion of the Sixteenth of the Line, which was launched upon the barricade at the double, and was met by a lively fusillade, in which several soldiers were wounded. An officer was the first to fall, a young man of twenty-five, lieutenant of the first company, named Ossian Dumas. Two balls simultaneously shattered his legs. At that time, there were two brothers named Dumas in the army, Ossian and Scipion. Scipion was the elder. They were near relatives to Madier de Montjau. The two brothers belonged to an honorable family of restricted means. The elder had passed through the Polytechnic School, the second through Saint-Cyr. Scipion Dumas was four years older than his brother. To avail themselves of the magnificent opportunity afforded by the French Revolution to all who would rise on

the social ladder through what had once been an impenetrable barrier of caste, Scipion Dumas's family had undergone the most extreme privations to give him an education and a future. His parents,—touching heroism in a poor family nowadays,—that he might have knowledge, denied themselves bread. In this way, he went to the Polytechnic School, where he soon became one of the foremost students. His studies completed, he was commissioned as an officer of artillery and assigned to Metz. Then it was his turn to aid the boy who was to follow in his footsteps. He stretched out a hand to his younger brother. He saved up his small pay as a lieutenant, and, thanks to him, Ossian also became an officer. While Scipion remained at Metz, Ossian was assigned to a regiment of infantry and went to Africa, where he got his first taste of fighting.

Scipion and Ossian were Republicans. In October, 1851, the Sixteenth of the Line, to which Ossian belonged, was recalled to Paris. It was one of the regiments chosen by the sinister hand of Louis Bonaparte to carry out the *Coup d'État*.

The second of December came.

Lieutenant Ossian Dumas, like nearly all his comrades, obeyed the order that called them to arms, but those about him noticed how downcast he seemed to be.

The third was passed in various military movements. On the fourth, fighting began. The Sixteenth, which belonged to Herbillon's brigade, was ordered to carry the barricades in the Rues Beaubourg, Transnonain, and Aumaire. It was a formidable task. The four barricades made a square. The military leaders resolved to begin the attack in the Rue Aumaire, where Ossian's battalion was stationed.

When the battalion with loaded muskets was moving towards the Rue Aumaire, Ossian Dumas went up to his captain, a brave old officer, by whom he was greatly beloved, and declared that he would not go another step; that the act of December 2 was a crime, that Louis Bonaparte was a



traitor, that it was their duty as soldiers to uphold the oath that Bonaparte had broken ; and that, for his part, he would not lend his sword for the butchery of the Republic. The command halted. They awaited the signal of attack. The two officers, the old captain and the young lieutenant, conversed together in undertones.

“What do you intend to do ?” asked the captain.

“Break my sword.”

“You will be taken to Vincennes.”

“All the same to me.”

“Certainly dismissed.”

“That’s possible.”

“Perhaps shot.”

“Undoubtedly.”

“But this is no time ; you should have resigned yesterday.”

“It is never too late to avoid a crime.”

The captain, it is plain, was simply a hero by trade, grown old in service, who knew no other country but the flag, and no other law but discipline. Iron arms and wooden heads. They are neither citizens nor men. Their only symbol of honor is a general’s epaulets. Why talk to them of political duty, of obedience to the laws, of the Constitution ? What do they know about such things ? What is the Constitution, and what are the most sacred laws, compared with three words whispered by a corporal into a sentinel’s ear ? Take the scales, put the Gospel on one side, and military orders on the other. Weigh them. The corporal carries the day. He is heavier than God.

God was put into the order of the day at St. Bartholomew.

*“Kill them all. He will recognize His own.”*

That is what the priests accept, and sometimes glorify.

St. Bartholomew was blessed by the pope and honored with a Catholic medal.\*

Ossian Dumas was apparently immovable. The captain made one more attempt.

\* *Pro Hugonotorum Strage.* Medal struck at Rome, 1572.



"You will ruin yourself," he said.

"I shall save my honor."

"It is your honor that you will lose."

"By going away?"

"To go away is to desert." Ossian Dumas seemed to be struck by this speech. "They are about to fight," the captain went on. "In a few minutes the barricade will be attacked. Your comrades will fall, dead or wounded. You are a young officer, you have never yet been under fire" —

"Well," Ossian Dumas interrupted quickly, "I shall not have fought against the Republic. They cannot say that I am a traitor."

"No, but they will say that you are a coward."

Ossian did not reply. A moment later, the order to attack was given, and the battalion started at double quick. The barricade fired a volley. Ossian Dumas was the first to fall. He had not been able to endure the word "coward," and he had staid in his place in the front rank.

They took him to the hospital in an ambulance.

We will conclude this pitiful story as quickly as possible. Both his legs were broken. The doctors said that both must be cut off. General Saint-Arnaud sent him the cross of honor.

As we know, Louis Bonaparte hastened to acquit his prætorian accomplices. After they had killed, they were allowed to vote. The smoke of the combat had not yet disappeared when the army was brought to the ballot box. The Paris garrison voted, "yes." It absolved itself. It was otherwise with the rest of the army. Military honor was indignant, and civic virtue was aroused. In spite of the pressure that was brought to bear upon them, in spite of the fact that the regiments cast their ballots into their colonels' shakos, in several places in France and Algeria, the army voted "No." The Polytechnie School voted "No," unanimously. Nearly everywhere the artillery, of which the Polytechnie School is the cradle, also voted "No."

Scipion Dumas was, it will be remembered, at Metz. For

some unknown reason the artillery, which almost everywhere else had pronounced against the *Coup d'État*, hesitated at Metz, and seemed to lean towards Bonaparte. Scipion Dumas, perceiving this indecision, gave an example to the others. In a loud voice, at open roll call, he voted "No." Then he sent in his resignation. His resignation, signed Scipion Dumas, reached the minister at Paris at the same time that Scipion Dumas's dismissal, signed by the minister, reached Scipion Dumas at Metz. After Scipion Dumas's vote, it had occurred to the government that the officer was dangerous, and could be employed no longer, and to the officer that the government was infamous and that he could no longer serve. Resignation and dismissal crossed each other *en route*. Dismissal means "put out of employment." According to our existing military laws, that is the way an officer is cashiered nowadays. Put out of employment, that is to say dismissed from the service, not discharged, — misery.

At the same time that he received his dismissal, Scipion Dumas learned of the attack on the Rue Aumaire barricade, and that his brother had both legs broken. In the whirl of events he had been a week without news from Ossian. Scipion had written to his brother informing him of his vote and his dismissal, and begging him to follow his example. His brother wounded! His brother at Val-de-Grâce! He started at once for Paris. He hastened to the hospital. They took him to Ossian's bedside. The poor fellow's legs had been cut off the night before. As the stupefied Scipion appeared at his bedside, Ossian held in his hand the cross which General Saint-Arnaud had just sent to him. The wounded man turned to the aide-de-camp who had brought it and said, —

"I do not wish for this cross. On my breast it would be stained with the blood of the Republic." And seeing his brother drawing near, he held out the cross to him, and exclaimed, —

"You take it! You voted 'No,' and you broke your sword. You and not I have earned it."

## CHAPTER XV.

### A SERIOUS QUESTION.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon. Bonaparte had grown gloomy again. On faces like his, sunshine gleams but briefly. He had just gone into his private room, had seated himself in front of the fireplace, and was motionless, with his feet on the fender. No one came near him now, except Roguet.

What was he thinking about?

The viper's twistings cannot be foreseen.

What this man had done on this infamous day I have elsewhere told in detail. See, "Napoleon the Little." From time to time, Roguet came in and told him what was going on. Bonaparte listened in silence, deep in thought, a marble image filled with boiling lava. He got at the Élysée the same news we were receiving in the Rue Richelieu: bad for him, good for us. In one of the regiments that had just voted there had been one "hundred and seventy 'No's.'" This regiment has since been disbanded and its members scattered through the African Army. They counted on the Fourteenth of the Line, which had fired on the people in February. The colonel of the Fourteenth would have no more of such business. He had broken his sword. Our appeal had finally gained a hearing. It was plain that Paris was rising. The fall of Bonaparte seemed to be foreshadowed. Two representatives, Fabvier and Crestin, met in the Rue Royale, and Crestin pointed to the Palace of the Assembly and said, —

"We shall be there to-morrow."

A significant change had taken place at Mazas. The prison became genial. Outside influences made themselves felt with-

in. The warders, who had been insolent the night before when the representatives went for exercise in the courtyard, now bowed to the ground. On that very Thursday morning, the governor of the prison had visited the prisoners, and said, "It isn't my fault." He gave them books and writing-paper, which had hitherto been refused. Representative Valentin was in solitary confinement. On the morning of the fourth his warder suddenly became amiable, and offered to get him news from outside through his wife, who, he said, had been a servant at General Le Flô's. Significant symptoms. When the jailor smiles, the jail door is ajar. At the same time the garrison at Mazas was strengthened. They brought in twelve hundred more men, in detachments of one hundred men each, "in small doses," as a witness told us. Later on, four hundred men more. They were given one hundred litres of brandy. A litre for every sixteen men. The prisoners heard the rumble of artillery outside the prison.

The agitation expanded into the most peaceful districts. But the centre of Paris was especially threatening. The centre of Paris is a labyrinth of streets well adapted to the dissemination of violence. Thence came — we cannot recall these facts too often — the League, the Fronde, the Revolution, the Fourteenth of July, the Tenth of August, 1792, 1830, 1848. These redoubtable streets were now awakened. At eleven o'clock in the morning, there were between Notre-Dame and the Porte-Saint-Martin, seventy-seven barricades. Three of them — those in the Rue Maubuée, the Rue Bertin-Poirée, and the Rue Guérin-Boisseau — reached to the second stories of the houses. The barricade in the Rue Saint-Denis was almost as well-armed and as formidable as was the Saint-Antoine barricade in 1848. A handful of representatives had rushed like a shower of sparks into the inflammable quarters. They sowed firebrands. The fire had started. The old market-centre, that city within a city, shouted, "Down with Bonaparte!" They hooted at the police and hissed the troops. Some regiments seemed to be dumbfounded. "Reverse arms," was the cry

they heard. Women stood at the windows and cheered on the building of the barricades. There was powder and there were guns. Now we were not alone. Behind us, in the shadow, we saw the gigantic form of the people getting ready for action.

Hope at present was on our side. The oscillation of uncertainty had come to an end, and we were now, I repeat, almost sure of success. At one moment the good news poured in upon us so overwhelmingly from all sides, that we who had staked our lives upon the contest were overcome with joy, and rose from our seats and embraced each other. Michel de Bourges was particularly bitter against Bonaparte, because he had believed in him and had said, "This is the man for me." Of the four of us, he was most indignant. He felt the sombre triumph of victory.

"Ah, the miserable scoundrel," he cried, striking the table with his fist; "to-morrow"—he struck the table a second time—"to-morrow his head shall fall in the Place de Grève in front of the Hôtel de Ville."

"No," I said, looking in his face, "this man's head shall not fall."

"What!"

"I do not wish it."

"Why not?"

"Because," I said, "after a crime like this, if we allow Louis Bonaparte to live, we abolish the death penalty."

Generous Michel de Bourges thought for a moment, then pressed my hand. A crime is always an opportunity, and it gives us the choice between progress and punishment. Michel de Bourges realized this truth.

The incident shows how hopeful we were. Appearances were in our favor, but facts were against us. Saint-Arnaud had his orders. We shall see what they were.

Strange events were in progress.

About noon a general sat thoughtfully on horseback in front of his wavering troops. He hesitated. A carriage drove up,



a woman got out and spoke to the general in an undertone. The crowd could see her. Representative Raymond, who lived at No 4 Place de la Madeleine, saw her from the window. It was Madame K——. The general leaned from his horse and listened, then made a gesture of unwilling assent. Madame K—— returned to her carriage. The man, they say, loved this woman. She could, by means of her bewitching beauty, inspire heroism or crime. Her beauty was the mask of an evil purpose. Her glances conquered. The man hesitated no longer. With a heavy heart he cast in his lot with the conspiracy.

From noon till two o'clock the whole great city was held spell-bound in expectancy. A horrible calm prevailed. The regiments and batteries were quietly withdrawn from the faubourgs and massed upon the boulevards. Not a voice was heard from the troops. "The soldiers marched with a pompous air," said a witness. On the Quai de la Ferronnerie, which had been encumbered with troops since the morning of December 2, there remained now only a post of Municipal Guards. Everything was drawn toward the centre — people as well as army. The silence of the army was imitated by the people. They were watching each other.

Every soldier had three days' rations and six cases of cartridges. The brandy for each brigade cost ten thousand francs a day.

About one o'clock, Magnan went to the Hôtel de Ville, had the reserve batteries harnessed under his own inspection, and left only when all the artillery was in readiness to move.

Suspicious preparations were made on all sides. About noon, government servants and hospital attendants established a vast ambulance station at No. 2, Faubourg Montmartre. There was an immense heap of litters.

"What's all this about," asked the crowd.

Doctor Deville, who had attended Espinasse when he was wounded, saw him on the boulevard, and inquired,—

"How far do you mean to go?"



"To the end," said Espinasse. The reply is historical. To the end — yes, into the gutter.\*

By two o'clock, five brigades, — de Cotte's, Bourgon's, Canrobert's, Dulac's, and Reybell's, — five batteries of artillery, sixteen thousand four hundred men,† — infantry, cavalry, lancers, cuirassiers, grenadiers, gunners, were echeloned without any ostensible reason between the Rue de la Paix and the Faubourg Poissonnière. Cannon were stationed at the head of every street — there were eleven in the Boulevard Poissonnière alone. The troops were at "present." The troopers sat with drawn sabres. What did it all mean? It was very curious — every one wanted to see — and from both sidewalks, from every doorway, from the windows of every house, the astonished, mocking, confident multitude looked on.

Little by little, however, confidence waned. Mockery gave place to astonishment. Astonishment changed to suspense. Those who lived through that brief period never will forget it. Evidently, something was about to happen. But what? No one knew. Paris seemed to be transformed into a dungeon. An inscrutable pall hung over the city. It was burial in the unexpected and the unknown. A mysterious power seemed to be hemming them in. But after all, they were strong; they were the Republic, they were Paris, they were France; what had they to fear? Nothing. So they shouted, "Down with Bonaparte!" The troops were silent; the sabres were still withdrawn from the scabbards, and the lighted matches of the artillery smoked at the corners of the streets. The uncertainty became deeper and more incomprehensible every moment. The darkness was tragic. It shrouded catastrophes and a criminal. Treason was coiling in the obscurity, ready to spring. Imagination halted at the verge of the abyss. What was to come forth out of that darkness?

\* *Bout — boues.*

† 16,410 are the official figures.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE MASSACRE.

A WINDOW was suddenly opened. Upon Hell!

If Dante had looked down from above the darkness, he would have seen the eighth circle of the "Inferno," in Paris: the dreadful Boulevard Montmartre.

Paris the prey of Bonaparte; monstrous spectacle.

The armed men massed gloomily together on the boulevard were suddenly possessed with a fiendish purpose; they ceased to be men; they became demons. The French soldiers were gone, and in their places a horde of phantoms worked deeds of darkness in the implacable fury of a dream.

The flag, law, humanity, country, France, — all vanished; they began to kill. Schinderhannes's division, Mandrin's Cartouche's, Poulailleur's, Trestaillon's, and Tropmann's brigades shot and massacred in the darkness.

No, we must not hold the French army accountable for what occurred in that melancholy eclipse of honor. There have been abominable massacres in history, certainly, but they were inspired by a definite purpose. St. Bartholomew and the dragonnades were due to religious frenzy: the Sicilian Vespers and the September butcheries, to patriotism: crush the heretic, annihilate the foreigner; these are intelligible motives. But the carnage on the Boulevard Montmartre was crime without reason.

And yet the reason existed. A terrible reason.

What was it?

Two powers uphold the State; the law and the people. A man kills the law. He knows that he will be punished.

There is only one thing more for him to do, to kill the people. He kills the people.

The second of December was a venture; the fourth was a certainty. They quelled indignation with terror. Justice, the Eumenid, was petrified by the fury Extermination. Against the Erinnyes they set up Medusa. It was a terrible triumph; they put Nemesis to flight. This was Louis Bonaparte's glory, and the climax of his shame.

Let us tell the story. It is a story new to history. A people assassinated by a single man.

All at once, at a given signal, — a musket shot fired by some one, it matters not where, or by whom, — a storm of bullets swept through the crowd; a storm of bullets is also a crowd; it is death sowed broadcast. It goes, it knows not whither; it does, it know not what. It kills and passes on. At the same time, it has a soul; it is premeditated; it obeys a purpose.

The event was unprecedented. Thunderbolts fell among the people. And yet it was easy to understand. It solved the serious question; bullets put an end to opposition.

What are you doing there? Die. You must not look on. Why are you in the streets? What do you mean by opposing the government? The government cuts people's throats. To declare is to do; a thing begun must be done; society must be saved, even if we exterminate the people. Are there not social necessities? Must not Bévillé have his eighty-seven thousand francs a year, and Fleury have his ninety-five thousand francs? Must not Grand Almoner Menjaud, bishop of Nancy, have his three hundred and forty-two francs a day, and Bassano and Cambacérès their three hundred and eighty-three francs a day, and Vaillant his four hundred and sixty-eight francs, and Saint-Arnaud his eight hundred and twenty-two francs? Must not Louis Bonaparte have his daily stipend of seventy-six thousand and seven hundred and twelve francs? Could one be emperor for less?

In the twinkling of an eye, there was slaughter over a

quarter of a league upon the boulevard. Eleven cannon wrecked the Hôtel Sallandrouze. The shot went clear through twenty-eight houses. The Jouvence Baths were riddled. Tortoni's was raked with bullets. Throughout one whole district of Paris, people uttered a great cry, and fled. Sudden death everywhere. A man anticipates no harm. He falls. Whence comes this? From above, say the bishops, with their *Te Deum*; from below, says Truth.

Lower down than the galleys; deeper far than hell.

The conception was worthy of Caligula; the execution would have done credit to a Papavoine.

Xavier Durrieu goes along the boulevard. "In sixty steps," he says "I saw sixty corpses." And he turns back. To be in the streets is a crime, to be at home is a crime. The butchers go into the houses and butcher. This, in slaughter-house parlance, is to "stick." "Stick the whole crowd!" the soldiers cry.

Adde, bookseller, No. 17 Boulevard Poissonnière, is standing in his doorway. They kill him. At the same moment, at a long distance off,—murder has a long arm,—Thirion de Montauban stands in the door of his house, No. 5 Rue de Lancry. They kill him. In the Rue Titquetonne, a boy, seven years old, is going by. They kill him. Mademoiselle Soulac, No. 196 Rue du Temple, opens a window. They kill her. Same street, No. 97, two women Mesdames Vidal and Raboisson, seamstresses, are at home. Both killed. Belval, cabinet-maker, is at home, No. 10 Rue de la Lune. They kill him. Debaëcque, merchant, No. 45 Rue du Sentier, is at home; Couvercelle, florist, No. 257 Rue Saint-Denis, is at home; Labitte, jeweller, No. 55 Rue Saint-Martin, is at home; Monpelas, perfumer, No. 181 Rue Saint-Martin is at home; they kill Monpelas, Labitte, Couvercelle, and Debaëcque. A poor seamstress, Mademoiselle Seguin, is sabred while at home, No. 240 Rue Saint-Martin, and having no money to pay for a physician, dies at the Beaujon Hospital, January 1, 1852, the very day of the Sibour *Te Deum* at Notre-Dame.

Another, a waistcoat maker, François Noël, shot at No. 20 Rue du Faubourg-Montmartre, dies at the Charity Hospital. Another, Madame Ledaust, housekeeper, living at No. 76 Passage du Caire, is shot down in front of the archbishop's palace, and expires at the morgue. Mademoiselle Gressier, of No. 209 Faubourg Saint-Martin, Madame Guillard, of No. 77 Faubourg Saint-Denis, and Madame Garnier, of No. 6 Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, all fall before the volley of musketry, the first in the Boulevard Montmartre, the two others in the Boulevard Saint-Denis, but, still alive, try to get up, are once more targets for the laughing soldiers, and fall again, this time dead. These were noteworthy feats of arms. In the Rue de la Paix, Colonel Rochefort charged a lot of nurse girls, at the head of a regiment of Lancers, and put them to flight, for which service he was probably made a general.

Such was this indescribable enterprise. All the men who took part in it were goaded on by destiny. Herbillon had Zaatsha behind him; Saint-Arnaud, the shadow of Kabylia; Renault, the sacking of Saint-André and Saint-Hippolyte; Espinasse, Rome, and the assault of June 30th; Magnan, his debts.

Must we go on? It is a shocking story. Doctor Piquet, a man of seventy, was killed in his drawing-room, with a bullet in the abdomen; the painter, Jollivart, with a ball in his forehead, in front of his easel, his brains spattering the canvas. The English captain, William Jesse, just escaped a bullet which entered the ceiling over his head. In the book shop near the Magasins du Prophète, the father, the mother, and the two daughters were sabred. Another bookseller, Lefilleul, was shot in his shop on the Boulevard Poissonnière. A pharmacist named Boyer was spitted by the Lancers while sitting behind his counter in the Rue Lepelletier. A captain, killing right and left, went through the Grand Balcon. A servant was killed in Brandus's bazaar. Reybell said to Sax, through the shower of musket balls, "I am making music, too." The Café Leblond was pillaged. The Billecoq house was bom-



barded so that it had to be pulled down the next day. In front of Jouvin's there was a heap of corpses, among them an old man with an umbrella, and a young man with an eyeglass. The Hôtel de Castille, the Maison Dorée, the Petite Jeannette, the Café de Paris, and the Café Anglais were bombarded for three hours. The Raquenault house was demolished by shells. The Montmartre Bazaar was shattered with bullets. Nothing escaped. Muskets and pistols were fired at close quarters.

The New Year was approaching; the shops were displaying holiday gifts. In the Passage du Saumon, a boy, thirteen years old, fled before a platoon of musketeers, and hid in one of these shops, under a heap of toys. He was seized and killed. Those who killed him amused themselves by enlarging his wounds with their sabres. A woman said to me, "You could hear the poor little fellow's screams through the whole alley." Four men were shot in the same place. "This will teach you to loaf about," said an officer. Another, named Mailleret, left for dead, was taken the next day with twelve wounds to the Charity Hospital and died there. They fired into the cellars through the air-holes. A tanner, named Moulins, who took refuge in one of these shot-riddled cellars, saw a man who had been shot in the thigh, sit on the pavement and lean against the wall, with the death rattle in his throat. Soldiers, hearing the death rattle, ran up and finished him off with bayonet thrusts.

One brigade killed pedestrians from the Madeleine to the Opera, another from the Opera to the Gymnase, another from the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle to the Porte Saint-Denis. The Seventy-fifth of the Line having carried the Porte Saint-Denis barricade, ended the combat with wholesale slaughter. The massacre radiated — to use a horribly appropriate word — from the boulevard into the streets. It was like a devil-fish stretching out his tentacles. Fly! Where? Hide! For what purpose? Death ran behind faster than one could fly. In the Rue Pagevin, a soldier said to a passer, "What are you doing here?" "I am going home." The soldier killed him.



In the Rue des Marais they killed four young men in their own courtyard. "After the bayonet, the cannon," shouted Colonel Espinasse. "Stick, cut, slash," said Colonel Rochefort, "it saves both noise and powder." In front of Barbedienne's an officer was showing his comrades his carbine, and said, "I can make splendid shots with this gun, right between the eyes." To prove it he aimed at the first comer, and hit the mark. It was a frenzy of carnage. While Carrelet's command was butchering in the boulevards, Bourgon's brigade was ravaging the Temple, Marulaz's brigade devastated the Rue Rambuteau, Renault's division distinguished itself on the left bank of the river. Renault was the general who gave his pistols to Charras at Mascara. In 1848, he said to Charras, "We must revolutionize Europe." "Not so fast," said Charras. Louis Bonaparte had made him a general of division in July, 1851. The Rue aux Ours was particularly devastated. Morny that night said to Louis Bonaparte, "The Fifteenth Light Infantry have done well. They have cleaned the Rue aux Ours."\*

At the corner of the Rue du Sentier, an officer of Spahis shouted, with lifted sabre, "That's not the way. You don't understand. Shoot the women!" A woman was in full flight, she was with child, she falls, they deliver her with the butt end of a musket. Another was flying in bewilderment round a street corner. She was carrying a child. Two soldiers aimed at her. One said, "Here's for the woman!" and he brought down the woman. The child rolled on the pavement. The other soldier said, "Here's for the child!" and he killed the child. Doctor Germain Séc, a man of considerable reputation, declares that in one house alone, that of the Jouvence Baths, there were, at six o'clock, about eighty wounded persons under a shed in the courtyard, nearly all of them (seventy at least) "old men, women, and children." Doctor Séc was the first to care for them. In the Rue Mandar there was, according to a spectator, "a rosary of corpses" as far as the Rue Neuve-Saint-Eustache. There were twenty-six corpses in

\* Street of Bears.

front of Odier's, thirty in front of the Hôtel Montmorency, fifty-two in front of the Variétés, eleven of them women, and three naked corpses in the Rue Grange-Batelière. No. 19 Faubourg Montmartre was full of dead and wounded. A frightened woman, with streaming hair and uplifted arms, ran along the Rue Poissonnière, screaming, "They kill, they kill, they kill, they kill!" The soldiers made bets. "Bet you I bring that one down!" On such a wager, Comte Poninsky was killed as he entered his own door, No 52 Rue de la Paix.

I wished to know what to do. Treason, to be proved, must be investigated. I went to the scene of massacre. In agony like this, emotion overpowers thought, or if one thinks it is at random. One desires only some sort of an end. The death of others fills you with such horror that your own death would be a boon. If, at least, one's death could be of service! One remembers deaths that have put an end to fury and insurrection. One desires only to be a useful corpse. I went on, plunged deep in horrible meditation. I went towards the boulevard. It was a furnace filled with roaring flames. I saw Jules Simon, who, through all these dreadful days, bravely risked a precious life.

"Where are you going?" he said, as he stopped me. "You will be killed. Is that what you want?"

"Yes," I replied.

We shook hands.

I went on.

I got to the boulevard. It was indescribable. I saw this crime, this butchery, this tragedy. I saw the rain of leaden death, I saw the victims of the massacre fall about me. And so I call this book "the deposition of a witness." Destiny has a purpose. She watches mysteriously over the future historian. She allows him to go into the midst of extermination and carnage, but she will not allow him to die, because he is to relate their history.

In the midst of this indescribable pandemonium, Xavier

Durrieu passed me as I was crossing the bullet-swept boulevard, and said,—

“Ah, here you are! I have just met Madame D——, she is looking for you.”

Madame D—— (Cité Rodier, number 20), and Madame de la R—— (Rue Caumartin), two brave and warm-hearted women, had promised Madame Victor Hugo, who was then ill in bed, that they would let her know where I was, and give her news of me. Madame D—— had bravely ventured into the midst of this carnage. At a street corner she had stopped before a pile of corpses and boldly displayed her indignation. At her cry of horror, a trooper ran up behind her with a pistol in his hand, and if it had not been for a door that was suddenly opened, and through which she darted, she would have been killed.

The total number of deaths in this butchery is not known. Bonaparte has kept dark about the matter. That is the way with murderers. They do not report their victims to history. The figures are lost in the darkness of obscurity. One of the two colonels, whom we have met in the earlier pages of this volume, asserts that his regiment alone killed “at least two thousand five hundred persons.” This would be more than one for every soldier. We think the zealous colonel exaggerated. Crime sometimes plumes itself on an excess of infamy. Lireux, a writer who was seized and was to be shot, but escaped by a miracle, declares that he saw “more than eight hundred corpses.”

By four o’clock, the horses were taken from the post-chaises in the Élysée courtyard.

The work of extermination, which an English spectator, Captain William Jesse, calls “a wanton fusillade,” lasted from two o’clock till five. During these three terrible hours, Louis Bonaparte carried out his purpose and consummated the end he had in view. Up to that time the poor little middle-class conscience had been indulgent. Ah, well, he was playing prince; it was a sort of state lottery. A conjuring trick on a big scale. Clever people said,—

"It's a good joke on those simple-minded fellows." \*

Suddenly, Louis Bonaparte became restless and showed his hand. "Tell Saint-Arnaud to execute my orders." Saint-Arnaud obeyed, the *Coup d'État* reached its logical conclusion, and from that time on, crime waded through blood. They left the corpses lying on the pavement,—the ghastly, fear-stricken, motionless corpses—with pockets turned inside out. The military murderer traverses the whole gamut of crime. In the morning, an assassin; at night, a thief.

When night came there was joy at the *Élysée*. Triumph sat upon every brow. Conneau has given an artless description of the scene. The satellites were wild with delight. Fialin addressed Bonaparte in a voice of jovial familiarity. "Better drop that," whispered Vieillard. Every one realized that the massacre had made Bonaparte emperor. He was now "His Majesty." They drank and smoked, like the soldiers on the boulevard; after one has butchered all day, it is well to drink all night; wine mingles well with blood. They were astonished at the *Élysée*, with their success. They were in ecstacy, they were loud in their expressions of admiration. What a clever idea it had been! How well the prince had managed the affair! How much better this was than flying from the country, *via* Dieppe, like d'Haussez; or *via* Membrolle, like Guernon-Ranville; or to be taken like Polignac, disguised as a bootblack, polishing Madame de Saint-Fargeau's shoes!

"Guizot was no more clever than Polignac," exclaimed Persigny.

"It needs something more than a doctrinaire to succeed in a *Coup d'État*," said Fleury, turning to Morny.

"True," replied Morny, "they aren't good for much. However," he added, "they were intelligent men, Louis-Philippe, Guizot, Thiers"—

"If they are intelligent men," interpolated Louis Bonaparte, taking his cigarette from his lips, "I would rather be a fool."

"A bloodthirsty fool," says history.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATIONS.

WHAT had our committee been doing while these tragic events were in progress? This we must now relate. Let us go back a few hours.

When the dreadful butchery began, the committee was still sitting in the Rue Richelieu. I went back there after my expedition through the insurgent districts, and made my report to my colleagues. Madier de Montjau, who had also been to the barricades, added to my report the incidents he himself witnessed. For some time we had been hearing frightful explosions close by; they interfered with our conference. Versigny suddenly came in. He told us that something horrible was going on in the boulevard; that the cause of the riot was not known, but that they were firing volleys of musketry and artillery, and that corpses were scattered over the pavements; that it seemed to be a massacre by the *Coup d'État*, a sort of improvised St. Bartholomew; and that they were searching the houses near us, and killing everybody. The murderers were going from door to door, and were approaching our refuge. He begged us at once to leave Grévy's house. It was evident that the Committee of Insurrection would be a rare prize for bayonets. We decided to go away. Monsieur Dupont White, a man of cultivation and high character, offered to shelter us at his house, No. 11 Rue Monthabor. We went out through the rear door into the Rue Fontaine-Molière, but leisurely and two by two, Madier de Montjau with Versigny, Michel de Bourges with Carnot, while I gave my arm to Jules Favre, who, always brave and serene, tied a scarf over his mouth,



saying, "I don't object to being shot, but I prefer not to take cold."

We got to the rear of Saint-Roch through the Rue des Moulins. The Rue Neuve-Saint-Roch was filled with a throng of frightened people, hurrying from the boulevards; men talked in loud tones; women screamed. We could hear the cannon, and the sullen roar of musketry. The shops were all closed. Monsieur de Falloux, arm in arm with Albert de Rességuier, was descending Saint-Roch with long strides, and hastening toward the Rue Saint-Honoré, which was in a terrific uproar. People were coming and going, stopping one another, asking questions, running to and fro. The merchants, standing behind their half-closed doors, questioned the passers-by, and got for their only answer, "Ah, my God!" People came out of their houses bareheaded, and mingled with the crowd. A fine rain was falling. Not a carriage in the street. At the corner of the Rue Saint-Roch and the Rue Saint-Honoré, we heard some one say behind us,—

"Victor Hugo is killed."

"Not yet," said Jules Favre, with his habitual smile, as he pressed my arm.

The same thing had been said the night before of Esquiroz and Madier de Montjau, and the rumor, which was very acceptable to the reactionists, even reached the prisoners at the Conciergerie. The stream of people flowing back from the boulevards and the Rue Richelieu turned toward the Rue de la Paix. We recognized several members of the Right, arrested the day before, and now again at liberty. Monsieur Buffet, formerly one of Bonaparte's ministers, was going up towards the Palais-Royal with several members of the Assembly. As he went by he uttered Louis Bonaparte's name with an execration. Monsieur Buffet was a man of some importance; he was one of the three chief political advisers to the Right, the other two being Monsieur Fould and Monsieur Molé.

In the Rue Monthabor, two steps from the Rue Saint-Ho-



noré, all was silent and peaceful. Not a passer-by, not a door open, not a head at the window. In the apartment on the fourth floor, to which we were shown, the calm was not less complete. The windows opened upon an inner courtyard. Five or six red arm-chairs were ranged in front of the fireplace, and on a table were several books, which seemed to be concerned with administrative law and political economy. The representatives, who immediately joined us, came in hurriedly, and threw their dripping umbrellas and wet coats into the corners of the peaceful drawing-room. No one knew exactly what was going on, but every one had his conjectures to offer.

Scarcely had the committee found seats in the adjoining room, when our ex-colleague, Leblond, was announced. He brought King, the delegate of the workingmen's associations, with him. The delegate informed us that the committee of the associations was in session, and had sent him to us. Following the instructions of the Committee of Insurrection, they had endeavored to prolong the struggle as much as possible, and to avoid a decisive encounter. A majority of the associations had not yet joined the combat, but the movement was gaining ground. The battle had been vigorous all the morning. The Society of the Rights of Man was in the streets. Ex-Constituent Beslay had got together six or seven hundred workmen in the Passage du Caire, and had posted them in the streets about the Bank. New barricades would probably be erected that night, the resistance was becoming more active, the hand-to-hand struggle, which the committee had desired to avoid, seemed to be imminent, everything was going forward with a rush. Should we keep on, or draw back? Should we run the risk of a single blow which would decide once for all the supremacy of the Empire or of the Republic? The workingmen's associations asked for instructions. They had three or four thousand combatants in reserve, and could, according to the committee's wishes, hold them aloof, or throw them into the field of battle. They felt sure of their allies; they would do whatever we wished, while, at the same time, they did not

deny that the workmen were eager for the conflict, and that it would be a difficult task to allay their ardor.

The majority of the committee were in favor of a waiting policy and a prolongation of the struggle, and it was difficult to prove that they were in the wrong. It was certain that if the present situation could be continued into another week, Louis Bonaparte would be doomed. Paris will not submit for a week to be trampled under foot by an army. And yet, for my part, I was struck with the fact that the workingmen's associations offered us important assistance with re-inforcements of three or four thousand combatants. The workingman does not understand strategy, he lives on the enthusiasm of the moment, delay disconcerts him, he does not burn out but he grows cold. If there were three thousand to-day would there be five hundred to-morrow? Moreover, something serious had taken place on the boulevard. What, we did not know as yet; what consequences would follow we could not imagine, — but it seemed to me impossible that the unknown event which had just occurred should not modify the situation and therefore change our plan of campaign. With these points in view, I spoke. I declared that we must accept the workingmen's offer, and at once precipitate the struggle. "Revolutionary warfare," I said, "sometimes demands sudden changes of tactics. A general in open combat with the enemy can take his own time. He sees his way before him; he knows his strength, the number of his soldiers, the muster of his regiments, — so many men, so many horses, so many cannon, — he knows his own strength and the strength of the enemy; he chooses the time and place of battle; he has a map before him, he knows what he is doing; he is sure of his reserve, he holds it back, he retains it, he brings it up when he is ready, he has it always under his hand. But we," I exclaimed, "are in the unknown and the inscrutable. We are trusting to luck on indeterminate chances. Who is against us? We know. But who is for us? We cannot tell. How many soldiers? how many guns? how many cartridges? It

is impossible to say! Perhaps we have the whole people; possibly no one. Hold back the reserve? But who will be responsible? To-day it is an army, to-morrow it will be a handful of dust. We can see nothing but our duty; all the rest is in darkness. We conjecture everything, we are sure of nothing. We are fighting a blind battle. Let us strike all the blows we can, go straight on at all hazards, hurl ourselves upon the adversary, having faith in our cause; for, since we are justice and law, God will go with us into the shadow. Let us accept the magnificent, the uncertain chance of righteousness fighting though disarmed."

Constituent Leblond and Delegate King, when consulted by the committee, were found to be of my opinion. The committee decided that the associations should be invited in our name to go at once into the streets and give all their strength to the combat.

"But we shall have no reinforcements for to-morrow," objected one member of the committee, "what auxiliary shall we have then?"

"Victory," said Jules Favre.

Carnot and Michel de Bourges observed that it would be well if those members of the associations who belonged to the National Guard would wear their uniforms. This also was adopted. Delegate King arose, —

"Citizen Representatives," he said, "your instructions shall be delivered at once; our friends are ready; in a few hours they will be assembled. To-night, barricades and the combat!"

"Would it be of any service," I asked, "if a representative, a member of this committee, were to be with you to-night, wearing his official scarf?"

"Undoubtedly," he replied.

"Well," I said, "I am ready; take me."

"We will all go," exclaimed Jules Favre.

The delegate remarked that it would be enough if one of us would be present when the associations appeared on the

streets, and that the other members of the committee could then be told where to come. It was agreed that when the place of meeting and the strategical points were decided upon, he would send some one to guide to the proper place.

"Before an hour has gone by, you will hear from me," he said as he left us.

As the delegates were going out, Mathieu de la Drôme entered. He stopped on the threshold. He was pale. He came from the boulevards.

"This is not Paris," he exclaimed, "this is not the Republic; this is Naples, and Bomba is king!"

I saw Mathieu de la Drôme again, later on. "Worse than Bomba," I said, — "Satan."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A DECLARATION OF MORAL LAWS.

THE carnage on the Boulevard Montmartre was the one display of originality on the part of the *Coup d'État*. Without this butchery, the Second of December would have been simply an Eighteenth Brumaire. Louis Bonaparte escaped plagiarism by massacre. Up to that time he had been nothing but an imitator. The little Boulogne hat, the gray overcoat, the tame eagle, were grotesque. "What a parody!" people said. He made every one laugh; suddenly, he made every one tremble.

To be odious is an escape from being ridiculous.

He was more than odious, — he was execrable.

He was ambitious to excel in great crimes; he wanted to be as bad as the worst. His greed for horror gives him a place apart in the menagerie of tyrants. A little rascal trying to be a big villain, a miniature Nero trying to emulate the gigantic enormities of Lacenaire. "Art for art," assassination for assassination.

Louis Bonaparte created a new type. In this way, he entered into the unexpected. This was his self-revelation.

Some brains are unfathomable. For a long time, it is plain that Bonaparte had been possessed with the idea of assassinating that he might reign. Criminals are haunted by visions of coming crime; this is always the first step in treason. The crime is there, vague and indeterminate, almost unrecognized; souls are blackened only by degrees. Such rascally deeds are not spontaneous; they do not leap at a single bound to perfection; they are engendered, they grow from

formless and chaotic shapes, and are kept alive by the ideas with which they are surrounded; they make ready for the appointed day; they are terrible in their vagueness. The idea of winning a throne by massacre dwelt for a long time with Louis Bonaparte. It found an abiding place in his soul. There it dwelt like a larva in a cage, hidden in shadows, doubts, desires, expedients, in dreams of unattainable Cæsarian socialism, — a hydra clothed in the garment of chaos. He scarcely realized that this formless shape was in him. But, when he had need of it, he found it there, armed, and ready to serve him. His fathomless brain had nourished it in obscurity. Darkness is the nurse of monsters.

Until the memorable Fourth of December, it is possible that Louis Bonaparte did not know his own soul. Those who studied this imperial curiosity found it difficult to believe him capable of deliberate ferocity. They thought him to be a petty swindler dreaming of empire, one who might gain a crown by trickery; a bloodless parricide; a mediocre figure, incapable of attaining the summit of infamy; a dweller in the middle regions, a little above the rogues, a little below the great malefactors. They thought him well qualified for a bandit's den or a gambling table, because he would reverse the rôles, and cheat as a bandit while he killed as a gambler. The massacre of the boulevard unmasked his soul. They saw him as he was; the ridiculous nicknames, "Nosey" and "Finikin" were dropped; they saw the bandit, — the real counterfeit that had been hidden under the imaginary Bonaparte. They shuddered. This, then, was what the man held in reserve.

There have been apologies; they could not but fail. It is easy to praise Bonaparte, for they even praised Dupin; but to cleanse him is another matter. What of the Fourth of December? How shall we get rid of it? It is more difficult to justify than to glorify; the sponge is a harder thing to handle than the censer. The panegyrists of the *Coup d'État* have had their labor for their pains. Even that noble woman



Madame Sand, has made a melancholy effort at rehabilitation ; but, do what we will, the death-roll cannot be wiped out.

No, no. Extenuation is impossible. Unhappy Bonaparte ! There is blood upon his garments.

The deed of the Fourth of December is the most colossal blow ever struck by an unfettered brigand, we will not say at a people, but at the whole human race. The blow was monstrous, and Paris lay prostrate. When Paris is down, conscience, reason, human liberty, are down. The progress of centuries falls to the ground. The torch of justice, truth, and righteousness is reversed and extinguished. All this Louis Bonaparte did on that dreadful day.

The scoundrel's success was complete. The Second of December being lost, was saved by the Fourth of December. It was a good deal like Erostratus saving Judas. Paris realized that there was a new chapter of horrors, that behind the oppressor was the scavenger. A swindler steals Cæsar's mantle. The man was small, it is true, but he was frightful. Paris yielded to fright, gave up the struggle, lay down and died. She was stifled by events. The crime was unprecedented. Centuries hence, when some future Æschylus or Tacitus lifts the cover, 'twill smell to heaven. Paris yielded, Paris abdicated, Paris surrendered. The strength of treason was in its novelty. Paris almost ceased to be Paris. The next day, the Titan of cities sat cowering in darkness.

We must insist on one point, because moral laws affirm it. Louis Bonaparte, after the Fourth of December, was still Napoleon the Little. He was dwarfed by the enormity of his crime. The colossal deed added nothing to his stature ; the magnitude of the assassination did not make the assassin great. The pigmy got the better of the giant. It is a humiliating avowal, but it cannot be eluded. Dishonored history can only blush.



VICTORY.



## FOURTH DAY.—THE VICTORY.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT. — THE RUE TIQUETONNE.

As Mathieu de la Drôme uttered the words, "Bomba is king," Charles Gambon entered. He fell into a chair, muttering, "It is horrible!" Bancel followed. "We just came from there," said Bancel. Gambon had taken shelter in a doorway. In front of Barbedienne's alone, he had encountered thirty-seven corpses. But what did it all mean? What was the object of this monstrous wholesale murder? We could not tell. The massacre was an enigma. We were in the sphinx's grotto.

Labrousse came in. He insisted that we must leave Dupont White's house. It was on the point of being surrounded. For some moments, the Rue Monthabor, usually deserted, had been peopled with suspicious figures. Men seemed to be watching No. 11 closely. Some of these men, who seemed to be acting in unison, belonged to the old Club of Clubs which, because of its reactionary membership, was vaguely associated with the police. We must disperse. "I have just seen Longepied prowling around," said Labrousse. We separated. Each went his own way, and alone. He did not know where he should see the others again, or if he should ever see them. What was going to happen, and what was to become of us? We did not know. We were filled with horror.

I went up towards the boulevard, wishing to see what was going on.

What was going on I have already described.



Bancel and Versigny had joined me.

As I was leaving the boulevard, swept by the terrified crowd I knew not where, toward the centre of Paris, a voice suddenly murmured in my ear, "There is something that you must see." I recognized the voice as the voice of E. P——, a dramatic author, a man of talent, whom I had got exempted from military service under Louis Philippe. I had not seen him for four or five years, and now I met him in this tumult. He spoke to me as if we had seen each other the day before. That was one of the results of that horrible period. There was no time for etiquette. Conventionality was forgotten.

"Ah, it is you," I said. "What do you want of me?"

"I live in a house close by," he replied. "Come."

He led me into an obscure street. We heard explosions, and at the end of the street were the ruins of a barricade. As I have said, Versigny and Bancel were with me. E. P—— turned to them.

"These gentlemen may come too," he said.

"What street is this?" I asked.

"The Rue Tiquetonne. Come."

We followed him. I have given elsewhere\* an account of this tragedy. E. P—— stopped before a tall, gloomy house. He pushed open an outer door, which was not fastened, then another door, and we entered a lower room which was very quiet, and lighted by a lamp. The room seemed to be connected with a shop. At the rear were two beds, side by side, one large and the other small. Over the little bed was the portrait of a woman, and above the portrait a palm branch. The lamp stood on the mantelpiece. There was a little fire in the grate. Near the lamp, sitting on a chair, was an old woman, bent almost double over something which was in the shadow, and which she held in her arms. I drew near her. She was holding a dead child. The poor woman was sobbing quietly. E. P——, who belonged to the house, touched her shoulder, and said, —

\* *Les Châtiments.*

“Let us see it.”

The old woman raised her head, and I saw upon her knees a little boy, pale, half undressed, pretty, with two red holes in his forehead. The old woman looked at me, but it was plain that she did not see me. She muttered, speaking to herself, —

“And to think that he called me ‘Grandma’ this morning.”

E. P—— took the child’s hand and let it fall. “Seven years old,” he said. A basin was on the ground. They had washed the child’s face. Two little streams of blood trickled from the two wounds. At the back of the room, near a half-open clothes-press containing linen, stood a serious, plainly dressed, cleanly looking, fairly pretty woman of forty.

“A neighbor,” said E. P——. He explained that there was a doctor in the house, that the doctor had come down, and said, “Nothing can be done.” The child had been struck by two bullets while crossing the street, “trying to get away.” They had brought him to his grandmother, who had “no one but him.” It was the dead mother’s portrait that hung above the little bed.

The child’s eyes were half open, and had the indefinable expression that comes into the eyes of the dead when perception of the real gives place to vision of the infinite. The old woman spoke now and then between her sobs, “Ah, God, is it possible? What brigands! The government, was it?”

“Yes,” I said.

We finished the undressing of the child. He had a top in his pocket. His head rolled about from side to side. I supported it, and kissed his forehead. Versigny and Bancel drew off his stockings. The grandmother suddenly looked up. “Don’t hurt him,” she said.

She took the two little cold white feet in her aged hands and tried to warm them. When the poor little body was naked we thought of washing it. We got a cloth from the closet. Then the old woman burst into a terrible flood of tears. “Give him back to me!” she cried. Then she sat up



and stared at us, and began to pour forth a stream of incoherent talk about Bonaparte, God, her little one, the school where he went, the daughter she had lost, and she even cast reproaches at us. She was livid, haggard, her eyes were wild; she was more phantasmal than the dead child. Then she buried her face in her hands, placed her folded arms on the child, and went on sobbing. The woman who was standing by came up to me, and, without a word, wiped my mouth with a handkerchief. My lips were bloody. Alas, what could we do? We went out in despair. It was now night. Bancel and Versigny left me.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT. — THE MARKETS.

I CAME back to my lodging, No. 19 Rue Richelieu. The massacre seemed to be over. There was no more firing to be heard. As I was about to knock at the door of No. 19, I hesitated for a moment. A man was there; he seemed to be watching. I went straight up to him.

"You seem to be waiting for some one," I said.

"Yes."

"For whom?"

"You." And lowering his voice, he added, "I have come to speak with you."

I looked at him. A street lamp shone upon him. He did not evade the light. He was a young man, with a light-colored beard, wearing a blue blouse and having an intelligent face, and large, strong hands.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I belong to the Last-makers' Association," he replied. "I know you very well, Citizen Victor Hugo."

"From whom do you come?" I asked once more.

"From Citizen King," he whispered.

"Very good," I said.

He then gave me his name. As he survived the events of the night of December 4, and has thus far escaped condemnation, the reader will understand why I do not give his name in this place, and why, throughout the remainder of this narrative, I speak of him by his trade as the last-maker.\*

\*Now that twenty-six years have elapsed, the name of this courageous and loyal man may be published. His name was Galoy (not Galloix, as some of the historians of the *Coup d'État*, who give their own version of the ensuing events, have printed it).

“What have you to say to me?” I asked.

He explained that the outlook was by no means hopeless; that he and his friends intended to maintain the struggle; that the places where the associations were to meet had not yet been decided upon, but would be that evening; that my presence was desired; and that if I would be under the Colbert Arcade at nine o'clock, he or another of their men would be there to act as my guide. We decided that we would recognize one another by means of the password, “What is Joseph doing?” Perhaps he imagined doubt or distrust on my part; at any rate, he suddenly paused and said, —

“You are not obliged to believe me. We cannot think of everything. I should have got a word in writing. In times like these one distrusts everybody.”

“On the contrary,” I said, “one trusts everybody. I will be at the Colbert Arcade at nine o'clock.”

I left him and went to my place of refuge. I was tired and hungry. I ate of Charamaule's chocolate and a small piece of bread that I had left. I sank into an arm-chair. Having eaten, I slept. Sleep is sometimes a vision of horror. Such was mine. It was filled with spectres. I saw the dead child again; the two wounds in his forehead were two mouths, and one said “Morny,” the other, “Saint-Arnaud.” But dreams are not history. I will be brief. Suddenly, I awoke. “Can it be after nine?” I said to myself with a start. I had forgotten to wind up my watch; it had stopped. I hurried out of doors. The street was deserted, the shops closed. In the Place Louvois, I heard the hour striking, probably from Saint-Roch. I listened. I counted nine. In a moment I was under the Colbert Arcade. I looked about in the darkness. No one to be seen. I knew I could not stay and watch, for there is a police station close by the Colbert Arcade, and patrolmen were passing every moment. I went into the street. I found no one. I went as far as the Rue Vivienne. At the corner of the Rue Vivienne, a man had stopped in front of a placard and was trying to tear it down or to deface it.

I drew near, but he probably took me for a police agent, for he ran away at the top of his speed. I returned as I had come. Near the Colbert Arcade, as I got to the point where theatrical bills are posted, a workman who was passing, said hurriedly, "What is Joseph doing?" I recognized the last-maker. "Come," he said.

We went on our way without speaking, and keeping some distance apart, he walking in advance. We went first to two houses whose location I cannot mention here without providing victims for proscription. No news at either house. No one had been there in behalf of the associations. "We'll go to the other," said the last-maker; and he explained that they had agreed upon three different places that they might be sure of their communications in case the police should discover the first, or even the second rendezvous. As far as possible, we took similar precautions with regard to our legislative and committee meetings.

We were in the market quarter. There had been fighting in that region all day long. The gaslights were extinguished. From time to time we stopped and listened, that we might not run into the patrol. We climbed over the remains of a board fence from which material had doubtless been taken for barricades, and we crossed the vast area of half-demolished houses which at that time encumbered the lower portions of the Rue Montmartre and the Rue Montorgueil. A rosy light gleamed from the peaks of the dismantled gables, probably reflected from the bivouac fires of the troops camped in the markets, and in the vicinity of Saint-Eustache. The light served us well. The last-maker, however, nearly fell into a deep excavation, the cellar of a demolished house.

Emerging from the field of ruins, with its isolated trees and traces of gardens, we entered a series of narrow, crooked, and pitch dark streets, where I completely lost track of my surroundings. But the last-maker went on as confidently as if it were broad daylight.

Once he turned and said, —

"The whole quarter is barricaded, and if our friends take a hand, as I expect, they will be able to hold out here a long time, I promise you." All at once he stopped. "Here is one," he said.

In front of us, some seven or eight paces away, was a barricade built entirely of paving stones, not higher than a man's stature, and looking in the darkness like a ruined wall. There was a narrow opening at one end. We went through. There was no one behind the barricade.

"There was fighting here not long ago," the last-maker whispered. Then, after a moment's silence, he added, "We are getting near."

The pavement was full of holes, and we were obliged to be on our guard. We strode, and sometimes we leaped, from paving stone to paving stone. Dark as it was, a glimmer of light hung about us. We saw a shadowy form stretched out in front of us, close by the sidewalk. "The deuce," my guide muttered; "we came near stepping on it." He took a little wax match from his pocket and struck it on his sleeve. The light spurted up and fell upon a pale face looking at us with unmoving eyes. A corpse was lying there. It was an old man. The last-maker swept the match over him from head to foot. The dead man lay in the form of a cross; his two arms were outstretched. His white hair, splashed with red, hung in the gutter. Beneath him was a pool of blood. A large, blackened patch in his waistcoat showed where the ball had struck him. One of his braces was unfastened. Heavy laced shoes were on his feet. The last-maker lifted one of the arms, and said "His collar-bone is broken." The head moved, the open mouth turned towards us, as if to speak. I looked — I almost listened. Suddenly, the vision disappeared. The face vanished in the darkness. The match had gone out.

We went on in silence. After twenty steps or so, the last-maker muttered to himself in an undertone, "Don't know him." Still we went on. From cellar to roof, from ground-floor to attic, every house was dark. We seemed to be wander-

ing in an immense sepulchre. A strong, masculine, sonorous voice suddenly spoke from the darkness, —

“Who goes there?”

“Ah, there they are,” said the last-maker. He whistled in a peculiar way.

“Come on,” said the voice.

Another barricade, a little higher than the other, and perhaps a hundred paces from it, built, as nearly as I could see, of casks filled with paving stones. On top, the wheels of a truck were thrust between the barrels. Planks and beams were thrown upon the structure. There was a passageway narrower than that of the other barricades.

“Citizens,” said the last-maker, going behind the barricade, “how many are here?”

“Two,” replied the voice that had called, “Who goes there?”

“Is that all?”

“That’s all?”

It was true. Only two men behind that heap of paving stones, alone in the darkness and in that deserted street, awaiting the assault of a regiment. Both wore blouses; they were workmen; they had cartridges in their pockets, and guns on their shoulders.

“It seems,” the last-maker exclaimed, in an impatient tone, “that our friends have not yet arrived.”

“Well,” I said, “let us wait for them.”

The last-maker spoke for a few moments in an undertone with one of the two defenders of the barricade, and probably mentioned my name, for he approached me and said,—

“Citizen representative, it’s going to be hot here before long.”

“That may be,” I replied, with a laugh, “but it is cold enough now.”

It was, indeed, very cold. The street, where the pavement had been torn up behind the barricade, was simply a sewer; we stood ankle deep in water.



"It will be hot, I tell you," the workman went on, "and you would do well to go further off."

The last-maker put his hand on the other's shoulder, "Comrade, we must stay here. The place of meeting is close by here, in the hospital."

"All the same," replied the other workman, who was short of stature, and who stood on a paving stone — "all the same, it would be better if the citizen representative went further off."

"I am satisfied to be where you are," I said.

The street was dark. We could not see the sky. Inside the barricade, on the left, that is, on the side where the opening was, a feeble light shone through the apertures in a tall inclosure of planks. A house, seven or eight stories high, towered above the planks; the lower story was being repaired; the underpinning had been taken out and the planks put in to take its place. A ray of light from between the planks fell upon the opposite wall, and illuminated an old torn poster, bearing the words, "Asnières. Water tournaments. Grand ball."

"Have you another gun," the last-maker asked, of the taller of the two workmen.

"If we had three guns, we should be three men," the workman replied.

"Do you think we are lacking in good will?" asked the little man. "There are musicians enough, but where are the clarionets?"

At one corner of the plank inclosure was a low and narrow door, looking like the door of a stall rather than the door of a shop. The shop to which the door gave entrance was otherwise closely shut up. The door seemed also to be fastened. The last-maker went up to it and gave it a gentle push. It opened.

"Go in," he said.

I went in first. He followed, and closed the door behind us. We were in a lower room. At the back, on the left, a partly opened door gave vent to a gleam of light. That was the only light in the room. I could dimly see a counter and

a stove, painted black and white. A hurried, intermittent, half-stifled, gurgling sound seemed to come from the place where the light was. The last-maker went rapidly towards the half-opened door. I walked across the room behind him, and we found ourselves in a large enclosure, lighted by a single candle. We were inside the planks. There was nothing but the planks between us and the barricade. The enclosure comprised the entire lower story, which was undergoing repairs. Iron posts, painted red, and fixed into stone foundations, upheld the beams overhead at frequent intervals. Facing the street, a massive framework stood midway of the planking and supported the main sill of the second story, upon which rested the weight of the whole house. In one corner lay some mason's tools, a pile of rubbish, and a long double ladder. Here and there, a few straw-bottomed chairs. For floor, the damp ground. By a table, where a candle burned amid an array of medicine bottles, an old woman and a little girl, of about eight years, were in front of a basket of old linen, making lint; the old woman seated, the child crouching on the ground. The end of the enclosure, which was in shadow, was littered with straw, and on the straw were three mattresses. The gurgling sound came from that direction.

"This is the hospital," said the last-maker.

The old woman turned her head, and on seeing us was seized with a convulsive shudder; then, reassured, probably by the last-maker's blouse, she arose and came towards us. The last-maker whispered a few words in her ear.

"I haven't seen any one," she said; "but I'm uneasy because my husband hasn't come back. They have been firing all the evening."

Two men lay on two of the mattresses. The third mattress was unoccupied. The nearest wounded man had been shot in the abdomen with a musket ball. The gurgling came from him. The old woman approached the mattress with the candle and whispered, holding up her clinched fist, —

"If you could see the hole it made! We stuffed a bunch

of lint as big as that into his belly. He isn't more than twenty years old," she went on; "he'll be dead before morning."

The other was younger still—not more than eighteen. "That's a handsome black overcoat," said the old woman. "Probably he's a student."

The lower part of his face was wrapped in blood-stained bandages. He was shot in the mouth, she told us, and his jaw was broken. He had a high fever and looked at us with shining eyes. From time to time, he stretched out his right arm to a basin of water, in which a sponge was soaking, took up the sponge and with it moistened his bandages. I fancied that he looked at me in a meaning way. I went up to him, bent over, and gave him my hand, which he took in his own.

"Do you know me?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, with a hand clasp that wrung my heart.

"Wait for me here," said the last-maker. "I'll be back in a moment. I want to see if there is any way of getting a gun around here. Would you like one, yourself?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "I shall stay without any gun. I go but half way in civil war. I am willing to die, but I do not wish to kill."

I asked him if he thought his friends would come. He declared that he did not understand it, that the men belonging to the associations ought to be on the spot at that moment, that there should have been twenty men instead of two behind the barricade, that instead of two barricades in the street there should have been ten, and that something must have happened.

"At any rate," he said, "I am going to see. Promise me that you will wait for me here."

"I promise," I replied. "If necessary, I will wait here all night."

He left me. The old woman had taken her place again by the little girl, who apparently did not understand what was

going on about her, and who now and then looked at me with large, peaceful eyes. Both were poorly clad; the child, I thought was barefooted. "My man, don't come," said the old woman; "my poor man don't come back. I hope nothing has happened to him"; and with many pitiful appeals to heaven, she went on picking her lint while she wept. I thought, with bitterness of soul, of the old man we had found a few steps away, stretched out on the pavement. A newspaper lay on the table. I took it up and unfolded it. It was the *P*——, the rest of the title had been torn away. Bloody fingers had left their mark upon it. Probably a wounded man had rested his hand upon the table as he came in. My eyes fell upon these lines, —

"Victor Hugo has just issued an appeal in behalf of pillage and assassination."

In these words the *Élysée* journal spoke of the proclamation which I had dictated to Baudin, and which has been already given in this history. As I threw the newspaper on the table, one of the two defenders came in from the barricade. It was the short man. "A glass of water," he said. A decanter and a glass stood by the medicine bottles.

He drank eagerly. In his hand he held a piece of bread and a sausage, which he was eating. All at once we heard several loud reports, following each other in rapid succession, not very far off. In the darkness and the silence, it sounded as if a load of wood was being dumped on the pavement.

"It's beginning," the other combatant called without, in a calm and measured voice.

"Have I time to finish my bread?" asked the short man.

"Yes," replied the other.

"Citizen representative," the short man said, turning to me, "those are gunshots. They are attacking the barricades over there. You really ought to go away."

"But you are going to stay," I said.

"As for us," he responded, "we are armed, and you are not. You will simply get yourself killed, and no one will be the

better off for it. If you had a gun, I shouldn't say anything, but you have no gun. You must go away."

"I cannot," I said; "I am waiting for some one." He began to urge me. I took him by the hand. "Let me do as I think best," I said. He understood that it was my duty to remain and insisted no further. There was a pause. He began again to munch his bread. We heard nothing but the gurgle of the dying man. Then a hollow echo came to our ears. The old woman sprang from her chair.

"The cannon!" she murmured.

"No," said the short man, "some one slammed a street door." Then he exclaimed, "There, I've finished my bread," rubbed one hand against the other, and went out.

Meanwhile, the reports continued and seemed to draw nearer. There was a noise outside in the shop. The last-maker came in. He stood at the entrance to the hospital. He was pale.

"Here I am," he said. "I came to look for you. We must go home now. Let us go as quickly as possible."

I arose from the chair in which I had been sitting. "What does this mean?" I asked. "Are they not coming?"

"No," he replied; "no one is coming. It's all over."

Then he rapidly explained that he had run through the entire district trying to find a gun, that he had had his trouble for nothing, that he had spoken with two or three, that we must expect nothing from the associations, that they would not come out, that the day's occurrences had frightened them, that the boulevards were filled with corpses, that the troops had done "horrible things," that the barricade was to be attacked, that as he came in he heard footsteps in the square, the tread of the approaching soldiers, that we could do nothing more there, that we must get away, that the house was badly chosen, that there was no egress to the rear, that we might, even now, find it difficult to get out of the street, and that we had but little time to spare. All this he said, breathlessly, briefly, ejaculating at intervals, "To think we



have no arms; to think that I have no gun!" As he finished, we heard the call "Ready!" from the barricade, and almost immediately the report of a musket. A heavy volley answered the musket shot. Several bullets struck the planking, but the angle was so acute that they did not penetrate. We heard the sound of broken window glass falling into the street.

"Our chance is gone," said the last-maker, calmly. "The barricade is attacked."

He took a chair and sat down. The two workmen were evidently experts in the use of firearms. Two volleys swept over the barricade, one after the other. The barricade replied with alacrity. Then the firing ceased. Silence followed.

"They are coming now with fixed bayonets, at double quick," said a voice from the barricade. "Let's get out of this," said the other voice. Another shot was fired. Then a violent blow, which we took for a warning, was struck against the planking. One of the workmen had thrown away his gun as he went, and in falling, it had come in contact with the enclosure. The footsteps of the two combatants rapidly died away. Almost at the same instant, there was a sound of voices, and the ringing of muskets against the paving stones by the barricade.

"It's over," said the last-maker; and he blew out the candle. An ominous tumult filled the street. The soldiers knocked at the doors of the houses with the butts of their muskets. It was a miracle that they did not see the shop door. If they had merely brushed against it they would have found that it was not fastened, and would have come in. A voice, probably an officer's voice, called "Light up the windows!" The soldiers swore. "Where are the rascally Reds?" we heard them say, "let's search the houses." We were in darkness. Not a word was spoken, not a breath was heard. Even the dying man seemed to realize the danger, and ceased to gurgle. I felt the little girl pressing against my legs. A soldier struck the barrels and said with a laugh, "Here's something to make a fire with to-night." "Where are they



gone?" said another. "There were at least thirty. Let's go through the houses." Another objected to this. "What, such a night as this? Beard the shopkeepers in their dens? There's some waste land over there. They've got away."

"That may be," said the others, "But let's search the houses." At that moment a gun was fired at the other end of the street. This gunshot saved us. Probably, one of the two workmen had taken this means to set us free.

"That comes from over there," cried the soldiers, and, all starting at once towards the spot where the gun had been fired, they left the barricade, and ran rapidly down the street. The last-maker and I got up.

"They are gone," he whispered, "Quick, let us go!"

"But this poor woman," I said. "Are we to leave her behind?"

"Have no fear for me," she exclaimed. "This is a hospital. I am in charge of the wounded. I shall even light the candle again when you are gone. But my poor husband has not come back."

We crossed the shop on tiptoe. The last-maker opened the door softly, and glanced into the street. Several of the inhabitants had obeyed the order to illuminate, and four or five lighted candles flickered upon the window sills. The street was no longer wholly dark. "No one there," said the last-maker, "but hurry, for they will probably come back."

We went out, the old woman closed the door behind us, and we found ourselves in the street. We climbed over the barricade, and got away as quickly as possible. We passed close to the dead man. There he still lay upon the pavement, vaguely distinguishable in the light from the candles. He seemed to be asleep. As we reached the second barricade we heard the soldiers returning behind us. We got to the waste lands. There we were safe. We continually heard the report of musketry. "They are fighting over towards the Rue de Cléry," said the last-maker. Emerging from the waste lands we got around the markets by a circuitous course from one

alley to another, in constant peril from the patrol, and at length gained the Rue Saint-Honoré. At the corner of the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec, the last-maker and I separated. "The fact is," he said to me, "two are in greater danger than one." I went back to No. 19 Rue Richelieu.

While crossing the Rue des Bourdonnais we had seen the bivouac in the Place Saint-Eustache. The troops who had been sent out to the attack had not returned. There were only a few companies in the square. We heard shouts of laughter. The soldiers warmed themselves at great fires. In the fire nearest us we could see wagon wheels which had been taken from the barricades. Some of them were reduced to hoops of red-hot iron.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT. — THE PETIT-CARREAU.

A FEW steps away on this same night, at almost the same moment, a horrible thing happened. After the taking of the barriade where Pierre Tissié had been killed, seventy or eighty combatants had retired in good order through the Rue Saint-Sauveur. They reached the Rue Montorgueil and rallied at the corner of the Rue du Petit-Carreau and the Rue Cadran. The street ascends at this place. There, at the junction of the Rue du Petit-Carreau and the Rue de Cléry, was an abandoned barriade of good height and well built. There had been fighting at that spot in the morning. The soldiers had taken the barricade, but had not destroyed it. Why not? There were, as we have said, many similar inconsistencies on this eventful day. The armed company from the Rue Saint-Denis stopped there and waited. They were surprised at not being pursued. Were the troops afraid to follow them through the narrow alleys where the corner of every house might conceal an ambuscade? Had the order been countermanded? They could only conjecture. But now they heard close by, evidently upon the boulevard, terrific volleys of musketry, and the continuous thunder of a cannonade. Being without ammunition, they could do nothing but listen. If they had known what was going on there, they would have understood why they were not pursued. Butchery had begun on the boulevard. The generals employed in the massacre had given over fighting. Fugitives from the boulevard approached, but when they saw the barricade they turned back. Some, however, joined the band of combatants, uttering indignant appeals for vengeance. One who lived near by ran home and came

back with a tin pail full of cartridges. That was enough for an hour's fighting. They began to build a barricade at the corner of the Rue du Cadran. In this way the Rue du Petit-Carreau was closed by two barricades, one facing the Rue de Cléry, the other at the corner of the Rue du Cadran, overlooking the whole Rue Montorgueil. They were between the two barricades, as if in a citadel. The second barricade was much stronger than the first.

Nearly all the men wore coats. Some rolled up paving stones with their gloves on. The few workmen among them were intelligent and energetic. They were what might be called the "cream of the lower classes." Jeanty Sarre joined them. He at once became the leader. Charpentier, too brave for inaction, too dreamy for a commander, was with him.

Two barricades, enclosing a space of forty metres in the Rue Montorgueil, had been built at the top of the Rue Mauconseil. Three other barricades — they were very weak — intersected the Rue Montorgueil, between the Rue Mauconseil and Saint-Eustache. Night was approaching. The fusillade on the boulevard was dying out. A surprise was possible. They put a sentry at the corner of the Rue du Cadran, and established the main guard on the side towards the Rue Montmartre. Their scouts brought in some information. A regiment was getting ready to bivouac in the Place des Victoires. Their position, though apparently strong, was not so in reality. Their numbers were not great enough to permit them to defend the barricade on the Rue de Cléry and that on the Rue Montorgueil at the same time, and troops coming up from behind, under cover of the second barricade, might be upon them before they were discovered. This decided them to establish sentries in the Rue de Cléry. They put themselves in communication with the barricades in the Rue du Cadran and the two barricades in the Rue Mauconseil. These last two barricades were only about a hundred and fifty paces away. They were about six feet high, fairly strong, but guarded only by the six workmen who had built them.

About half past four, at twilight, — twilight comes early in December, — Jeanty Sarre took four men with him and made a reconnaissance. He thought also of building an advance barricade in one of the small neighboring streets. On the way they found one that had been abandoned, and which had been built of barrels. But the barrels were empty, one of them alone contained a few paving stones, and it could not be held for two minutes. As they emerged from this barricade they were suddenly fired upon. A platoon of infantry, scarcely visible in the dusk, was close by them. They hastily retreated, but one of them, a shoemaker from the Faubourg du Temple, was hit, and fell upon the pavement. They turned back, and brought him away. His right thumb was shattered.

"Thank Heaven," said Jeanty Sarre, "they have not killed him."

"No," said the poor man, "it's my bread that they have killed. I can't work now," he went on; "who will take care of my children?"

They came back, bringing their wounded. One of their number, a medical student, bandaged the wound. The sentinels they had posted outside, and who were chosen from their best men, reduced their strength most seriously. There were now only about thirty in the barricade. There, as in the Quartier du Temple, all the street lamps were extinguished, the gas pipes cut, the windows closed and dark, no moon, no stars. The night was very dark. They heard firing in the distance. The troops were firing around Saint-Eustache, and sent a bullet in their direction every two or three minutes, as if to say, "Here we are." But they did not expect to be attacked before morning. Snatches of talk like this took place, —

"I wish I had a bundle of straw," said Charpentier. "I have an idea that we shall sleep here to-night."

"Would you be able to sleep?" asked Jeanty Sarre.

"I? yes, indeed; I shall sleep." And, in fact, he was sound asleep a few moments later.

In this dark labyrinth of little streets, intersected by barricades and blockaded by soldiers, two wine shops remained open. In them, they made more lint than they drank wine. The chief's orders were that they should drink nothing but wine and water. The door of one of these wine shops was exactly midway between the two barricades on the Petit-Carreau. In it was a clock by which they regulated the relief of the sentinels. In the back shop they had imprisoned two suspicious persons who had joined the combatants. One of these men, at the moment when he was arrested, said: "I am fighting for Henri V." They were put under lock and key, with a guard at the door. A neighboring room was fixed up as a hospital. There the wounded shoemaker lay on a mattress thrown on the floor. Another hospital had been established, in case of need, in the Rue du Cadran. They had made an opening at the corner of the barricade on that side, in order that the wounded could be carried out easily. About half past nine in the evening, a man came into the barricade. Jeanty Sarre recognized him.

"Good evening, Denis," he said.

"Call me Gaston," said the man.

"Why so?"

"Because."

"Are you your brother?"

"Yes, I am my brother to-day."

"So be it. Good evening, Gaston."

They shook hands. It was Denis Dussoubs. He was pale, calm, and covered with blood. He had already fought that morning. At a barricade in the Faubourg Saint-Martin, a bullet had struck him in the chest, but had glanced from some silver that he carried in his waistcoat pocket, only tearing the skin. His was the rare good fortune of being scratched by a bullet. It was the first touch from the hand of death. He wore a cap, as he had left his hat behind in the barricade where he had been fighting, and he had replaced his bullet-pierced overcoat with a pea-jacket bought at a second-hand



clothes dealer's. How had he got to the Petit-Carreau barricade? He could not tell. He had kept straight on. He had slipped from street to street. Destiny takes the chosen ones by the hand and leads them to their goal, even through the darkness. When he entered the barricade, they had called to him, —

“Who goes there?”

“The Republic,” he answered.

They saw Jeanty Sarre take him by the hand, and they asked: “Who is he?”

“Some one,” answered Jeanty Sarre. “We were only sixty a moment ago,” he added; “now we are a hundred.”

They all pressed about the new-comer. Jeanty Sarre offered him the command.

“No,” said he, “there are tactics in barricade warfare which I do not understand. I should make a poor chief, but I am a good soldier. Give me a musket.”

They sat down on the paving stones, and told each other what they had done. Denis described the fighting in the Faubourg Saint-Martin, and Jeanty Sarre gave Denis an account of the struggle in the Rue Saint-Denis.

Meanwhile, the generals were preparing for a final attack; for what the Marquis de Clermont-Tonnerre called, in 1822, the *coup de collier*, and the Prince de Lambesc, in 1789, the *coup de bas*. In all Paris, this was now the only point of resistance. This knot of barricades, this labyrinth of fortified streets, was the last citadel of popular liberty and of justice. The generals invested it slowly, step by step, on all sides. They concentrated their forces. But those who were to be combatants at the fatal hour knew nothing of what was going on. And yet, from time to time, they stopped their talk and listened. From right and left, from front and rear, from all sides, a clamor rose up to them through the darkness — sounds growing louder and more distinct every moment — hoarse, strident, ominous — the sounds of battalions marching and countermarching to the note of the bugle, in all the

adjoining streets. At intervals, they talked again of brave deeds, and again they paused to listen to that ominous chorus of approaching death. Some of them still thought that there would be no attack till morning. Night combats are rare in street warfare, which, more than any other form of fighting, involves terrible chances. Few generals care to venture so far. But a few veterans in the barricade detected unmistakable signs of an immediate assault.

In fact, at half past ten that night—and not at eight o'clock, as General Magnan says in that detestable document he calls his "report"—there were indications of some important movement in the direction of the markets. The troops were taking positions. Colonel de Lourmel had decided upon an attack. The Fifty-first of the Line, posted at the corner of Saint-Eustache, moved into the Rue Montorgueil. The Second Battalion formed the advance guard. The Grenadiers and Light Infantry went forward at double quick and carried the three little barricades on the other side of the open space in the Rue Mauconseil, and also the barricades in the adjoining streets. This was at the very moment when the barricade I had visited [in the Rue Tiquetonne] was carried.

At the barricade in the Petit-Carreau they could hear the combat drawing near, the wild and dreadful uproar swelling and dying away in the darkness. First, terrific cannonading, then volleys of musketry, then silence, and then the ominous chorus began again. The flash of firearms lit up the fronts of the houses in the gloom with strange and grotesque effects. The critical moment was approaching. The sentinels had fallen back on the barricade. The advance posts in the Rue de Cléry and the Rue du Cadran had come in. They called the roll. Not one was missing. There were, as we have said, about sixty combatants—not a hundred, as Magnan's report has it.

From the upper end of the street where they were, it was difficult to see what was going on. They did not know

exactly how many barricades there were in the Rue Montorgueil between them and the troops at Saint-Eustache. They only knew that the nearest defensive point was the double barricade in the Rue Mauconseil, and that when all was over there it would be their turn. Denis had taken a position on the inner side of the barricade, exposing half his body above the top, and there he watched. His movements were visible in the light from the wine-shop doorway. Suddenly, he made a signal. The attack was beginning on the Mauconseil redoubt. The soldiers hesitated some time before this high, well-built, double wall of stones, which they concluded must be strongly defended; then they rushed forward, firing as they approached. They were not deceived. The barricade was strongly defended. As we have said, the defenders were six men, the six workmen who had built it. Of the six, one alone has as many as three cartridges; the others had two apiece. The six heard the battalion approaching, and the rumble of the battery that followed, but they did not flinch. Each stood silently at his post, the barrel of his gun between two paving stones. When the troops got within a short distance, they fired. The battalion replied.

"That's right! Blaze away!" the man with three cartridges shouted, laughingly.

Behind them, in the Petit-Carreau, the men grouped about Denis and Jeanty Sarre leaned upon the crest of their barricade and watched the Mauconseil redoubt with outstretched necks, like gladiators awaiting their turn in the arena. The six men in the Mauconseil redoubt resisted the charge of the battalion for fifteen minutes. They did not fire together, because, as one of them said, they wanted "to make the fun last longer." It was fun for them to die in behalf of duty; a grand speech in a workman's mouth. They did not retreat to the adjoining streets till all their ammunition was exhausted. The man who had had three cartridges did not leave till the soldiers were scaling the barricade.

At the Petit-Carreau barricade not a word was uttered;

they followed every phase of the combat, and pressed each other's hands. All at once the noise ceased. The last gun had been fired. A moment later they saw lighted candles in all the windows overlooking the Mauconseil redoubt. They saw the glitter of bayonets and the gleam of brass-trimmed shakos. The barricade was taken. The commander of the battalion had sent orders to the neighboring houses, as is customary at such times, to light up their windows.

Seeing that their hour had come, the sixty combatants in the Petit-Carreau barricade climbed up on the wall and shouted in the darkness, with one voice, "Long live the Republic!"

There was no reply.

They heard no sound save that of the battalion loading muskets.

They prepared at once for action. They were all worn out with fatigue; on foot since the previous night, rolling paving stones or fighting; most of them having neither eaten nor slept.

"We shall all be killed," said Charpentier to Jeanty Sarre.

"The deuce you say!" replied Jeanty.

He ordered the wine-shop door to be closed, that they might have the advantage of darkness while the troops were in the light in the other barricade. Meanwhile the Fifty-first had searched the streets, taken their wounded to temporary hospitals, and now occupied the Mauconseil redoubt. A half hour elapsed in this manner.

Now, to have an idea of what followed, imagine these two barricades facing one another in the darkness in the silent street, not more than a hundred yards apart, so near that the opposing forces could exchange speech, after the manner of the Iliad.

On one side the army; on the other side the people; darkness over all.

The truce that always precedes a decisive engagement drew to an end. Preparations were completed on both sides. They

could hear the soldiers forming ranks and the captains giving their orders. It was evident that the struggle was at hand.

"Let's begin," said Charpentier, raising his carbine.

Denis drew back the outstretched arm and said, "Wait."

An heroic incident took place. Denis mounted slowly to the top of the barricade, and stood upright, unarmed, and bareheaded. Then he lifted up his voice, and, facing the soldiers, shouted, —

"Citizens!"

Something like an electric shock passed from one barricade to the other. All noises ceased, all voices were hushed; on both sides, there was deep, religious, solemn silence. By the light from the windows, the soldiers could vaguely see a man standing upright in the gloom, speaking to them like a phantom of the night.

"Citizens of the army," Denis continued, "listen to me." The silence became more profound. He went on: "What have you come here to do? You and we here in this street, at this hour, with gun or sword in hand, what are we about to do? Kill each other? Kill each other, citizens! Why? Because they have brought about a misunderstanding between us! Because we each obey, — you, discipline; we, right. You believe that you are obeying orders; we know that we are doing our duty. Yes, universal suffrage, the right of the Republic, our right, is the right we defend, and our right, soldiers, is yours. The army is the people, for the people is the army. Great heavens! can you not see that we are the same nation, the same country, the same men? Is there any Russian blood in my veins? Is there any Prussian blood in yours? No! Why then do we fight? It is always a sad thing when one man fires at another man, and yet a shot between a Frenchman and an Englishman can be understood; but between a Frenchman and a Frenchman, — that wounds reason, that wounds our mother, France!"

All were listening anxiously. At this moment, from the opposite barricade, a voice called out, —



“Get to your homes, then!”

At this brutal interruption, Denis's companions uttered an angry murmur, and cocked their guns. Denis restrained them, with a gesture. The gesture was authoritative. “Who is this man?” the combatants asked one another. Then, all at once they exclaimed: “A representative of the people!”

Denis had suddenly put on his brother Gaston's scarf. What he had foreseen was about to be accomplished; the hour of heroic deceit had come.

“Soldiers!” he called, “do you know the man who now addresses you? He is not only a citizen, he is also a legislator. My name is Dussoubs, and I am a representative of the people. In the name of the National Assembly, in the name of the Sovereign Assembly, in the name of the people, in the name of the law, I summon you to listen to me. Soldiers, you are force. Very well. When law speaks, force must listen.”

We reproduce the words as literally as possible, as they were engraved on the memories of those who heard them; but we cannot reproduce what is essential to an understanding of their effect,—the attitude, the tone, the tremulous sincerity, the vibration of the words as they came from that noble throat, the majesty of the place and of the hour. “He spoke,” says one witness, “for about twenty minutes.” “He spoke in a loud voice,” says another; “every one in the street could hear him.” He was eager, eloquent, wise, a judge to Bonaparte, a friend to the soldiers. He sought to move them by every means in his power. He upheld their wars, their victories, national glory, military honor, the flag. All these, he said, their musket shots were about to destroy. He adjured them, he commanded them, to side with the people and the law, and then, returning to the first words he had uttered, inspired by an overwhelming sense of fraternity, he stopped in the middle of a sentence, and exclaimed,—

“But of what use are all these words? They go for nothing; what we need is the hand-clasp of brothers. Soldiers,



you stand before us, a hundred paces away in a barricade, with drawn swords and loaded muskets, aimed at me, but remember that all here love you. There is not one of us who would not give his life for one of you. You are peasants from the fields of France; we are workingmen of Paris. What ought we to do? To meet, to speak, and not to cut one another's throats. Ah, as for myself, in this terrible battle-field of civil war, I would rather die than kill. See, I am going to get down from this barricade, and come to you. I am unarmed. I only know that you are my brothers. I am trustful, I am calm. If one of you greets me with a bayonet, I will give him my hand."

He ceased to speak. A voice called in the opposite barricade: "Advance in order!" They saw him descend, slowly, from the dimly-lighted top of the barricade, and stand, with uplifted head, in the dark street. All eyes followed him with inexpressible anxiety. Hearts stood still, and each one held his breath. No one tried to restrain him. Each felt that he was going where he ought to go. Charpentier wanted to go with him. "May I go with you?" he called. Dussoubs refused with a shake of the head. He went on alone towards the Mauconseil barricade. The night was so dark that, almost immediately, they lost him from view. Only for a few seconds could they see his intrepid and peaceful bearing. Then he disappeared. They could see nothing more. It was a dreadful moment. The night was like a pall. They heard a measured step withdrawing into the distance. After an interval,—it seemed very brief to the witnesses of the extraordinary scene, so completely was thought blotted out by emotion,—a light appeared in the other barricade, probably a lantern, carried by one of the soldiers. They saw Dussoubs. He was near the barricade. He was going towards it with outstretched arms, in the attitude of the Christ.

Then a command was heard, —

"Fire!"

A volley burst forth.

They had fired on Dussoubs as he stood at the muzzles of their guns.

Dussoubs fell.

Then he got up, and shouted, "Long live the Republic!"

Another bullet struck him and he fell again. Then he got up a second time, and called in a loud voice, —

"I die for the Republic!"

These were his last words.

Thus died Denis Dussoubs.

Not in vain had he said to his brother, "Your scarf will be there."

That scarf was to him the emblem of duty. He determined in his great soul that the scarf should triumph, by the aid of law or by the aid of death.

In the first case, right would be saved; in the second place, honor.

Dying, he could say, "I have conquered."

Of the two victories, the most gloomy was not the least beautiful.

The Élysée rebel thought he had killed a representative of the people and boasted of it. The multiform newspaper published by the *Coup d'État*, under the different titles of *Patrie*, *Univers*, *Moniteur Parisien*, and so on, announced the next day, Friday, the 5th, that "ex-Representative Dussoubs (Gaston)" had been killed at a barricade in the Rue-Neuve-Saint-Eustache, carrying "a red flag in his hand."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT. — THE PASSAGE DU SAUMON.

WHEN those in the Petit-Carreau barricade saw Dussoubs fall, to the glory of his own cause and the shame of his murderers, there was an interval of stupefaction. Was it possible? Did they see aright? A crime like that committed by our soldiers? Every soul was filled with horror. The moment of surprise did not last long. "Long live the Republic!" the barricade shouted, and they sent a formidable volley into the death-trap. The combat began. A mad battle on the part of the *Coup d'État*, a despairing struggle on the part of the Republic. On the side of the soldiers, frightful and cold-blooded resolution, passive and ferocious obedience, numbers, good arms, autocratic commanders, pouches filled with cartridges; on the side of the people, no ammunition, disorder, fatigue, exhaustion, no discipline, wrath their only leader.

It seems that while Dussoubs was speaking, fifteen grenadiers, commanded by a sergeant named Pitrois, took advantage of the darkness and crept along by the houses till, without being seen or heard, they got close to the barricade. These fifteen men suddenly formed twenty paces off, and with lowered bayonets prepared to charge the barricade. They were received with a volley, and fell back, leaving several of their number in the gutter. "Finish up with them!" shouted Major Jeannin. The whole battalion occupying the Mauconseil redoubt then clambered over the uneven wall with uplifted bayonets, and without breaking ranks sprang into the open street. The four companies, massed closely together,

swept like a noisy torrent of humanity from the top of the barricade. The movement was seen in the Petit-Carreau, and they held their fire.

"Take aim," called Jeanty Sarre; "but don't fire. Wait for the word."

They took aim, their gun barrels thrust between the paving stones, ready to fire and waiting for the word. The battalion, having emerged from the Mauconseil redoubt, formed rapidly in an attacking column, and in a moment they could hear the noise of an advance at double quick. The battalion was coming.

"Charpentier," said Jeanty Sarre, "you have good eyes. Are they half way?"

"Yes," said Charpentier.

"Fire," shouted Jeanty Sarre.

The barricade fired. The entire street was hidden in smoke. Several soldiers fell. They could hear the cries of the wounded. The battalion, riddled with bullets, halted and replied with platoon fire. Seven or eight combatants, whose bodies were exposed above the low and ill-built barricade, were hit. Three were killed outright. One, wounded in the abdomen, fell shrieking between Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier.

"Quick! to the hospital," said Jeanty Sarre.

"Where?"

"Rue du Cadran."

Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier took the wounded man, one by his feet, the other by his head, and carried him through the passageway into the Rue du Cadran. Meanwhile, there was a continuous fire from the troops. The street was obscured by smoke, the bullets whistled by one another; there were short and sharp commands, and the flashes from the guns lit up the darkness.

All at once a loud voice called out, "Forward!" and the battalion rushed at double quick upon the barricade. Then came a scene of horror. They fought hand to hand, a hun-

dred against fifty. They seized one another by the collar, the throat, the mouth, the hair. There was not a cartridge in the barricade, but there was despair. A workman, stabbed through and through, snatched the bayonet from his entrails and thrust it into a soldier. They could not see, but they preyed upon one another. They grappled one another fiercely in the darkness. The barricade did not hold out for two minutes. In many places it was, as we have said, quite low. The soldiers stepped over it. All the greater the heroism. One of the survivors \* said to the writer of these lines, "The barricade was a poor defence, but the men died very well."

All this happened while Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier were taking the wounded man to the hospital in the Rue du Cadran. His injury attended to, they returned to the barricade. As they drew near, some one called their names. A feeble voice close by said, "Jeanty Sarre! Charpentier!" they turned and saw one of their men leaning against a wall, his knees giving way beneath him. It was one of the combatants from the barricade. He had been able to take only a few steps along the street. He held one hand against his chest; he had been shot, face to face with the muzzle of a musket.

"The barricade is taken," he said in a scarcely audible voice. "Save yourselves."

"No," said Jeanty Sarre, "my gun is loaded." He went into the barricade, fired his musket, and went away.

The scene within the captured barricade was appalling. The Republicans, crushed by superior numbers, made no further resistance. "No prisoners," the officers shouted. The soldiers killed all who were standing, and finished off those who had fallen. Some waited for death with heads erect. The dying lifted themselves up and shouted, "Long live the Republic!" Some of the soldiers ground their heels into the faces of the dead, so that they should not be recognized. Among the corpses in the barricade, with his hair in the gutter, lay Carpentier, delegate from the Committee of the Tenth Arrondissement,

\* February 18, Louvain.



with two bullets in his chest. A lighted candle, brought by two soldiers from the wine-shop, stood on the pavement. The soldiers were mad with fury. They seemed to be revenging themselves. On whom? A workman named Patruel was shot three times and stabbed with ten bayonet-thrusts, four in the head. They believed him to be dead, and let him lie. He felt them searching him. They took ten francs from his body. He did not die till six days later, and he gave the particulars which have just been written down. We may observe, in passing, that Patruel's name does not appear in any of the lists of the dead published by Monsieur Bonaparte.

Of the sixty Republicans shut up in the Petit-Carreau redoubt, forty-six were killed. In the morning, these men had come of their own will, proud to fight and glad to die. At midnight, all was over. The wagons carried away nine corpses to the hospital cemetery, and thirty-seven to Montmartre. Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier miraculously escaped, as well as a third man, whose name is not known. They crept along by the houses, and got to the Passage du Saumon. The grated doors closing the alley reached only half-way up the archway. They scaled it at the risk of being impaled on the points. Jeanty Sarre was the first to get over. One of the points caught in his trousers, tore itself loose, and Jeanty Sarre fell head foremost on the pavement. He arose; he was only stunned. The two others followed, sliding down the bars, and all three found themselves in the alley. It was feebly illuminated by a lamp at one end. Meanwhile, they could hear the approach of the pursuing soldiers. To escape by the Rue Montmartre, they must climb the grated gate at the other end; but their hands were torn, their knees were bleeding, they were almost dead with fatigue, and they were in no condition to make the attempt. Jeanty Sarre knew where the guardian of the alley lived. He knocked at the window and begged for refuge. The guardian refused. At this moment the pursuing troops arrived at the gate. Hearing a noise in the alley, they put their musket barrels through the grating. Jeanty Sarre clung close



to the wall behind one of the projecting columns decorating the alley, but the column was small and only half covered him. The soldiers fired. The alley was filled with smoke. When it cleared away, Jeanty Sarre saw Charpentier stretched on the pavement, face downwards. He had been shot through the heart. Their other companion lay near by, mortally wounded. The soldiers did not scale the gateway, but they posted a sentinel there. Jeanty Sarre heard them go away through the Rue Mandar. They would, no doubt, come back. No means of escape. He tried all the doors, one after another.

Finally, one opened. To him it seemed a miracle. Who had forgotten to fasten this door? Providence, undoubtedly. He hid behind it, and staid there for more than an hour, motionless, and hardly daring to breathe. He heard no noise, he ventured out, the sentinel was gone, the detachment had rejoined the battalion. One of his old friends, a man to whom he had rendered invaluable services, lived in the Passage du Saumon. Jeanty Sarre found the number, roused the porter, gave his friend's name, was admitted, went upstairs, and knocked at the door. The door opened, and his friend appeared in his night-shirt, a candle in his hand. He recognized Jeanty Sarre, and exclaimed, —

“You? What has happened to you? Where do you come from — some row — some foolishness? Do you want to compromise us — have our throats cut — get us shot? Well, well, what do you want with me?”

“I want you to give me a brushing,” said Jeanty Sarre. The friend took a brush and brushed him, and Jeanty Sarre went away. On the staircase, going down, Jeanty Sarre called out, “Thanks!” We met with the same sort of hospitality afterwards in Belgium, in Switzerland, and even in England.

When the next day they took up the bodies, they found a note-book and a pencil on Charpentier, and a letter on Denis Dussoubs. A letter to a woman. Even stoics love. On Decem-

ber 1, Denis Dussoubs began this letter. He did not finish it. Here it is : —

“MY DEAR MARIE, — Are you enduring the sweet pain of longing for him who is longing for you? I, ever since I left you, have had no thought except for you. Even my sorrow had in it something sweet and tender, and, although sad in spirit, I was yet happy when I learned by the intensity of my regret how great was my love for you. Why have we been separated? Why was I forced to leave you? We were so happy! When I think of those evenings of unrestricted enjoyment, of our happy interviews in the country with your sisters, I am seized with bitter regret. We love each other very much, do we not, my darling? We have no secrets from one another because we have nothing to conceal, and the thought in our hearts flies without restraint to our lips. God has taken away all this happiness, but nothing can console me for the loss of it. Do you not also grieve over this unhappy separation?

“And yet how little we see of those we love! Circumstances tear us apart, and the tormented soul lives in perpetual longing. I am enduring the torment of absence. I fly to where you are, I follow you at your work, I listen to your words, sitting near you, and trying to divine the words that you shall say in return. Your sisters are sewing at our side. Vain dreams — illusions of a moment. My hand is stretched out to clasp your hand. Where are you, my beloved?

“My life is an exile. Far from those I love, and who love me, my heart calls to them and is consumed with sorrow. No, I am not fond of great and noisy cities, filled with strange people, where you know no one, and no one knows you, where every one jostles and elbows his neighbor without even exchanging a smile. Give me the tranquillity of the country, the peace of home, the voices of loving friends. Up to the present time I have always lived in contradiction with my nature; my ardent temperament, my enmity to injustice, the sight of unmerited misery, have thrown me into a struggle to which I can see no issue, a struggle which I hope to maintain without fear and without reproach to the end, but which every day tears my nerves and consumes my life.

“I confide to you, my well-beloved darling, the secret sorrows of my heart. No, I will not blush for what my hand has just written; my heart is sick and suffering, and I unveil it to you. I suffer — I ought to erase these lines, but why? Can they offend you? Do they contain anything to wound my darling? Do I not know your affection, and do I not know that you love me? I know you have not deceived me, I did not kiss a lying mouth; when, seated on my knees, you charmed me with your words, I believed you. I would like to bind myself to a bar of red-hot iron; weariness oppresses and devours me. I am possessed with a mad

yearning after life. Is it Paris that produces this effect upon me? I always want to be in some place where I am not. I am living here in complete solitude. I believe you, Marie. . . .”

Charpentier’s note book contained nothing but this verse, which he had written in the darkness at the foot of the barricade while Denis Dussoubs was speaking, —

“Admonet et magna testatur voce per umbras.”

## CHAPTER V.

### MORE TRAGIC EVENTS.

YVAN had seen Conneau again, and the latter confirmed the information given in Alexandre Dumas's letter to Bocage. With the fact we also got the names. On December 3, at Monsieur Abbattucci's house, No. 31 Rue Caumartin, in the presence of Doctor Conneau and Piétri, a Corsican, born at Vezzani, named Jacques François Criscelli,\* a man attached to Louis Bonaparte's personal secret service, was offered twenty-five thousand francs by Piétri "to take or kill Victor Hugo." He accepted, and said, —

"That's all right if I am alone. But if there are two of us? —"

"Then there will be fifty thousand francs," replied Piétri.

Yvan gave me this information, accompanied by urgent entreaties, while we were at Dupont White's in the Rue Monthabar. This said, I go on with my story.

The massacre of the fourth did not produce its full effect till the next day — the fifth. The impulse which we had given to resistance lasted a few hours longer, and at nightfall, in the block of houses between the Rue du Petit-Carreau and the Rue du Temple, they were still fighting. The Pagevin, Neuve-Saint-Eustache, Montorgueil, Rambuteau, Beaubourg, and Trans-nonain barricades held out bravely. The impenetrable network of streets and alleys was barricaded by the people and surrounded by the army.

\* It was this same Criscelli who, later on, at Vaugirard's, Rue de Tracy, killed, by special order of the prefect of police, a man named Kelch, "suspected of plotting the assassination of the emperor."

The assault was pitiless and determined. The Rue Montorgueil barricade was among those that held out the longest. A battalion and a field piece were needed to carry it. At the last moment it was defended by only three men, two clerks and a lemonade-seller from an adjoining street. When the assault occurred, the night was intensely dark, and the three combatants escaped. But they were surrounded. No opening anywhere. Not a door ready to receive them. They climbed the gate at the Passage Verdeau, as Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier had done at the Passage du Saumon, sprang down and ran along the alley. But the other gate was closed, and, like Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier, they did not have time enough to scale it. Moreover, they could hear the soldiers approaching from both sides. In a recess at the entrance to the alley were a few planks which were used to close a stall, and which a stable-keeper always kept there. They hid behind these planks. The soldiers who had taken the barricade, after searching the streets, thought of the alley. They also climbed over the gates, and searched about with lanterns, but found nothing. They were about to go away when one of their number saw the feet of the three unfortunate wretches underneath the planks. They killed the three on the spot with bayonet thrusts.

"Kill us quickly!" cried the victims. "Shoot us! Don't leave us to suffer."

The neighboring shopkeepers heard the cries, but dared not open their doors, for fear, as one of them said the next day, that "they would be served in the same manner." The execution over, the executioners left the three victims lying in a pool of blood on the pavement. One of these unfortunates did not expire till eight o'clock the next morning. No one dared to ask for pardon, no one dared to go to their assistance. They were left there to die.

One of the combatants at the Rue Beaubourg barricade was less unfortunate. They chased him. He ran up a stairway, got to the roof, and from there to a passage which turned out

to be the upper corridor of a hotel. A key was in a door. He opened the door boldly and found himself face to face with a man who was just going to bed. It was a wearied traveller who had arrived at the hotel that very night. "I am pursued," said the fugitive to the traveller; "save me!" and he explained the situation in three words. "Undress and get into my bed," said the traveller. Then he lit a cigar and began quietly to smoke. Just as the fugitive had got into bed, there came a knock at the door. It was the soldiers who were searching the house. In reply to their questions the traveller pointed to the bed and replied, —

"There are only two of us here. We arrived a few moments ago. I am having a smoke and my brother is asleep."

The porter, on being questioned, confirmed the traveller's assertion, the soldiers went away, and no one was shot.

We can say that the victorious soldiers killed less than on the preceding day. They did not massacre in all the captured barricades. The order was given on that day to take prisoners. We may even find some traces of humanity. What was this humanity? We shall see.

At eleven o'clock at night all was over. Every one found in the streets was arrested, the wine shops and cafés were opened, the houses were searched, and all the men who could be found were taken into custody, leaving only the women and children behind. Two regiments formed a square and carried the prisoners away in a batch. They were taken to the Tuileries and shut up in a big cellar under the terrace by the water. When they entered the cellar the prisoners felt reassured. They remembered that in June, 1848, insurgents were shut up there in great numbers and later on were transported. They said to one another that undoubtedly they also would be transported or tried by courts-martial, and that they had plenty of time before them. They were thirsty. Many of them had been fighting since morning, and nothing parches the tongue so quickly as biting cartridges. They asked for drink. They were given three pitchers of water.



This at once inspired a feeling of security. One of the veterans, who had been transported in '48, and who had been in the cellar before, said, —

“They didn't have so much humanity in June. They left us three days and three nights without food or drink.”

Some wrapped themselves up in their cloaks and overcoats, lay down, and went to sleep. At one o'clock in the morning there was a great noise outside, soldiers carrying torches appeared in the cellar, the sleeping prisoners were rudely awakened, and an officer called to them to get up. They were taken out at haphazard as they had gone in. As they went out they were arranged two by two by a sergeant, who counted them aloud. They were not asked for their names, or their trades, or their families, or who they were, or whence they came. Only the number was wanted. That was enough for what was to be done. The count ended at three hundred and thirty-seven. Once counted, they were arranged in a column, still two by two and arm in arm. They were not bound, but on both sides of the column, to right and left, three files of soldiers with loaded guns kept them in their places. A battalion marched in front of them and another battalion followed. They went forward pressed close by the moving framework of bayonets. As the column started, a young law-student, a pale, fair-haired Alsatian of twenty, who was in the ranks, asked a captain who walked near him with drawn sword, —

“Where are we going?”

The officer made no reply. Leaving the Tuileries, they turned to the right and went along the quay to the Pont de la Concorde. They crossed the bridge and again turned to the right. They passed the Esplanade of the Invalides and reached the lonely Quai Gros-Caillou. They numbered, as we have said, three hundred and thirty-seven, and, as they marched two by two, there was one at the end of the line who walked alone. This was one of the bravest combatants in the Rue Pagevin, a friend of the junior Lecomte. It so happened that

the sergeant who was posted on the inner file next to him was from his province. As they passed a street lamp they recognized one another. They exchanged a few words in hurried whispers.

"Where are we going?" asked the prisoner.

"To the Military School," the sergeant replied, and he added, "Ah, my poor boy!"

Then he moved away from the prisoner. As this was at the end of the line, there was a space between the side files and the rear guard. When they got to the deserted Boulevard Gros-Caillou, of which we have just spoken, the sergeant went quickly up to the prisoner and whispered, —

"They can't see well here. It's a dark place. There are trees on the left. Run for your life."

"But," said the prisoner, "they'll shoot at me."

"They'll miss you."

"But if they should kill me?"

"That'll be no worse than what awaits you."

The prisoner understood, pressed the sergeant's hand, and, taking advantage of the opening in the ranks, he darted through and disappeared under the trees in the darkness.

"A man escaped," shouted the officer in command of the rear guard. "Halt! Fire!"

The column halted. The rear guard fired at haphazard in the direction taken by the fugitive, and, as the sergeant had foreseen, they missed him. In a few moments the escaped prisoner reached the streets by the tobacco manufactory and was safe. They did not pursue him. They had more pressing business on hand. Moreover, the ranks might have fallen into disorder, and to capture one they might have risked losing the three hundred and thirty-six.

The column went on its way. At the Pont d'Jena they turned to the left and entered the Champ-de-Mars.

There they shot the whole party.

The three hundred and thirty-six corpses were taken to the Montmartre cemetery and buried there with their heads above

ground. By this means their families could recognize them. It was time enough to know who they were after they were shot. Among the three hundred and thirty-six victims were many combatants from the Pagevin, Rambuteau, Neuve-Saint-Eustache, and Porte Saint-Denis barricades. Among them were also a hundred passers-by who had been seized on the spot without any apparent reason.

We may as well say here that wholesale executions were repeated nearly every night after the third. Sometimes it was at the Champ-de-Mars, sometimes at the prefecture of police, sometimes in both places at once. When the prisons were full, Monsieur de Maupas said "Shoot." The executions at the prefecture took place, now in the courtyard, now in the Rue de Jérusalem. The poor wretches who were shot were placed against the wall where the theatrical bills are posted. The spot was chosen because it was near a sewer opening, and the blood would run down the grating and leave less trace.

On Friday, the fifth, one hundred and fifty prisoners were shot near this sewer opening in the Rue de Jérusalem. Some one \* said to me, —

"The next morning I was going by, they showed me the spot, and I poked the toe of my boot between the paving stones, and stirred up the mud. I found blood."

The whole history of the *Coup d'État* and of Louis Bonaparte is summed up in that account. Stir up the mud and you find blood. History ought to know these facts. The massacre on the boulevard was infamously supplemented with secret executions. The *Coup d'État* changed from savagery to mystery. It went from open murder in broad daylight to hidden slaughter in the darkness.

There are plenty of witnesses.

Esquiros, in concealment at Gros-Caillou, heard firing every night on the Champs-de-Mars. Chambolle, on the second

\* The Marquis Sarrazin de Montferrier, a relative of my eldest brother. I can give his name now.

night of his arrival at Mazas, heard between midnight and five o'clock in the morning such heavy volleys that he thought the prison was attacked. Desmoulins, as well as Montferrier, found blood between the paving stones in the Rue de Jérusalem.

Lieutenant-Colonel Caillaud, of the old Republican Guard, crossing the Pont-Neuf, sees soldiers with muskets at their shoulders, aiming at the passers-by. He says to them, "You dishonor the uniform." They arrest and search him. One says, "If we find any cartridges on you, you will be shot." They find nothing. They take him to the prefecture of police, and shut him up in the station house. The officer in charge comes to him and says, —

"Colonel, I know you very well. Do not complain of being here. You are confided to my care. Be thankful for it. You see, I am behind the scenes; I go and come, I observe, I hear, I know what is going on, I know what is said, I guess at what is left unsaid. I hear noises in the night, and I see signs by day. I am not a bad fellow, myself. I will take care of you and keep you out of danger. For the time being, don't fret because you are with me. If you weren't with me, you'd be under ground."

An ex-magistrate, General Le Flô's brother-in-law, is standing in front of the steps to the Chamber, on the Pont de la Concorde, talking with some officers. The police accost him. "You are corrupting the army!" He protests; they put him in a cab and take him to the prefecture of police. Arriving there, he sees a young man in cap and blouse driven along the quay at the butt ends of muskets, held by three Municipal Guards. At a recess in the parapet, one of the guards shouts to him, "Go in there!" The man goes in. Two of the guards shoot him in the back. He falls. The third guard finishes him off with a musket ball in the ear.

By the thirteenth the massacres were not yet ended. At early dawn on the morning of that day, a solitary passer in

the Rue Saint-Honoré saw three heavily loaded carts between two rows of cavalrymen. Blood dripped from the carts and left a trail upon the pavement. They came from the Champ-de-Mars and were on their way to the Montmartre cemetery. They were filled with corpses.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CONSULTATIVE COMMISSION.

THE danger being over, scruples disappeared. Prudent and sagacious men could now avow their adherence to the *Coup d'État*, and allow their names to be placarded. Here is the placard:—

#### FRENCH REPUBLIC.

IN THE NAME OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

*The President of the Republic,*

“Wishing to surround himself, until the reorganization of the Legislative Chamber and the Council of State, with men who justly enjoy the confidence and esteem of the nation, has formed a Consultative Commission, consisting of Messieurs

Abbatucci, ex-counsellor of the superior court (Loiret).

General Achard (Moselle).

André, Ernest (Seine).

André (Charente).

D'Argout, governor of the bank, ex-minister.

General Arrighi de Padoue (Corse).

General de Bar (Seine).

General Baraguey-d'Hilliers (Doubs).

Barbaroux, ex-attorney-general (Réunion).

Baroche, ex-minister of the Interior and of Foreign Affairs, vice-president of the Commission (Charente-Inférieure).

Barrot, Ferdinand, ex-minister (Seine).

Barthe, ex-minister, first president of the Court of Accounts.

Bataille (Haute-Vienne).

Bavoux, Evariste (Seine-et-Marne).

De Beaumont (Somme).

Bérard (Lot-et-Garonne).

Berger, prefect of the Seine (Puy-de-Dôme).

Bertrand (Yonne).

Bidault (Cher).



Bigrel (Côtes-du-Nord).  
 Billault, advocate.  
 Bineau, ex-minister (Maine-et-Loire).  
 Boinvilliers, ex-president of the Corporation of Barristers (Seine).  
 Bonjean, advocate-general at the superior court (Drôme).  
 Boulatignier.  
 Bourbousson (Vaucluse).  
 Bréhier (Manche).  
 De Cambacérès (Hubert).  
 De Cambacérès (Aisne).  
 Carlier, ex-prefect of police.  
 De Casabianca, ex-minister (Corse).  
 General de Castellane, commander-in-chief at Lyons.  
 De Caulaincourt (Calvados).  
 Vice-Admiral Cécile (Seine-Inférieure).  
 Chadenet (Meuse).  
 Charlemagne (Indre).  
 Chassaigne-Goyon (Puy-de-Dôme).  
 General de Chasseloup-Laubat (Seine-Inférieure).  
 Prosper de Chasseloup-Laubat (Charente-Inférieure).  
 Chaix d'Est-Ange, advocate at Paris (Marne).  
 De Chazelles, mayor of Clermont-Ferrand (Puy-de-Dôme).  
 Collas (Gironde).  
 De Crouseilhès, ex-counsellor of the superior court, ex-minister (Basses-Pyrénées).  
 Curial (Orne).  
 De Cuverville (Côtes-du-Nord).  
 Dabeaux (Haute-Garonne).  
 Dariste (Basses-Pyrénées).  
 Daviel, ex-minister.  
 Delacoste, ex-commissary-general (Rhône).  
 Delajus (Charente-Inférieure).  
 Delavau (Indre).  
 Deltheil (Lot).  
 Denjoy (Gironde).  
 Desjobert (Seine-Inférieure).  
 Desmaroux (Allier).  
 Drouyn de Lhuys, ex-minister (Seine-et-Marne).  
 Théodore Ducos, minister of Marine and the Colonies (Seine).  
 Dumas of the Institute, ex-minister (Nord).  
 Charles Dupin, of the Institute (Seine-Inférieure).  
 General Durrieu (Landes).  
 Maurice Duval, ex-prefect.

Eschassériaux (Charente-Inférieure).  
Marshal Excelmans, grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor.  
Ferdinand Favre (Loire-Inférieure).  
General de Flahaut, ex-ambassador.  
Fortoul, minister of Public Instruction (Basses-Alpes).  
Achille Fould, minister of Finance (Seine).  
De Fourment (Somme).  
Fouquier-d'Hérouël (Aisne).  
Fremy (Yonne).  
Furtado (Seine).  
Gasc (Haute-Garonne).  
Gaslonde (Manche).  
De Gasparin, ex-minister.  
Ernest de Girardin (Charente).  
Augustin Giraud (Maine-et-Loire).  
Charles Giraud, of the Institute, member of the Council of Public Instruction, ex-minister.  
Godelle (Aisne).  
Goulhot de Saint-Germain (Manche).  
General de Grammont (Loire).  
De Grammont (Haute-Saône).  
De Greslan (Réunion).  
General de Grouchy (Gironde).  
Hallez Claparède (Bas-Rhin).  
General d'Hautpoul, ex-minister (Aude).  
Hébert (Aisne).  
De Heeckeren (Haut-Rhin).  
D'Hérembault (Pas-de-Calais).  
Hermann.  
Heurtier (Loire).  
General Husson (Aube).  
Janvier (Tarn-et-Garonne).  
Lacaze (Hautes-Pyrénées).  
Lacrosse, ex-minister (Finistère).  
Ladoucette (Moselle).  
Frédéric de Lagrange (Gers).  
De Lagrange (Gironde).  
General de La Hitte, ex-minister.  
Delangle, ex-attorney-general.  
Lanquetin, president of the Municipal Commission.  
De La Riboissière (Ille-et-Vilaine).  
General Lawœstine.  
Lebeuf (Seine-et-Marne).

General Lebreton (Eure-et-Loire).  
Le Comte (Yonne).  
Le Conte (Côtes-du-Nord).  
Lefebvre-Duruflé, minister of Commerce (Eure).  
Lélut (Haute-Saône).  
Lemarois (Manche).  
Lemercier (Charente).  
Lequien (Pas-de-Calais).  
Lestiboudois (Nord).  
Levavasseur (Seine-Inférieure).  
Le Verrier (Manche).  
Lezay de Marnésia (Loir-et-Cher).  
General Magnan, commander-in-chief of the army at Paris.  
Magne, minister of Public Works (Dordogne).  
Edmond Maigne (Dordogne).  
Marchant (Nord).  
Mathieu Bodet, advocate at the superior court.  
De Maupas, prefect of police.  
De Mérode (Nord).  
Mesnard, president of the chamber at the superior court.  
Meynadier, ex-prefect (Lozère).  
De Montalembert (Doubs).  
De Morny (Puy-de-Dôme).  
De Mortemart (Seine-Inférieure).  
De Mouchy (Oise).  
De Moustiers (Doubs).  
Lucien Murat (Lot).  
General d'Ornano (Indre-et-Loire).  
Pepin Lehalleur (Seine-et-Marne).  
Joseph Périer, governor of the bank.  
De Persigny (Nord).  
Pichon, mayor of Arras (Pas-de-Calais).  
Portalis, first president of the superior court.  
Pongérard, mayor of Rennes (Ille-et-Vilaine).  
General de Préval.  
De Rancé (Algérie).  
General Randon, ex-minister, governor-general of Algeria.  
General Regnaud de Saint-Jean-d'Angély, ex-minister (Charente-Inférieure).  
Renouard de Bussière (Bas-Rhin).  
Renouard (Lozère).  
General Rogé.  
Rouher, keeper of the Seals, minister of Justice (Puy-de-Dôme).

De Royer, ex-minister, attorney-general at the appellate court of Paris.  
 General de Saint-Arnaud, minister of War.  
 De Saint-Arnaud, advocate at the appellate court of Paris.  
 De Salis (Moselle).  
 Sapey (Isère).  
 Schneider, ex-minister.  
 De Ségur d'Aguesseau (Hautes-Pyrénées).  
 Seydoux (Nord).  
 Amédée Thayer.  
 Thieullen (Côtes-du-Nord).  
 De Thorigny, ex-minister.  
 Toupot de Béveaux (Haute-Marne).  
 Tourangin, ex-prefect.  
 Troplong, first president of the appellate court.  
 De Turgot, minister of Foreign Affairs.  
 Vaillant, marshal of France.  
 Vaisse, ex-minister (Nord).  
 De Vandeuil (Haute-Marne).  
 General Vast-Vimeux (Charente-Inférieure).  
 Vauchelle, mayor of Versailles.  
 Viard (Meurthe).  
 Vieillard (Manche).  
 Vuillefroy.  
 Vuitry, under secretary of State to the ministry of Finance.  
 De Wagram.

“LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,  
*“President of the Republic.*  
 “DE MORNAY,  
*“Minister of the Interior.”*

We find in this list the name of Bourbousson. It would be a pity if this name were lost. Simultaneously with the appearance of the placard appeared this protest from Monsieur Daru, —

“I subscribe to the proceedings of the National Assembly, at the mayoralty of the tenth arrondissement, December 2, 1851, at a meeting which I was prevented from attending, by violence.

“DARU.”

Some of the members of the Consultative Commission came from Mazas and Mont-Valérien. They had been imprisoned for twenty-four hours and then released. It is evident that

these legislators bore no grudge against the man who had given them this disagreeable taste of law. Many of the persons included in this rabble were renowned only for the magnitude of their debts. Such a one had been twice bankrupt, but the plea was made in his behalf that the transaction "had not been in his own name." Another, who belonged to a cultivated and learned circle, was said to have sold his vote. Still another, handsome, fastidious, fashionable, exquisite, polished, gilded, and embroidered, lived in moral degradation, supported by a woman. These people all gave their unhesitating adherence to the act which "saved society."

Others, who belonged to the heterogeneous crowd, were devoid of political ambition, and lent their names only that they might retain their situations and their emoluments. Under the Empire, as before the Empire, they were neuters, and during the nineteen years of the reign they continued innocently to perform their military, judicial, or administrative functions, surrounded by the consideration due to such inoffensive imbeciles.

Others were genuine politicians, of the doctrinal school which began with Guizot, and will not end with Parieu, sober physicians of social order, who comfort the frightened middle classes, and who are the conservators of dissolution.

"Shall I lose my eye?" asked Messer Pancrace.

"No, my friend, I hold it here in my hand."

There were a good many men belonging to the police, in this pseudo Council of State, — Carlier, Piétri, Maupas, etc., — for men of that class were then highly esteemed. Soon after the second of December, the police, calling themselves "mixed commissioners," usurped the administration of justice, made arrests, pronounced sentence, violated all the laws, without any interference from the regular magistrates. Justice surrendered its task to the police, like a yoke of oxen leaving a heavy cart for a fresh team to drag.

Some of the men whose names were put on the list declined

to serve,—Léon Faucher, Goulard, Mortemart, Frédéric Granier, Marchaud, Maillard, Paravey, Beugnot. The newspapers were ordered not to notice any such refusals. Monsieur Beugnot put on his card, —

“Comte Beugnot, not a member of the Consultative Commission.”

Monsieur Joseph Périer went from street corner to street corner, pencil in hand, erasing his name from the placards.

“I take my name,” he said, “wherever I find it.”

General Baraguay-d’Hilliers did not refuse. A brave soldier, however; he lost an arm in the Russian war. Later he was made marshal of France. He did not deserve that insult from Louis Bonaparte. It did not seem as if he would come to that. During the latter days of November, General Baraguay-d’Hilliers sat warming himself in a large arm-chair before the big fireplace in the committee-room at the National Assembly, when one of his colleagues, he who writes these lines, sat down by him on the other side of the fire. They did not speak, because one belonged to the Right and the other to the Left. But Monsieur Piscatory, who belonged partly to the Right and partly to the Left, came in. He addressed Baraguay-d’Hilliers, —

“Well, general, do you know what they are saying ? ”

“What ? ”

“That one of these days the president will shut the door in our faces.”

“If Monsieur Bonaparte closes the door of the Assembly,” replied General Baraguay-d’Hilliers, (I myself heard the response), “France will open it again, and open it wide.”

Louis Bonaparte had thought of calling the commission “The Executive Commission.”

“No,” said Morny, “that presupposes courage. They are very willing to approve, but they will not proscribe.”

General Rulhière was dismissed from the service for blaming the passive obedience of the army.

One more incident. Some days after the fourth of Decem-



ber, Emmanuel Arago, in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, met Monsieur Dupin going up the street.

"Hullo," said Arago, "are you going to the Élysée?"

"I never go to disreputable houses," replied Monsieur Dupin.

But he went. Monsieur Dupin was, as we already know, appointed attorney-general at the superior court.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE OTHER LIST.

OPPOSITE the list of adherents it will be well to place the list of the proscribed. In this way both sides of the *Coup d'État* may be seen at a glance.

#### DECREE.

“ARTICLE I. — The ex-Representatives whose names are given below are expelled from French territory, from Algeria, and from the colonies, for the sake of public safety, —

Edmond Valentin.	Boysset.
Paul Raconchot.	Duehé.
Agricol Perdiguier.	Ennery.
Eugène Cholat.	Guilgot.
Louis Latrade.	Hochstuhl.
Michel Renaud.	Michot Boutet.
Joseph Benoist (du Rhône).	Baune.
Joseph Burgard.	Bertholon.
Jean Colfavru.	Schœlcher.
Joseph Faure (du Rhône).	De Flotte.
Pierre-Charles Gambon.	Joigneaux.
Charles Lagrange.	Laboulaye.
Martin Nadaud.	Bruy.
Barthélemy Terrier.	Esquiros.
Victor Hugo.	Madier de Montjau.
Cassal.	Noël Parfait.
Signard.	Émile Péan.
Viguiet.	Pelletier.
Charrassin.	Raspail.
Bandsept.	Théodore Bae.
Savoye.	Baneel.
Joly.	Belin (Drôme).
Combier.	Besse.

Bourzat.  
Brive.  
Chavoix.  
Clément Dulac.  
Dupont (de Bussac).  
Gaston Dussoubs.  
Guiter.  
Lafon.  
Lamarque.  
Pierre Lefranc.

Jules Leroux.  
Francisque Maigne.  
Malardier.  
Mathieu (de la Drôme).  
Millotte.  
Roselli-Mollet.  
Charras.  
Saint-Ferréol.  
Sommier.  
Testelin(Nord).

“ARTICLE II. — If, in defiance of the present decree, any of the persons named in Article I. enter the territories from which they are banished, they will be transported for the sake of public safety.

“Done at the Palace of the Tuileries, in the presence of the Council, January 9, 1852.

“LOUIS BONAPARTE.

“DE MORNAY, *Minister of the Interior.*”

There was also a list of “provisional exiles,” including Edgar Quinet, Victor Chauffour, General Laidet, Pascal Duprat, Versigny, Anthony Thouret, Thiers, Girardin, and Rémusat. Four representatives — Mathé, Greppo, Marc Dufraisse, and Richardet — were added to the list of the proscribed. Representative Miot was reserved for the tortures of the African casemates. Thus, aside from the massacres, the *Coup d'État* won its victory at the expense of eighty-eight representatives sent into exile, one killed.

I usually breakfasted in Brussels at the Mille-Colonnes Café, which was frequented by exiles. There, on January 10, I had invited Michel de Bourges to breakfast with me, and we were seated at the same table. The waiter brought the *Moniteur Français*. I glanced over it.

“Ah,” I said, “here is the proscription list.” I ran through it and then said to Michel de Bourges, “I have bad news for you.” Michel de Bourges turned pale. “Your name,” I added, “is not in the list.” His face was radiant. Michel de Bourges had been very brave in the presence of death, but he cowered in the face of exile.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DAVID D'ANGERS.

BRUTALITY was mingled with ferocity. The great sculptor, David d'Angers, was arrested at his house, No. 16 Rue d'Assas. The police commissary, on entering, said, —

“Have you any arms here?”

“Yes,” replied David, “for self-defence; provided,” he added, “that I have to deal with civilized people.”

“Where are these arms?” asked the commissary. “Let’s see them.”

David showed him his studio full of masterpieces. They put him in a cab and took him to the prefecture of police. There was room for a hundred and twenty prisoners, and the place contained seven hundred. David was the twelfth in a dungeon intended for two. Neither light nor air. A small ventilator overhead. A foul-smelling bucket in one corner, used by all, covered, but not closed, with a wooden cover. At noon, soup was brought, — warm, stinking water, David told me. They stood against the wall, trampling on the mattresses which had been thrown on the floor; there was no room to lie down. At last they fixed it so that they could lie down, pressing close to one another. Blankets were thrown in to them. Some slept. At dawn, the bolts creaked, the door opened, and the warden shouted, “Get up!” They went out into the adjoining passage, the warden pulled up the mattresses, dashed a few buckets of water on the floor, wiped it up, after a fashion, threw in the mattresses on the damp floor, said, “Go back!” and there they were locked up again till the next day.

From time to time, batches of a hundred new prisoners were brought in, and then the jailers went about looking for a hundred "old ones," (those who had been there for two or three days). What became of them? At night, in their dungeons, the other prisoners heard firing, — and passers-by on the following morning saw, as we have said, pools of blood in the courtyard. The prisoners were summoned in alphabetical order. One day, David d'Angers was called. David took up his bundle and was getting ready to depart when the warden, who seemed to have an eye upon him, suddenly came up and said, —

"Stay here, Monsieur David; stay here."

One morning he saw Buchez, ex-president of the Constituent Assembly, entering his cell.

"Ah!" said David, "this is good; you are come to visit the prisoners."

"I am a prisoner myself," said Buchez.

They wished to force David to go to America. He refused. They had to be satisfied with Belgium. On December 19, he arrived at Brussels. He came to see me, and said, —

"I am stopping at the Grand-Monarque, Rue des Fripiers, No. 89," and he added, laughing, "the Grand-Monarque — the king; Fripiers (the old-clothes men) — the Royalists; '89 — the Revolution." Wit is sometimes the product of circumstances.

## CHAPTER IX.

### OUR LAST MEETING.

ON the third, everything was ours; on the fifth, all was lost. It was like the ebbing of a mighty sea. It came in with formidable power, it withdrew and left us shipwrecked. Uncertain the tide of popular favor. And who had the audacity to say to this ocean, "Thou shalt go no farther?" Alas, a pigmy!

The depths of the abyss are unfathomable.

The abyss is afraid. Of what?

Of something deeper far than itself. Of crime.

The people drew back. They drew back on the fifth, on the sixth they had disappeared.

Then, there was nothing visible upon the horizon but the approaching shadows of a great darkness.

That darkness was the Empire.

We found ourselves on the fifth where we had been on the second — alone.

But we persevered. Desperation was in our souls, but discouragement, no.

Bad news came to us, as good news had done the night before, stroke upon stroke. Aubry du Nord was at the Conciergerie. Our eloquent and beloved Crémieux was at Mazas. Louis Blanc, who, although banished, was coming to the aid of France to give us the support of his name and his genius, had been obliged, like Ledru-Rollin, to stop at the catastrophe of the fourth. He had not been able to get beyond Tournay. As for General Neumayer, he had not "marched upon Paris," but he had come — for what? — to make his submission. We



were without a refuge. No. 15 Rue Richelieu was under surveillance; No. 11 Rue Monthabor had been denounced. We wandered about Paris, meeting here and there, exchanging a few whispered words, not knowing where we should sleep or eat, and among the heads that had no shelter for the night there were some upon which a price had been set. We met and said such things as these, —

“Where is so and so?”

“He is arrested.”

“And such a one?”

“Dead.”

“And this other?”

“Disappeared.”

And yet we held one more meeting. That was on the sixth, at Representative Raymond's, in the Place de la Madeleine. Nearly all met together there. I was able to clasp the hands of Edgar Quinet, of Chauffour, of Clément Dulac, of Bancel, of Versigny, of Émile Péan, and I had the pleasure of seeing Copens, our energetic and upright host of the Rue Blanche, and our courageous colleague, Pons Stande, whom we had lost from view in the smoke of the combat. From the windows of the room where we sat together, we could see the Place de la Madeleine and the boulevards filled with a ferocious and far-spreading mass of soldiery, drawn up in battle array, as if still confronting a possible conflict. Charamaule came in. From his large cloak, he took two pistols, put them on the table, and said, —

“All is over. There is nothing feasible or wise now but the forlorn hope. I am ready. Are you with me, Victor Hugo?”

“Yes,” I replied. I did not know what he was going to say, but I was very sure it would be something grand. And it was.

“We are here,” he went on, “about fifty representatives of the people, still at liberty, and met together. We are all that remains of the National Assembly, of universal suffrage, of

law, of right. To-morrow, where shall we be? We do not know. Dispersed or dead. To-day is ours. This hour passed, there is nothing but darkness before us. The occasion is unique. Let us profit by it." He stopped, looked at us earnestly for a moment, and then continued: "Let us profit by this chance of being alive and together. The group here present constitutes the entire Republic. Let us, in our persons as the Republic, confront the army, oblige the army to fall back before the Republic, oblige force to fall back before right. At this supreme moment, either force or right must yield; if right does not yield, force will. If we do not tremble, the soldiers will waver. Let us advance upon the crime. If law advances, crime will draw back. In any case, we shall have done our duty. Living, we shall be benefactors; dying, we shall be heroes. Here is what I propose to do." Profound silence followed. "Let us put on our scarfs, and, in procession, two by two, descend the Place de la Madeleine. You see that colonel in front of the grand staircase, with his regiment drawn up in marching order. We will go to him, and there, before the soldiers, I will summon him to side with duty and surrender his regiment to the public. If he refuses"—Charamaule took the two pistols in his hands—"I will blow his brains out."

"Charamaule," I said, "I will stand by your side."

"I knew very well that you would," said Charamaule. "This demonstration," he added, "will arouse the people."

"But," cried several, "suppose it does not arouse them."

"We shall die."

"I am with you," I said.

We clasped hands. But objections were made. No one trembled, but all seriously considered the proposal. Would it not be folly? and useless folly? Would it not be to play, without any possible chance of success, the last card of the Republic? What a stroke of luck for Bonaparte—to crush all remaining resistance at a single blow, to end the thing once for all! We were beaten, it was true, but were we

obliged to add annihilation to defeat? No possible chance of success. We could not blow out the brains of the whole army. To follow Charamaule's advice would be to dig our own graves and nothing more. It would be a grand suicide, but it would be suicide. Under some circumstances, it is selfish to be heroic. We do the deed, we are illustrious, we pass into history; that is easy. To others we leave the hard task of continued protest, the unyielding resistance of exile, the hard and bitter life of the conquered who continues to fight against victory. A certain amount of patience is essential in politics. To know how to wait for revenge is sometimes more difficult than to hurry on the deathblow. There are two forms of courage — bravery and perseverance; the first is the soldier's, the second is the citizen's. A hasty conclusion, though bravely accomplished, is not always the best. To find death in such an affair is far too easy; but it is necessary, and not at all easy, to find and save national freedom. "No," said the noble men who opposed Charamaule and me; "this To-day which you propose is the suppression of To-morrow; take care, there is a certain element of desertion in suicide." The word "desertion" wounded Charamaule grievously, —

"Let it be as you will," he said; "I relinquish the proposal."

The scene was grand, and Quinet, later on in exile, spoke of it to me with deep emotion. We separated. We never met together again.

I wandered about the streets. Where should I sleep? That was the question. I concluded that No. 19 Rue Richelieu was probably, like No. 15, under surveillance. But the night was cold; I decided, at all hazards, to return to that doubtful refuge. My confidence was justified. I supped on a morsel of bread, and I passed a very good night. The next morning, I awoke at daybreak; I thought of the duties that awaited me; I foresaw that, when I went out, I probably never again should return to that chamber, and, taking a little of the bread that remained to me, I crumbled it upon the window sill for the birds.

## CHAPTER X.

### DUTY MAY HAVE TWO SIDES.

WAS it in the power of the Left at any time to prevent the *Coup d'État*? We do not think so. Here, however, is an incident which we do not believe ourselves justified in passing over in silence. On November 16, 1851, I was in my study at my home, No. 37 Rue de la Tour-d'Auvergne. It was about midnight. I was at work, my servant opened the door.

"Will you receive so and so, sir?" He gave a name.

"Yes," I said.

Some one came in. I shall speak guardedly of this important and distinguished man. I give a sufficient clue to his identity when I assert that he was entitled to speak of the Bonapartes as "my family." It is a well-known fact that the Bonaparte family is divided into two branches, the imperial and the minor branches. The imperial branch holds to the Napoleonic traditions, the minor branch maintains its fidelity to Lucien — but the difference is really of no great consequence.

My nocturnal visitor sat down on the right-hand side of the fireplace. He began by speaking of the memoirs of a very noble and virtuous woman, the Princess —, his mother, whose manuscript he had entrusted to me for an opinion with regard to the wisdom and propriety of its publication. The manuscript, which was of remarkable interest, was particularly attractive to me because the handwriting of the princess resembled that of my mother. My visitor, to whom I gave it, turned over the pages a few moments, and then, suddenly pausing, turned to me and said, —

"The Republic is doomed."

"Very nearly so," I replied.

"At least, it is unless you save it."

"I?"

"You."

"How so?"

"Listen to me."

Then he unfolded, with that combination of lucidity and paradox characteristic of his very remarkable mind, the desperate and yet formidable situation in which we were placed. This situation, which I understood as well as he did, was as follows:—

The Right wing of the Assembly was composed of about four hundred members, and the Left of about one hundred and eighty. The four hundred making up the majority were about equally divided into three parties, the Legitimists, the Orleanists, and the Bonapartists, and all were Clericals. The one hundred and eighty making up the minority stood for the Republic. The Right, suspicious of the Left, had taken a precautionary measure against the minority. This precautionary measure was a conference committee composed of sixteen leading members of the Right, who were intrusted with the task of keeping the three parties in unison, and of watching the Left. The Left had at first contented itself with ridicule and, making use of a word to which the idea of decrepitude was then wrongly attached, they dubbed the sixteen members of the committee the "Burgraves." Then, passing from ridicule to suspicion, the Left also formed a committee of sixteen members to direct its action, and to watch the Right, receiving from them the nickname of the "Red Burgraves." These were harmless reprisals. The result was that the Right watched the Left, and the Left watched the Right, and no one watched Bonaparte. The two flocks of sheep were so suspicious of one another that both forgot the wolf. All this time Bonaparte was toiling in his den at the Élysée. He made good use of the time that the majority and the minority in the Assembly lost in mutual suspicion. Like those who detect



the beginning of an avalanche, they felt that danger lurked somewhere in the gloom. They suspected an enemy, but they did not look for him in the right place. To know which way to look is the secret of successful politics. The Assembly of 1851 was possessed of no such sagacity. The perspective was wrong, every one saw in his own way, and a sort of political myopia blinded the Left and the Right. They were afraid, but not of the real danger. They were confronted by a mystery, there was an ambush before them, but they looked for it where it was not, and they did not see it where it was; and so, while the two flocks of the majority and the minority looked at each other in alarm, and while the grave leaders on one side and the attentive guides on the other were anxiously asking the meaning of the grumbling on the Left and the bleating on the Right, they were in imminent peril of suddenly feeling the four claws of the *Coup d'État* fastened in their flanks.

"You are one of the sixteen?" asked my visitor.

"Yes," I replied with a smile; "a 'Red Burgrave.'"

"As I am a 'Red' prince," he retorted, also smiling. "You have full power?" he went on.

"Yes; the same as the others. No more than the others," I added. "The Left has no absolute commanders."

"Yon, the Assembly police commissary, is a Republican?"

"Yes."

"He would obey an order signed by you?"

"Perhaps so."

"I feel sure that he would." He looked at me earnestly.

"Well, do it to-night. Arrest the president."

It was my turn to look at him. "What do you mean?"

"What I say."

I ought to remark here that his speech was straightforward, sincere, and confident, and that throughout the entire conversation it made upon me an impression of loyal candor which still remains and will remain always.

"Arrest the president!" I exclaimed.



Then he explained that this extraordinary thing was very simple ; — that the army was undecided ; that the African generals would outbalance the president ; that the National Guard was for the Assembly and for the Left ; that Colonel Forestier would be answerable for the Eighth Legion, Colonel Gressier for the Sixth, and Colonel Howyne for the Fifth ; that at an order from the Sixteen they would immediately take up arms ; that my signature would be enough, but that if I preferred to convene the entire committee in secret session we could be sure that on the following day, if we gave the word, a regiment would march upon the Élysée ; that the Élysée, planning to assume the offensive and not the defensive, was anticipating nothing and would be taken by surprise ; that the troops would not resist the National Guard ; that the thing could be done without striking a blow ; that Vincennes could be opened and closed while Paris slept ; that the president would finish the night there ; and that France, on awakening, would hear twofold good news : Bonaparte overthrown and the Republic out of danger.

“ You can count,” he added, “ upon two generals, Neumayer at Lyons and Lawoëstyne at Paris.” He arose and leaned on the mantelpiece. I can still see him thoughtfully standing there. He went on : “ I do not feel strong enough to go again into exile, but I do wish to save my family and my country.” He probably detected a movement of surprise on my part, for he emphasized what follows. “ I will explain. Yes, I wish to save my family and my country. I bear the name of Napoleon, but, as you know, I bear it without fanaticism. I am a Bonaparte, but not a Bonapartist. I respect the name, but I condemn its errors. There is already one stain upon it — the Eighteenth Brumaire. Is there to be another ? The ancient stain has disappeared in glory. Austerlitz has wiped out Brumaire. Napoleon is absolved because of his genius. The people have admired him so much that they have granted him pardon. Napoleon stands upon his pedestal — he is secure — let us leave him in peace. Let us not revive the memory of

his evil deeds. Let us not force France to remember too much. Napoleon's glory is vulnerable. It has been wounded. The wound has closed, but let us not open it again. Whatever apologists may say or do, it is certainly true that Napoleon, by the Eighteenth Brumaire, lifted his hand against himself."

"Assuredly," I said; "crime always turns against the criminal."

"Well," he went on, "his glory survived the first blow; a second blow would destroy it. I do not wish it to be so. I detest the first Eighteenth Brumaire, I fear a second. I wish to prevent it." He paused again, and again continued. "That is why I have come to-night to you. I desire to save wounded glory. In advising you as I do, I shall, if you and the Left follow my advice, save the first Napoleon, for if a second crime falls upon his glory, that glory disappears. Yes, his name would sink, and history would disown it. I will go on and express my whole thought. I shall also save the present Napoleon, for he, being as yet without glory, will be engulfed in crime. I save his memory from eternal obloquy. Arrest him, then." He was deeply moved. Again he spoke. "As to the Republic, the arrest of Louis Bonaparte means deliverance. I am, therefore, justified, when I say that by this proposal I shall save my family and my country."

"But," I said, "what you propose is a *coup d'état*."

"Do you think so?"

"Undoubtedly. We are a minority, and we act as a majority. We are a portion of the Assembly, and we act as if we comprised the whole Assembly. We, who condemn usurpation, become usurpers. We put our hands upon a functionary whom the Assembly alone has the right to arrest. We, the defenders of the Constitution, break the Constitution. We, the men of law, violate the law. That is a *coup d'état*."

"Yes, but a *coup d'état* that will do a world of good."

"Evil done that good may come is still evil."

"Even if it succeed?"

"Especially if it succeed."

"Why?"

"Because it then becomes an example."

"You do not, then, approve of the Eighteenth Fructidor?"

"No."

"But Eighteenth Fructidors prevent Eighteenth Brumaires."

"No; they prepare the way for them."

"But the state must be considered?"

"No; the law must be considered."

"The Eighteenth Fructidor has been accepted by very upright minds."

"I know that."

"Blanqui favors it, and Michelet."

"I oppose it with Barbès." From the moral point of view I passed to the practical point of view. "This said," I went on, "let us examine your plan." The plan was hedged in with difficulties. I pointed them out to him.

"Count on the National Guard? General Lawoëstyne was not yet in command. Count on the army? General Neumayer was at Lyons and not at Paris. He would march to the assistance of the Assembly? How do we know? As to Lawoëstyne, was he not two-faced? Could we be sure of him? Call the Eighth Legion to arms? Forestier was no longer colonel. The Fifth and the Sixth? Gressier and Howyne were only lieutenant-colonels; would the legions follow them? Give an order to Commissary Yon? Would he obey the Left alone? He was the agent of the Assembly, and consequently of the majority, not of the minority. These were the questions. But suppose these questions to be solved, and solved in a favorable manner—was success, after all, the main question? The main question is never that of success, it is always a matter of right. Now here, even if it were successful, we should not be in the right. To arrest the president, we must have an order from the Assembly; we make use, instead of an order from the Assembly, of an act

of violence on the part of the Left. A scaling ladder for burglarious purposes; an assault on established power and infraction of the law. Let us suppose there is resistance; we should shed blood. Law violated leads to the shedding of blood. What does it all mean? A crime."

"No," he exclaimed, "it means *salus populi! — suprema lex*," he added.

"Not for me," I answered. "I would not kill a child to save a people."

"Cato did."

"Jesus did not. You have ancient history on your side," I said. "You are supported by the Greeks and the Romans. I am supported by humanity. The new horizon is larger than the old." There was a pause. He spoke again.

"Then he will be the one to attack."

"So be it."

"You will fight a losing battle from the first."

"I fear so."

"And that unequal combat must end for you, Victor Hugo, either with death or exile."

"I believe so."

"Death is brief, but exile is long."

"One must learn to endure it."

"You will not only be proscribed," he went on; "you will be calumniated."

"That I have already learned to endure."

"Do you know what they say, even now?" he asked.

"What?"

"They say you are angry with him because he refused to make you a cabinet minister."

"But you, yourself, know —"

"I know that the contrary is true; that he asked you and that you refused."

"Well, then —"

"They lie."

"What does that matter?"

"And so," he exclaimed, "you bring the Bonapartes back to France,\* and you will be banished by a Bonaparte!"

"Who knows?" I said. "Perhaps I was wrong. This injustice is, perhaps, justice." We were both silent. He went on,—

"Could you endure exile?"

"I would try to do so."

"Could you live without Paris?"

"I should have the ocean."

"You would go to the seashore, then?"

"I fancy so."

"It is sad."

"It is grand." There was another pause. Again he was the first to speak.

"As a matter of fact, you don't know what exile really is. But I know. It is frightful. Certainly I never could endure it a second time. Death is something from which one never comes back; exile is something from which one can never return."

"If necessary," I said, "I will go and I will return."

"Better die. To quit life is nothing, but to leave one's native land —"

"Alas," I said, "that is everything."

"Well, then, why accept exile when you can avoid it? What do you put higher than your country?"

"My conscience." This reply made him thoughtful. However, he continued, —

"But, when you reflect, you will find that your conscience approves."

"No."

"Why?"

"I have told you. Because my conscience is so made that it will acknowledge no master. To me it is like a light-house on a headland. Life is a vast obscurity, and conscience is the only source of light about me."

\* June 14, 1847. Chamber of Peers. See the volume entitled *Before Exile*.

"And I, also," he exclaimed—and I can vouch for the loyal sincerity of his utterance—"I also have a conscience. It gives me its approval. I seem to betray Louis, but, in truth, I am doing him a service, To save him from a crime is to do him a service. I have tried everything else. Nothing remains but to arrest him. In coming to you, in acting in this manner, I at once conspire against him and in his behalf—against his power, in behalf of his honor. My action is justified."

"It is true," I replied. "Your ideal is lofty and noble. But our positions are different. I cannot prevent Louis Bonaparte from committing a crime without committing one myself. I wish neither an Eighteenth Brumaire for him nor an Eighteenth Fructidor for me. I would rather be the proscribed than the proscriber. I have a choice between two crimes,—my own and Louis Bonaparte's; I do not choose my own."

"Then you will submit to his."

"I would rather submit to crime than to perpetrate it."

He was silent for a moment and then said, "So be it. Perhaps we are both right," he added.

"I think so," I replied.

I clasped his hand. He took his mother's manuscript and went away. It was then three o'clock in the morning. The conversation had lasted more than two hours. I did not go to bed till I had written it out.



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE COMBAT ENDED: THE ORDEAL BEGINS.

I DID not know of any place where I could go. On the afternoon of the seventh, I determined to return once more to No. 19 Rue Richelieu. Under the gateway, some one seized my arm. It was Madame D——. She was waiting for me.

"I am discovered?"

"Yes."

"And taken?"

"No; come," she said.

We crossed the courtyard, and went out by an alley gate, into the Rue Fontaine-Molière. We reached the Place du Palais-Royal. Cabs were standing there, as usual. We got into the first one that came to hand.

"Where shall we go?" asked the driver. She looked at me.

"I do not know," I answered.

"I know," she said. Women always know the path to salvation. An hour later, I was in safety.

Every day that went by after the fourth, consolidated the *Coup d'État*. Our defeat was complete, and we felt that we were abandoned. Paris was like a forest, where Louis Bonaparte chased representatives; the wild beast was pursuing the hunters. Behind us, we could hear the distant baying of Mau-pas. We were obliged to disperse. The pursuit was obstinate. We were confronted by duty in another aspect: we were forced to accept and submit to disaster. The vanquished became the proscribed. Each had his final adventures. Mine was, very properly, exile, for death had missed me. I am not

going to tell about it here. This book is not my biography, and I must not seek to turn upon my own doings any of the interest it may excite. Moreover, all that concerns myself personally may be read in a narrative which is one of the testaments of exile.\*

Ferocious as was the pursuit against us, I did not think it my duty to leave Paris while a gleam of hope remained, and while there was a possibility that the people might rise. Mallarmet informed me in my retreat that there would be a movement at Belleville, on Tuesday the ninth. I waited till the twelfth. Nothing occurred. The people were thoroughly dead. Happily, such deaths, like the deaths of the gods, are but for a season.

I had a final interview with Jules Favre and Michel de Bourges at Madame Didier's, in the Rue la Ville-Lévêque. It was night. Bastide came.

"You are going to leave Paris," this brave man said to me, "I am to stay here, Make me your lieutenant. Let me be your instrument while you are in exile. Use me as if I were your arm, still reaching into France."

"I will make use of you as if you were my heart," I said.

On the fourteenth, after the adventures related by my son Charles in his book, I succeeded in reaching Brussels.

The vanquished are like cinders. Destiny blows upon them and they are scattered abroad. There was a melancholy dispersion of the combatants for right and law. A tragic disappearance.

\* *The Men of the Exile.* By Charles Hugo.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE EXILES.

THE crime having succeeded, everything rallied to its support. Existence was possible, but resistance was impossible. The situation became more and more desperate. It seemed as if a vast wall rose upon the horizon and threatened to close in upon us. The only outlet was exile. The grand souls, the glory of the people, emigrated. It was a gloomy spectacle: France driven from France. But what the present loses, the future gains: the hand that gathereth is the hand that scattereth abroad.

The representatives of the Left — surrounded, hunted down, pursued, scented out — ran for several days from one refuge to another. Those who escaped, got away from Paris and France only with great difficulty.

Madier de Montjau had very black and very heavy eyebrows; he shaved them half off, cut his hair, and let his beard grow. Yvan, Pelletier, Gindrier, and Doutre, shaved off their moustaches and whiskers. Versigny arrived at Brussels on the fourteenth, with a passport in the name of "Morin." Schœlcher dressed himself like a priest. The costume suited him admirably, and harmonized with his austere countenance and grave voice. A worthy priest helped to make the disguise, lent him cassock and band, made him shave off his beard several days beforehand, so that the whiteness of the newly shaved skin would not betray him, gave him his own passport, and left him only at the railway station.\* De Flotte disguised himself as a servant, and so got across the frontier at

\* See *The Men of the Exile*.

Mouscron; thence he went to Ghent, and from there to Brussels.

On the night of December 26, I had returned to the little, unheated room — it was No. 9 — which I occupied on the third floor of the Hôtel de la Porte-Verte. It was midnight. I went to bed and had just fallen asleep, when some one knocked at the door. I awoke. I always left the key on the outside.

“Come in,” I said.

A servant entered with a light, and ushered in two men whom I did not know. One was a lawyer from Ghent, a Monsieur M——, the other was de Flotte, who clasped both my hands in the most affectionate manner.

“What!” I exclaimed, “Is it you?”

In the Assembly, de Flotte, with his prominent and thoughtful brow, his deep-set eyes, his close-cut hair, and his waving beard, was like a figure in Sebastian’s painting of the “Raising of Lazarus,” and now I saw before me a short, thin, pale young man in spectacles. But, as I very soon discovered, he had not been able to disguise his great heart, his noble mind, his energetic character, his intrepid courage, and if I did not recognize his face, I recognized the clasp of his hand.

Edgar Quinet was taken away on the tenth by a noble Wallachian, the Princess Cantacuzène, who undertook to get him to the frontier and who made good her promise. It was a difficult undertaking. Quinet had a foreign passport in the name of “Grubesco”; he passed for a Wallachian, and it was agreed that he should not know how to speak French, — he who wrote it with consummate skill. The journey was full of peril. Their passports were demanded all along the route from the starting point. At Amiens, the officials were particularly suspicious. But at Lille they were in great danger. The gendarmes went from carriage to carriage with lanterns, comparing the written descriptions of the travellers with their personal appearance. Several, who did not satisfy the inspectors, were arrested and cast into prison. Edgar Quinet,

sitting by Madame Cantacuzène, waited his turn. At length it came. Madame Cantacuzène leaned quickly forward to hand her passport to the gendarmes.

"It is useless, madam," said a corporal, waving back the document; "we have nothing to do with women's passports." Then turning to Quinet he demanded, rudely, "Your papers."

Quinet held out his passport, unfolded.

"Get out of the carriage," said the gendarme, "that we may compare your description."

Quinet got out. But this particular Wallachian passport did not contain any description. The corporal frowned and said to his subordinates, —

"An irregular passport! Go find the commissary."

It seemed as if all were lost.

Madame Cantacuzène began to talk to Quinet in the most Wallachian manner possible, and with incredible assurance and volubility, so that the gendarme, convinced that he had to deal with Wallachia in person, and seeing that the train was ready to depart, returned the passport to Quinet, saying, —

"Well, well; go along!"

A few hours later, Edgar Quinet was in Belgium.

Arnaud de l'Ariège had his adventures also. He was a marked man and he was obliged to hide. As Arnaud was a Catholic, Madame Arnaud applied to the priests. The Abbé Deguerry was not to be found. The Abbé Maret took him in. The Abbé Maret was brave and good. Arnaud de l'Ariège was concealed for two weeks in the house of this worthy priest. There he wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, urging him to decline to receive the Panthéon which Louis Bonaparte had by decree taken from France and given to Rome. The letter made the archbishop angry. The banished Arnaud got to Brussels, and there, at the age of eighteen months, died the "little Red," who, on December 3 had carried the workingman's letter to the archbishop — an angel sent by God to a priest who did not recognize the angelic mission, and who did not know God.

In this dramatic series of incidents and adventures, each played his part. Cournet's was marvellous and terrible. Cournet was, it will be remembered, a naval officer. He was a man of great decision of character, one of those who exercise great influence over others, and who at critical moments are able to sway the masses. He was proud in his bearing, broad shouldered, strong armed, strong handed, tall, calculated to win the confidence of multitudes, and with that intelligence of countenance which wins the confidence of the thoughtful. Seeing him go by, one recognized force; hearing him speak, one was conscious of will, which is more than force. While still very young he had seen active service. In a certain measure, he combined popular enthusiasm with military precision, and this combination, when well directed and well employed, makes an energetic man a power and a support. He was one of the natures adapted alike to a whirlwind, or a popular uprising, who begin their study of the people by a study of the ocean, who are as much at their ease in a revolution, as they are in a hurricane.

As we have said, he took a prominent part in the combat, he was intrepid and indefatigable, he was one of those who could yet continue the fight. After Wednesday afternoon, several police officers were instructed to look for him everywhere, to seize him wherever he might be, and to take him to the prefecture of police, where there was a standing order that he should be immediately shot. Cournet, however, with his habitual recklessness, came and went freely in response to the necessities of the moment, even in the districts occupied by the troops. His one precaution was that of shaving off his moustache. On Thursday afternoon, he was on the boulevard at a few paces from a regiment of cavalry. He was talking quietly with two of his fellow combatants, Huy and Lorrain. Suddenly he and his two companions were surrounded by a squad of police sergeants, and a man touched his arm and said, —

“You are Cournet. I arrest you.”



"Nonsense," replied Cournet, "my name is Lépine."

"You are Cournet," replied the other. "Don't you recognize me? Well, I recognize you; I served with you on the Socialist Electoral Committee."

Cournet looked him in the face and remembered his features. The man was right. He had really belonged to the Rue Saint-Spire conclave.

"I nominated Eugène Sue with you," said the spy with a laugh.

'Twas useless to deny it, and the moment was not favorable to resistance. Close by, as we have said, were twenty police sergeants, and a regiment of dragoons.

"I will go with you," said Cournet. A cab was called.

"As long as I am here," said the spy, "you may all three get in." He made Huy and Lorrain get in with Cournet, put them in front of him, sat down on the back seat with Cournet, and then called to the driver, "To the prefecture."

Police sergeants surrounded the cab. But whether through accident, or over-confidence, or haste to get his pay for his capture, the man who had arrested Cournet called to the coachman, "Hurry up, hurry up," and the cab started off at a gallop. Meanwhile, Cournet knew that he would be shot in the courtyard as soon as he got to the prefecture. He made up his mind not to go there. At a turning in the Rue Saint-Antoine, he glanced behind and saw that the police-sergeants were following the cab at a considerable distance. Not one of the four men in the cab had as yet opened his lips. Cournet cast a glance at his two companions sitting in front of him, as much as to say, We are three to one, let us profit by the situation, and escape. The other two replied, with an imperceptible motion of the eyelids towards the street full of people, No. A few moments later, the cab passed from the Rue Saint-Antoine into the Rue de Fourey, which is usually a very quiet street, and where no one was passing at that particular instant.

Cournet turned quickly to the spy, and asked, —

"Have you a warrant for my arrest?"

"No, but I have my permit."

He drew his permit as police agent from his pocket, and showed it to Cournet; then the following dialogue took place between the two men, —

"This is not regular."

"It's all the same to me."

"You have no right to arrest me."

"I arrest you, though."

"See here, if it's money you want, how much? I have some with me — let me go."

"Not for a lump of gold as big as your head. You are my finest capture, Citizen Cournet."

"Where are you taking me?"

"To the prefecture."

"To be shot?"

"Possibly."

"And my two companions?"

"I don't say no."

"I do not wish to go there."

"You'll go all the same."

"I tell you I will not go," cried Cournet, and with a movement of extraordinary rapidity he seized the spy by the throat. The agent could not utter a cry, he struggled, a hand of bronze clutched his throat. His tongue protruded from his mouth, his eyes were horrible and started from their sockets; all at once his head fell back, a reddish froth rose to his lips, he was dead. Huy and Lorrain, motionless and thunderstruck, watched the terrible spectacle. They said not a word, they made not a gesture, the cab rolled on.

"Open the door," cried Cournet.

But they did not move, they seemed to be turned to stone. Cournet, with his right thumb stuck deep into the neck of the wretched spy, tried to open the door with his left hand, but he did not succeed, he saw that he must use his other hand, and he was obliged to relax his hold. The man fell over, head foremost, and sank upon his knees. Cournet opened the door.

"Off!" he said.

Huy and Lorrain sprang into the street and hurried away. The driver knew nothing of what had taken place. Cournet allowed him to drive on, then signalled to him, stopped the cab, got out leisurely, closed the door, quietly took forty sous from his purse, gave them to the driver, who had not left his seat, and said, —

"Keep straight on."

He plunged into the heart of the city. In the Place des Victoires he met the ex-constituent Isidore Buvignier, his friend, who about six weeks before had been released from the Madelonnettes, where he had been confined because of his connection with the *Solidarité Républicaine*. Buvignier was an important figure on the upper benches of the Left. He was fair, smooth faced, stern looking, and made one think of an English Roundhead; for he looked more like a Cromwellian Puritan than he did like a Dantonian Radical. Cournet related his adventure; the termination had been horrible. Buvignier shook his head.

"You have killed a man," he said.

In a similar situation I have made Fabiani answer, in *Marie Tudor*, "No, a Jew."

Cournet, who probably never had read *Marie Tudor*, responded, —

"No, a spy. I have killed a spy," he went on, "to save three men, of whom I was one."

Cournet was right. They were in open combat, they were taking him to be shot, the spy who arrested him was, properly speaking, an assassin, and certainly it was a case of justifiable homicide. I may add that the wretch, a democrat to the people and a spy to the police, was a double-dyed traitor. Finally, the spy was a procurer to the *Coup d'État*, while Cournet was a legal combatant.

"You must conceal yourself," said Buvignier; "come to Juvisy."

Buvignier had a little retreat at Juvisy, which is on the road

to Corbeil ; there he was known and loved. Cournet and he went there that evening. But they had scarcely alighted when the peasants said to Buvignier, —

“The gendarmes have already been here to arrest you, and they are coming back to-night.”

They must go away. Cournet, in greater peril than ever, hunted, wandering, pursued, with difficulty concealed himself in Paris. He remained till the sixteenth. No means of getting a passport. Finally, on the sixteenth, friends connected with the Northern Railway gave him a special pass, thus worded, —

“Allow M——, inspector of the service, to pass.”

He resolved to start the next day, and to take the day train, thinking, perhaps rightly, that the night trains would be more carefully watched. The train was to start at eight o'clock in the morning. At dawn, on the seventeenth, taking advantage of the semi-darkness, he crept from street to street to the Northern Railway station. His unusual stature was a source of danger ; however, he got to the station. The firemen took him with them upon the tender of the locomotive belonging to the train which was about to depart. He had no clothes except those which he had worn since the second, no fresh linen, no valise, some money. Day comes late in December, and night comes early, and this is favorable to proscripts. He got to the frontier that night without difficulty. At Neuv-église he was in Belgium, he thought himself safe, they demanded his papers, and he asked to be taken to the burgomaster, and said, —

“I am a political refugee.”

The burgomaster, a Belgian, but also a Bonapartist, — that sort exists, — had him at once taken back to the frontier, with orders to turn him over to the French authorities. Cournet thought himself lost. The Belgian gendarmes took him to Armentières. If they had asked for the mayor, Cournet would have been done for, but they asked for the inspector of customs. Cournet saw a gleam of hope. He went up to the in-

spector of customs in a business-like way, and shook him by the hand. The Belgian gendarmes had not yet released him.

"'Pon my word," said Cournet, to the customs officer, "you are an inspector of customs, I am an inspector of railways. Inspector doesn't eat inspector, I take it. These worthy Belgians got scared and have sent me to you, between four gendarmes, I don't know why. I am sent by the Northern Railway Company to repair a defective bridge somewhere around here. I shall be glad if you will let me go on my way. Here's my pass." He handed the officer the pass. The officer read it, saw that it was in proper form, and said to Cournet, —

"Mr. Inspector, you are free."

Cournet, delivered from Belgian gendarmes by French authority, hastened to the railway station. He had friends there.

"Quick," he said; "it's night, but that makes no difference — all the better, in fact. Find some smuggler who will get me across the frontier."

They brought him a little lad of eighteen, fair, rosy, active, a Walloon, speaking French.

"What's your name?" asked Cournet.

"Henry."

"You look like a girl."

"I'm a man, though."

"You'll undertake to guide me?"

"Yes."

"You've been a smuggler?"

"I'm a smuggler now."

"You know the roads?"

"No. I have nothing to do with roads."

"What do you know, then?"

"I know the passes."

"There are two custom-house lines."

"I know that very well."

"You'll pass me over them?"

"Indeed I will."



"You're not afraid of the customs officers?"

"I'm afraid of the dogs."

"Then," said Cournet, "we'll take sticks."

So they armed themselves with big sticks. Cournet gave Henry fifty francs, and promised him fifty more when they should have crossed the second line.

"That will be at four o'clock this morning," said Henry.

It was midnight. They began their journey. What Henry called "passes" were rather obstacles — a succession of pitfalls and quagmires. It had been raining. Every hole was a pool of water. An imperceptible trail wound through an inextricable maze of thorny heath, alternating with miry marsh land. The night was dark. From time to time they could hear a dog barking far away in the darkness. Then the smuggler turned to one side, sharply to the right or left, and sometimes retraced his steps. Cournet, leaping over hedges, striding ditches, stumbling every moment, falling into mud-holes, clutching at briars, his clothes in rags, his hands bleeding, almost dead with hunger, bruised, tired out, weakened, exhausted, followed his guide in excellent spirits. Every moment he made a misstep, fell into a bog, and got up covered with mud. At length he fell into a pond; it was several feet deep; there he got clean again.

"Bravo," he said. "I'm clean now, but I'm very cold."

At four o'clock, as Henry had promised, they were at Messine, a Belgian village. The two lines were crossed. Cournet had nothing more to fear from customs officers, or the *Coup d'État*, or from men, or from dogs. He gave Henry the second fifty francs, and went on his way-on foot and somewhat at random. It was towards night when he reached the railway. He boarded a train, and at twilight he arrived at the Southern Railway station in Brussels.

He had left Paris the day before, he had not slept an hour, he had walked all night, and he had eaten nothing. Searching his pocket, he missed his pocket-book, but found a piece of bread. His delight at finding the bread was greater than his



grief for the loss of his pocket-book. He carried his money in a belt. The pocket-book, which had probably fallen into the pond, contained letters, among them a very desirable letter of introduction from his friend Ernest Koechlin to two representatives, Guilgot and Carlos Forel, who were then refugees at Brussels, and who were stopping at the Hôtel de Brabant. On leaving the railway station he sprang into a cab, and said to the driver, —

“Hôtel de Brabant.”

He heard a voice repeat the words “Hôtel de Brabant”; he leaned out and saw a man write something in a note-book with a pencil, by the light from a street lamp. It was probably a police agent. Without passport, without letters, without papers of any sort, he was afraid of being arrested in the night, and he wanted, above all things, a few hours’ sleep. “A good bed to-night,” he thought, “and, after that, the deluge!” At the Hôtel de Brabant he paid the driver and went into the hotel. His inquiries for the two representatives, Forel and Guilgot, were useless; both went there under assumed names. He wandered about the streets. It was eleven o’clock at night, and he had for a long time been thoroughly fagged. Finally, he saw a lamp bearing the sign, “Hôtel de la Monnaie.” He went in. The landlord came up and looked at him in a suspicious manner. He thought then of looking at himself. With unshaven beard, dishevelled hair, cap covered with mud, bloody hands, and clothes in rags, he was in a horrible condition. He took a double louis from his belt, put it on the table of the room he had first entered, and said, —

“The fact is, I am not a thief; I am a proscrip<sup>t</sup>. My only passport is money. I have come from Paris. I want something to eat, in the first place, and then a place to sleep.”

The landlord took the double louis and gave him a bed and some supper. The next morning, while he still slept, the landlord came to his room, awoke him softly, and said, —

“See here, sir; if I were you, I’d go and see Baron Hody.”

"Who's Baron Hody?" asked Cournet, still half asleep. The landlord explained who Baron Hody was. I had occasion myself to ask the same question that Cournet had propounded, and here are the three replies I got from three citizens of Brussels:—

"A cur."

"A skunk."

"A hyena."

Probably there was some exaggeration in these three answers. A fourth Belgian did not go into details, but simply said, —  
"He is a beast."

In his official capacity, Baron Hody was what they call at Brussels "administrator of public safety." A sort of prefect of police, half Carlier, half Maupas. It was due to Baron Hody — who has since resigned his position, and who was, in fact, like Monsieur Montalembert, a "mere Jesuit" — it was due to Baron Hody that the Belgian police system was at that time a compound of Russian and Austrian methods. I have read remarkable confidential letters by this Baron Hody. There is nothing more cynical or repulsive than a Jesuitical police when they lay bare their secret motives. An unbuttoned cassock. At the period of which we are now speaking (December, 1851), the clerical party was enthusiastic in its support of monarchy in every form, and Baron Hody confused Orleanism with the claim of the Legitimists. I tell the story. Nothing more.

"Baron Hody it shall be," said Cournet. He got up, dressed, brushed himself as well as he could, and asked of the landlord: "Where is he to be found?"

"At the ministry of justice."

That is the way they arrange matters at Brussels. The police administration is a part of the ministry of justice; this method does not elevate the police, but somewhat abases justice. Cournet went thither, and was ushered into the presence of the distinguished personage. Baron Hody did him the honor to ask sharply, —

"Who are you?"

"A refugee," replied Cournet. "I am one of those who have been driven from Paris by the *Coup d'État*."

"Your profession?"

"I was formerly a naval officer."

"Formerly a naval officer!" exclaimed Baron Hody in a much more courteous tone. "Did you happen to know his royal highness, the Prince de Joinville?"

"I served under him."

It was true. Cournet had served under Monsieur de Joinville, and was proud of the fact. At this declaration, the administrator of Belgian safety was completely won over, and he said to Cournet with the most gracious smile of which a police official is capable, —

"Very good. Stay here as long as you please. We close Belgium to the radicals, but we open our arms to men like you."

When Cournet told me of this speech, I concluded that the fourth Belgian was right.

There was a certain element of comedy in some of these tragedies. Barthélemy Terrier was a representative of the people and a proscrip. He got a special passport by a fixed route to Belgium for himself and wife, and, armed with this passport, he set out accompanied by a woman. The woman was a man. Préveraud, a Donjon landowner, a prominent man in his department, Allier, was Terrier's brother-in-law. When the *Coup d'État* burst upon Donjon, Préveraud took up arms, did his duty, fought against the outrage and defended the law. For this, he was condemned to death. Justice was thus administered at that time. It was a justice that slew justice. For the crime of being an honest man, they guillotined Chârlet, guillotined Cuisinier, guillotined Cirasse. The guillotine was an instrument of sovereignty. Assassination by guillotine was one of the methods of securing order. It was necessary to save Préveraud. He was short and slim.

They dressed him as a woman. He was not pretty enough to prevent them from covering his face with a thick veil. His brave, strong, fighting hands were put into a muff. Veiled and padded a little, Préveraud made a charming woman. He became Madame Terrier, and his brother-in-law took him in charge. They crossed Paris without molestation, their only adventure being an imprudence committed by Préveraud, who, seeing the shaft-horse of a huge cart on the pavement, threw down his muff, raised his veil, hoisted his skirts, and, if the alarmed Terrier had not stopped him, would have helped the driver to raise the horse. If a police sergeant had been there, Préveraud would have been taken. Terrier hurried Préveraud into a railway carriage, and, at dusk, they started for Brussels. They were alone in the carriage, each in a corner, facing one another. Everything went well as far as Amiens. At the Amiens station, the door was opened, and a gendarme got in and sat down by Préveraud. The gendarme asked for a passport. Terrier showed it to him, the little, veiled, silent woman in the corner did not stir, and the gendarme found nothing to excite his suspicions. He simply said, —

“We will make the journey together ; I am on duty as far as the frontier.”

After a few moments, the train went on. The night was dark. Terrier slept. All at once, Préveraud felt a knee pressing against his own. It was the policeman's knee. A boot rested softly upon his boot. It was a trooper's boot. A tender passion had taken possession of the gendarme's heart. First, he pressed Préveraud's knee ; then, emboldened by the darkness and the husband's slumber, he ventured to put his hand on her gown. Molière has described a similar situation. But the veiled fair one was virtuous. Préveraud, surprised and enraged, gently pushed away the gendarme's hand. The danger was extreme. Too much love on the part of the gendarme, one more audacious move, might lead to the unexpected, and the eclogue would be changed to a police warrant, the satyr to a guardian of public safety ; Tircis would be trans-

formed to Vidocq, and then a strange event would be brought about, — a passenger guillotined because a gendarme had outraged modesty. Préveraud drew back, squeezed himself into the corner, held on to his gown, bent his legs under the seat, and continued to be energetically virtuous. Meanwhile, the gendarme did not suspend operations, and the peril became greater every moment. The struggle was silent, but obstinate, caressing on one side, furious on the other; opposition excited the gendarme's amorous propensities. Terrier slept on. All at once, the train stopped: "Quiévrain," and the door opened. They were in Belgium. The gendarme, obliged to return to France, got up and descended from the carriage; but, just as he stepped to the platform, he heard these expressive words spoken from under the lace veil, —

"Get out of this, or I'll break your jaw!"



## CHAPTER XIII.

### MILITARY COMMISSIONS AND MIXED COMMISSIONS.

JUSTICE undergoes strange vicissitudes. It is an old saying, which now acquired a new meaning. The code was no longer a security. Law had sworn fealty to a crime. Louis Bonaparte made judges who waylaid people, like robbers in a wood. As the forest is an accomplice by its obscurity, so legislation cast a protecting shadow over wrong. Where, at certain points, it did not seem to be dark enough, they resorted to other measures. What? Force. That and nothing else. By decree. *Sic jubeo*. The decree of February 17 was a masterpiece. This decree supplemented proscriptions of persons by proscribing names. Domitian could not have done better. The human conscience was disconcerted. Right, equity, reason, were like a purse in the hands of a thief. No chance for a protest. Obey. There never was anything so infamous.

Every form of iniquity was possible. Legislative bodies stepped in and darkened legislation, so that any evil was easily committed. A victorious *Coup d'État* does not stand upon ceremony. This sort of success admits of everything. Facts are abundant, but we must be brief. We will present them only in substance.

There were two methods of administering justice — military commissions and mixed commissions. The military commissions sat with closed doors. A colonel presided. In Paris alone there were three military commissions. Each one received a thousand bills of indictment. The trial justice sent the indictments to Lascoux, attorney-general of the Republic, who turned them over to the presiding colonel. The commis-



sion examined the accused, that is the bill of indictment. They considered it, that is, they looked it over. The indictment was brief. Two or three lines. Like this, for example, —

“Name — Surname — Profession — Intelligent man — Goes to the café — Reads the newspapers — Talks — Dangerous.”

The indictment was laconic. The sentence was still less prolix. Simply a sign. The indictment examined, the judges consulted, the colonel took a pen and made one of three marks at the end of the accusation, —

—

×

O

— Meant “Send him to Lambesa.”

× Meant “Transportation to Cayenne.” (The “dry guillotine.” Death).

O Meant acquittal.

While justice was at work, the man upon whom it passed judgment was often still at liberty, coming and going, as usual. All at once he is arrested, and, without knowing anything of the charge against him, he is started for Lambessa or Cayenne. His family are ignorant of his whereabouts. The wife, the sister, the daughter, the mother, are asked, —

“Where is your husband ? ”

“Where is your brother ? ”

“Where is your father ? ”

“Where is your son ? ”

Wife, sister, daughter, mother, all reply, —

“I do not know.”

In Allier, eleven members of one family — the Préveraud family of Donjon — were marked for condemnation, one to the death penalty, the others to banishment and transportation.

A wine-seller, in the Batignolles, named Brisadoux, was transported to Cayenne, because these words appeared in the indictment against him : “His place is frequented by Socialists.”

Here is a dialogue, taken down just as it occurred, between a colonel and a prisoner, —

"You are condemned."

"Is it possible? For what?"

"Well, the fact is, I can't tell you exactly. Examine your conscience. Think over what you have done."

"I?"

"Yes. You."

"What? I?"

"You must have done something."

"No. I have done nothing. I have not even done my duty. I ought to have taken my gun, gone down into the street, harangued the people, built barricades. Unfortunately, I staid at home like a stupid lazybones." (The prisoner laughs).

"That's the offence I am guilty of in my own eyes."

"You are not condemned for that. Think carefully."

"I think of nothing."

"What, did you not go to the café?"

"Yes, I breakfasted there."

"Did you not talk?"

"Perhaps so."

"Did you not laugh?"

"Perhaps I did laugh."

"At whom? At what?"

"At what was going on. It is true, I had no business to laugh."

"At the same time you talked?"

"Yes."

"Of whom?"

"Of the president."

"What did you say?"

"Why, what everybody says, that he had broken his oath."

"And then?"

"That he had no right to arrest the representatives."

"You said that?"

"Yes; and more than that; I said he had no right to kill people on the boulevard—" Here the condemned pauses.

"And for this," he cries, "you send me to Cayenne!"

The judge looks sternly at the prisoner and replies, —  
“Well?”

Another form of justice. Three individuals chosen at random, three temporary functionaries — a prefect, a soldier, an attorney, at the beck and call of Louis Bonaparte, sat down at a table and passed judgment. Upon whom? You, me, us, everybody. For what crimes? They invented crimes. By what laws? They invented laws. In accordance with what penalties? They invented penalties. Did they know the accused? No. Did they give him a hearing? No. What counsel did they listen to? None. What witnesses did they examine? None. What consultation did they have? None. Who was present? No one. There were no spectators, there was no consultation, no counsel, no witnesses; the judges were not magistrates, the jury was not sworn, the tribunal was not a tribunal; imaginary offences, invented penalties, the accused absent, the law absent — these visionary circumstances brought forth a reality — the condemnation of the innocent.

Exile, banishment, transportation, ruin, homesickness, death, despair for forty thousand families — that is what history calls the mixed commissions.

Usually, civic crimes strike at lofty heads, and are satisfied with that field of destruction. They are like blocks of stone, they fall in one piece and crush the objects that stand highest. Illustrious victims are enough for them. But the second of December was crafty; it wanted petty victims. Its appetite for extermination descended to the poor and the lowly. It was moved by anger and animosity even against the humble classes. It dug into the social depths, and there carried out its policy of proscription. The local triumvirates, called mixed commissions, served its purposes. Not a head, however humble, that escaped. They found means for impoverishing the indigent, ruining the hungry, despoiling the disinherited. The *Coup d'État* succeeded in the prodigious task of adding misfortune to misery. It seemed as if Bonaparte extended

his hatred even to the peasantry. The vine-dresser was torn from his vineyard; the laborer, from the furrow; the mason, from his scaffold; the weaver, from his loom. Men were found to distribute the burden of an overwhelming public calamity among the lowliest of creatures. Despicable task! To drop the fragments of a great catastrophe in the pathway of the little and the weak.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A RELIGIOUS EPISODE.

It is possible to mingle a little religion with this sort of justice. Here is one example. Frédéric Morin was, like Arnaud de l'Ariège, a Republican Catholic. He thought that the souls of the victims of the fourth of December, so suddenly cast into the infinite and the unknown by the *Coup d'État* musketry, might have need of some assistance, and he undertook the difficult task of getting a mass said in their behalf. But priests reserve masses for their friends. The group of Republican Catholics, led by Frédéric Morin, applied to every priest in Paris, but all refused. They went to the archbishop, and were refused. As many masses for the assassin as they liked, but none for the assassinated. To pray for dead of that sort would be scandalous. The refusal was absolute. How could they get around it? To do without a mass was the obvious solution of the difficulty, but these devoted believers thought otherwise. The worthy Catholic Democrats at length succeeded in unearthing a poor vicar in a small suburban parish, who consented to mumble the desired mass into the ear of the good Lord, begging him at the same time not to say anything about it.

## CHAPTER XV.

### HOW THEY CAME OUT OF HAM.

ON the night of January seventh and eighth Charras was asleep. He was awakened by a noise of sliding bolts.

"Ah, ha," he said; "they are going to put us in solitary confinement." And he went to sleep again.

An hour later the door opened and the commandant of the fortress entered in full uniform accompanied by a police agent, carrying a torch; it was then about four o'clock in the morning.

"Colonel," said the commandant, "dress yourself immediately."

"What for?"

"You are going away."

"Some new piece of infamy, probably."

The commandant did not reply. Charras put on his clothes. As he finished dressing, a short young man, clad in black, came in and spoke to him, —

"Colonel," he said, "you are about to leave this fortress and quit France. I have orders to conduct you to the frontier."

"If I am to quit France," exclaimed Charras, "I do not care to leave the fortress. This is another outrage. They have no more right to exile than they had to imprison me. On my side I have law, justice, military service, rank. I protest. Who are you, sir?"

"I am private secretary to the Minister of the Interior."

"Ah, you are the one they call Léopold Lehon." The young man cast down his eyes. "You come," Charras went on, "in behalf of a person who is called the Minister of the



Interior, Monsieur de Morny. I know Monsieur de Morny. A young bald head; he has played the game in which people lose their hair; now he is playing the game in which they risk their heads."

The conversation was painful. The young man bestowed most of his attention upon the points of his boots. After a silence, he ventured, however, to speak again. "Monsieur Charras, I am instructed to say to you that if you have need of money —"

"Stop there, sir," interrupted Charras, impetuously, "not another word. I have served my country for twenty-five years as a soldier in battle at the peril of my life, and always for honor, never for gain. Keep your money for such as yourselves."

"But, sir —"

"Silence! Money that had touched your hands would soil mine."

There was a pause, which was again broken by the private secretary. "Colonel, you will be accompanied by two agents who have special instructions, and I ought to tell you that you are ordered to travel with a false passport, and under the name of Vincent."

"By God," cried Charras, "this is too much! Who is it that imagines he can make me travel at his order, with a false passport, and under an assumed name?" And, looking fixedly at Léopold Lehon, he added, "Know, sir, that my name is Charras, and not Vincent, and that I belong to a family where the son has always carried the father's name."

They set out. They made the journey by carriage as far as Creil, where they took to the railway. At Creil station, the first person to see Charras was General Changarnier.

"Hullo, is this you, general?" The two proscripsts embraced one another. Such is exile. "What the devil are they doing with you?" asked the general.

"The same that they're doing with you, probably. These scoundrels are making me travel under the name of Vincent."

"And me," said Changarnier, "under the name of Leblanc."

"They might at least have called me Lerouge," said Changarnier, with an outburst of laughter.

Meanwhile, a crowd, kept at a distance by the police-agents, had gathered about them. They were recognized and saluted. A child slipped away from its mother, ran to Charras, and took hold of his hand. They got into the train, possessed of as much freedom apparently, as the other passengers. But they were put into different compartments, and each was carefully watched by two men, one sitting in front of him, and the other at his side. General Changarnier's guardians were ordinary men, as far as concerns strength and stature. Those in charge of Charras were almost giants. Charras is very tall; they overtopped him by a head. These men, now police agents, had served in the cavalry; these spies had been gallant men. Charras questioned them. They had joined the service when very young, in 1813, so they had bivouacked with Napoleon; now they ate the same bread as Vidocq. It is a sad thing when a soldier is brought to this pass. One of the two carried something in his pocket, which stuck out very perceptibly. As this man was going through the station accompanying Charras, a woman said, —

"Has he got Monsieur Thiers in his pocket?"

The agent carried a pair of pistols in his pocket. Under their long, closely buttoned, double-breasted coats these men carried arms. They had orders to treat "the gentlemen" with the greatest respect, and, under certain circumstances, to blow out their brains. The prisoners had been privately informed that they should pass among the different authorities, whom they would meet on the way, for foreigners, Swiss, or Belgians, expelled because of their political opinions; and that the police agents, in their true character, would represent themselves as charged with escorting these foreigners to the frontier.

Two thirds of the journey passed without incident. At

Valenciennes, something happened. The *Coup d'État* having succeeded, zeal reigned everywhere. There was no task too vile to be accomplished. It was a pleasure to denounce anybody. Zeal is a form of servitude assumed the most willingly. The general turned soldier; the prefect, a police commissary; the police commissary, a spy. The police commissary at Valenciennes superintended the inspection of passports in person. He would not, for any consideration in the world, have allowed this noble office to devolve upon a subordinate. When he was handed the passport bearing the name of Leblanc, he looked earnestly at the so-called Leblanc, made a gesture, and exclaimed, —

“You are General Changarnier.”

“That makes no difference to me,” said the general.

Upon this the general's two guardians began to protest, and exhibited their papers, which were in regular form. “Mr. Commissary,” they said, “we are government agents. Here are our proper passports.”

“Improper,” said the general.

The commissary shook his head. He had been employed at Paris, and had often been sent to staff headquarters at the Tuileries, where he had seen General Changarnier. He knew him very well.

“This is too much!” cried the agents. They tried hard to prove that they were police functionaries charged with a special mission, that they had orders to escort Leblanc, who was banished for political reasons, to the frontier, and swore by all the gods, and gave their word of honor that the said Leblanc was really Leblanc.

“I haven't much faith in words of honor,” said the commissary.

“Honest commissary,” muttered Changarnier, “you are right. Since the second of December, words of honor and oaths are as worthless as paper money.” Then he smiled.

The commissary was more and more perplexed. Finally, the police agents called upon the prisoner to testify.

"Will you not tell him your name, sir?"

"Get out of the affair the best you can," replied Changarnier.

Nothing could be more irregular than all this to a provincial constable. The Valenciennes commissary was convinced that General Changarnier was escaping from Ham under an assumed name, with a false passport, with false police agents to mislead, and that the whole affair was a plot that had come very near being successful.

"Get down, all three of you," cried the commissary.

The general got down, and as he left the steps he saw Charras in the back of another compartment, between his two watch-dogs.

"Still there, Charras," he said.

"Charras!" exclaimed the commissary, "that, Charras! Quick, give me these gentlemen's passports!" and, looking Charras in the face, he asked, "Are you Colonel Charras?"

"Well, I should say so," answered Charras.

Here was a complication. It was now time for Charras's men to begin to bluster. They declared that Charras was named Vincent, they showed passports and papers, they swore and protested. The commissary's suspicions were fully confirmed.

"Very good," he said, "I arrest the whole of you."

And he turned over Changarnier, Charras, and the four police agents to the gendarmes. The commissary saw the cross of honor gleaming in the distance. He was radiant. The police collared the police. It sometimes happens that when the wolf tries to seize his prey he bites his own tail. They put the six prisoners — for there were six prisoners now — into a room at the railway station. The commissary notified the authorities. The authorities hastened to the spot, with the sub-prefect at their head. The sub-prefect, named Censier, enters, and does not know whether he ought to salute or ask questions, whether he ought to make obeisance or act the autocrat. The poor devils of magistrates and local officials

were greatly disturbed. General Changarnier had been too near the dictatorship not to make them thoughtful. Who knows what may happen? Anything is possible. Yesterday, Cavaignac; to-day, Bonaparte; to-morrow, possibly, Changarnier. The good God is cruel not to allow sub-prefects just a little glimpse of what is going to be. It is melancholy for a respectable functionary who asks nothing better than to be servile or arrogant, according to circumstances, to be exposed to the chance of lavishing his platitudes upon a rascally person who perhaps is to rot forever in exile, or to insult a brigand of a proscrip who may come back in six months a victor, and take his turn at the government. What was to be done? And then, they were under espionage. Officials are subjected to this inconvenience. The least word would be repeated. The least gesture duly chronicled. How could he keep on good terms at the same time with the cabbage called to-day, and the goat called to-morrow? Too many questions would irritate the general, too many salutations would disturb the president. How could one be at the same time very much of a sub-prefect, and very much of a lackey? How combine the air of servility which would please Changarnier, with the authoritative manner which would gratify Bonaparte? The sub-prefect thought he might extricate himself from the difficulty by saying, —

“General, you are my prisoner,” and adding, with a smile, “do me the honor to breakfast with me.”

He addressed the same words to Charras. The general refused point blank. Charras stared at him and did not answer. The sub-prefect began to have doubts with regard to the identity of his prisoners. “Are you quite sure?” he whispered to the commissary. “Quite,” answered the commissary. The sub-prefect decided to address Charras, and, dissatisfied with that gentleman’s bearing, demanded sharply, —

“Come, now, tell me who you are?”

“We are freight,” answered Charras; and, turning to his guardians, who were now themselves guarded, he said: “Ask



our shipping agents, question our custom-house officers — it's merely a matter of transportation."

They brought the telegraph into play. Alarmed Valenciennes, questioned Paris. The sub-prefect informed the Minister of the Interior that, thanks to his own personal supervision, he had just effected an important capture; that he had discovered a plot, saved the president, saved society, saved religion, etc., etc.; that, in a word, he had just seized General Changarnier and Colonel Charras, who had that morning escaped from the Ham fortress with false passports, doubtless to put themselves at the head of an insurrection, etc., etc.; and that, finally, he asked the government what he should do with his two prisoners.

After the lapse of an hour, a reply came, —

"Let them go on their way."

The police discovered that, in their excessive zeal, they had pushed sagacity to the limit of stupidity. That sometimes happens. The next train took the prisoners away restored, not to liberty, but to their guardians. They passed Quiévrain. They got out of the wagon, then got in again. When the train started, Charras breathed a great sigh of relief, and said: "At last!" He raised his eyes, and saw his two jailers beside him. They had followed him into the carriage.

"Oho," he said, "still there!"

Only one of the two men ever spoke. He replied: "Oh yes, colonel."

"What are you doing here?"

"We are guarding you."

"But we are in Belgium."

"That's possible."

"Belgium is not France."

"That may be."

"But how if I put my head out of the carriage, call for assistance, have you arrested, and claim my liberty?"

"You would not do all that, colonel."

"How would you prevent me?"



"With this," said the agent, showing the butt of a pistol.

"But where do you leave me?" asked Charras, with an outburst of laughter.

"At Brussels."

"That is to say, at Brussels you will touch your hat, but at Mons you show your pistol."

"That's about it, colonel."

"Well," said Charras, "it's nothing to me. It's King Léopold's affair. Bonaparte treats countries as he treated the representatives. He violated the Assembly, now he violates Belgium. However, you're a curious pack of rascals, the whole of you. The one at the top is crazy, and those at the bottom are fools. Very well, my friends, let me get some sleep," and he went to sleep.

Very nearly the same incident happened at about the same time to Generals Changarnier and Lamoricière, and to Monsieur Baze. The agents took leave of General Changarnier at Mons. There they made him get out of the carriage, and said, —

"This is your stopping-place, general. We leave you at liberty."

"Ah," he replied, "this is my stopping-place, and I am at liberty. Very well, good night"; and he sprang back into the carriage just as the train started, leaving the two galley sergeants overwhelmed with surprise.

The police left Charras at Brussels, but they did not leave General Lamoricière. The two agents wanted to force him to start at once for Cologne. The general, who suffered from rheumatism contracted at Ham, declared that he would sleep at Brussels.

"So be it," said the agents.

They followed him to the Hôtel de Bellevue. They staid there all night. He had a good deal of difficulty in preventing them from sleeping in his chamber. The next day, they again took him in charge and escorted him to Cologne, violating Prussian territory as they had violated Belgian territory.

The *Coup d'État* was still more impudent to Monsieur Baze. They made Monsieur Baze, with his wife and children, travel under the name of Lasalle. He passed for the valet of the police agent who accompanied him. He was taken to Aix-la-Chapelle. There, at midnight, they left him in the middle of the street, without passport, papers, or money, him and his family. The indignant Monsieur Baze was obliged to resort to threats to induce them to take him to some magistrate and make known his identity. It was probably one of Bonaparte's little amusements to treat an auditor of the Assembly like a vagabond.

On the night of January 7, General Bedeau, although he was not to depart till the next day, was, like the others, awakened by the noise of moving bolts. He did not realize that he was being locked up, but thought that they were setting his neighbor, Monsieur Baze, at liberty. So he called out through the door,—

“Good for you, Baze!”

Every day, the generals had said to the auditor,—

“They have no business to keep you here. This is a military fortress. Some fine morning, they will turn you loose, as they did Roger du Nord.”

But General Bedeau heard an unusual noise in the fortress. He got up and “knocked” for General Le Flô, his other neighbor, with whom he frequently exchanged military dialogues not at all complimentary to the *Coup d'État*. General Le Flô responded to the rapping, but he knew no more about what was going on than did General Bedeau. The latter had a window opening upon the donjon court. He went to this window and saw lanterns coming and going, several covered wagons with horses attached, and a company of the Forty-eighth under arms. A moment later, he saw General Changarnier come into the courtyard, get into one of the vehicles, and go away. A few moments went by, and then he saw Charras, who saw him at the window and called out: “Mons.” In fact, Charras thought he was going to Mons; and so, the

next day, General Bedeau expected to be taken thither and to see Charras again. Charras gone, Léopold Lehon entered, accompanied by the commandant of the fortress, saluted General Bedeau, explained his mission, and gave his name. General Bedeau contented himself with saying, —

“We are banished; it is only one more illegal insult. However, considering the people who send you here, one can expect no less.”

He did not begin his journey till the morrow. Louis Bonaparte had said, “We must ‘space out’ the generals.” The police agent, charged with escorting General Bedeau as far as Belgium, was one of the party that had arrested General Cavaignac on December 2. He told General Bedeau that they had met with some trouble in arresting General Cavaignac, for the picket of fifty men ordered to assist the police had failed them. In the compartment occupied by General Bedeau on the journey to Belgium was a woman, evidently belonging to fashionable circles, very distinguished in appearance, and accompanied by three little children. A servant in livery, apparently a German, held two of the children on his knees and lavished countless attentions upon them. However, the general, hidden by the darkness, and muffled up, like the police agents in the collar of his cloak, gave but little attention to his fellow travellers. When they reached Quiévrain the lady turned to him and said, —

“I congratulate you, general. You are now in safety.” The general thanked her and asked her name. “Baroness Coppens,” she responded.

It will be remembered that the first meeting held by the Left on December 2 was held at Monsieur Coppens’s, No. 70 Rue Blanche.

“You have three charming children there, madam,” said the general — “and a very faithful servant,” he added.

“That is my husband,” replied Madame Coppens.

Monsieur Coppens had lain for five weeks concealed in a hiding-place in his own house. He had escaped that night

from France, under cover of a servant's livery. The little children had been well drilled. By accident they had got into the same compartment with General Bedeau and the two fellows guarding him, and all night long Madame Coppens had been in constant terror for fear one or the other of the little ones, awaking from sleep, should throw its arms about the servant's neck and say, "Papa."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A BACKWARD GLANCE.

LOUIS BONAPARTE had tested the majority as a bridge is tested; he loaded them down with iniquities, encroachments, enormities — massacres in the Place du Havre, cries of “Long live the emperor!” distribution of money to the troops, sale of Bonapartist journals in the streets, prohibition of Republican and parliamentary journals, a review at Satory, speeches at Dijon — the majority bore everything.

“Good,” he said; “the *Coup d’État* will be able to get across.”

Let us recall the facts. Long before the second of December, the *Coup d’État* was boldly fitted together bit by bit, here, there, and everywhere, and the majority were amused. Representative Pascal Duprat was handled roughly by the police agents. “How very funny!” said the Right. Representative Dain was collared. “Charming!” Representative Sartain was arrested. “Bravo!” Then, one fine morning, when all the hinges had been tried and oiled, when all the wires were in working order, the *Coup d’État* was suddenly effected. The majority stopped laughing, but the thing was done. They did not realize, all the time they were getting so much amusement out of the strangling of others, that the rope was around their own necks.

We must insist upon this point, not as a condemnation of the past, but as a warning for the future. Many months before it became evident, the *Coup d’État* was practically accomplished. When the day and the hour came, the machinery was wound up and had only to be set going. Nothing

could fail, and nothing did fail. What might have been an abyss if the majority had done their duty and stood by the Left, was not even a ditch. Inviolability had been demolished by the inviolable. The gendarmes were as familiar with the collaring of representatives as they were with collaring thieves. The white tie of statesmanship was not rumpled by the hands of the galley sergeants, and one can admire the innocent astonishment of the Vicomte de Falloux when he found himself treated like Citizen Sartain.

The majority moved backwards, applauding Bonaparte, and fell into the hole Bonaparte had dug.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### CONDUCT OF THE LEFT.

THE conduct of the Republican Left in this grave contingency of the second of December was memorable. The banner of the law was in the dirt, in the filth of universal treason, trampled under the feet of Louis Bonaparte. The Left raised the banner, washed away the filth with blood, held it aloft, waved it before the people, and, from the second to the fifth of December, held Bonaparte in check.

A few men, a handful, one hundred and twenty representatives of the people, who had escaped arrest, surrounded by darkness and silence, — without a newspaper to arouse the intelligent and encourage the combatants, without generals, without soldiers, without ammunition, — went into the street, barred the advance of the *Coup d'État*, and gave battle to a monstrous crime which had taken every precaution, had protected every point, was armed to the teeth, surrounded by a forest of bayonets and guarded by a baying pack of cannon and mortars.

They had the presence of mind, which is the most effectual form of courage; they had, when all else failed, the mighty inspiration of duty, and they were never cast down. No printing office, they made one; no guns, they found guns; no bullets, they moulded bullets; no powder, they manufactured powder; nothing but paving stones, but from these they brought forth defenders. These paving stones were the paving stones of Paris — stones that quickly change to men.

So great is the power of righteousness that for four days these one hundred and twenty, backed only by the justice of their cause, held their own against an army of one hundred

thousand soldiers. At one critical moment, the balance even leaned to their side. Thanks to them, thanks to their resistance, supported by the indignation of honest hearts, an hour came when victory for the law seemed not only possible, but certain. On Thursday, the fourth, the *Coup d'État* wavered, and was obliged to have recourse to assassination. We have seen that but for the butchery on the boulevards, if he had not saved perjury by massacre, if he had not brought crime to the aid of crime, Louis Bonaparte would have lost.

During the weary hours of the struggle, a struggle without a truce, a struggle with the army by day and with the police at night, an unequal struggle, fury on one side, and, as we have said, only justice upon the other—not one of the hundred and twenty representatives faltered at the call of duty, not one drew back, not one grew weary,—every head went cheerfully to the block, and waited for the axe to fall. Now, in captivity, transportation, expatriation, exile, the axe has descended upon nearly every one.

My only service in the struggle was to join with others in the effort to rally the courage of all about a single idea, but let me here do cordial justice to the men among whom I esteem it an honor to have served for three years in the sacred cause of human progress, to the insulted, calumniated, misunderstood, and valiant Left, to the men who were always in the breach, who never for a moment faltered, who recoiled neither from parliamentary nor from military conspiracy, and who, entrusted by the people with the popular defence, defended the people even when the people no longer defended themselves, defended them by word of mouth in the tribune, and in the street by the sword.

When the Committee of Resistance made use of its discretionary power, and decided that the signatures of all the Republican representatives at liberty should be added to the decree of deposition and outlawry, it was a daring measure. The committee fully realized that it was simply making out a proscription list for the victorious *Coup d'État*, and, perhaps,

it secretly feared that some would disavow and protest against the action. And the next day we did, indeed, receive two letters of complaint. They were from two representatives who had been omitted from the list and who claimed the honor of taking their places with the others. I will here give the names of these two representatives as entitled to proscription. They were Anglade and Pradié.

From Tuesday, the second, to Friday, the fifth of December, the representatives of the Left and the committee — watched, harassed, tracked, always on the point of arrest and massacre — moved about for deliberative purposes to twenty-seven different places, from their first meeting in the Rue Blanche to their last conference at Raymond's. They declined to go across the river, desiring to remain constantly at the centre of combat. In these movements they more than once traversed the right section of Paris from one end to the other, most of the time on foot, and making long circuits to avoid danger. Everything was to them a peril — their numbers, their well-known figures, their very precautions. In the populous streets, danger — the police were there constantly; in deserted streets, danger — the approaches were all the more carefully watched. They did not eat, they did not sleep. They took what they could get; a glass of water now and then, a piece of bread here and there. Madame Landrin gave us bouillon; Madame Grévy the remains of a cold meat pie. One night we subsisted on a little chocolate a pharmacist distributed in a barricade. At Jeunesse's, in the Rue de Gramont, Michel de Bourges took a chair on the night of the third and said, "Here's my bed!" Were we weary? We were not conscious of it. The old, like Ronjat, the ill, like Boysset, all kept on. The fever of public peril upheld them. Our venerable colleague, Lamennais, did not come out, but he did not go to bed for three days, sitting buttoned up in his old frock coat, with thick boots on his feet, ready to start. To the author of this book he wrote the three following lines, which must be quoted, —

"You are heroes without me. I am sorry for it. I await your orders. Try to find something for me to do, if it be only to die."

At the meetings, every man retained his customary demeanor. Sometimes it seemed like an ordinary executive session of the Assembly. The determination of the moment was tempered by the usual parliamentary discretion. Edgar Quinet retained his capacity for logic, Noël Parfait his vivacious wit, Yvan his vigorous and penetrating insight, Labrousse his enthusiasm. In one corner Pierre Lefranc, pamphleteer and song-writer — pamphleteer like Courier, song-writer like Béranger — listened smilingly to the stern and serious speech of Dupont de Bussac. The whole group of brilliant young orators belonging to the Left — Bancel with his irresistible ardor, Versigny and Victor Chauffour with their youthful intrepidity, Sain with his cool-headed strength, Farconnet with his sweet voice and eager inspiration — all fought bravely against the *Coup d'État*, now in the legislative meetings, now among the populace, thus proving once more that an orator must possess the qualities of a soldier. The indefatigable de Flotte was always ready to scour Paris. Xavier Durrieu was brave; Dulac, intrepid; Charamaule, reckless. Citizens and true knights all. Courage? Who would have dared to show the white feather among men like these who never trembled? Untrimmed beards, disordered clothing, rumpled hair, pale faces, pride glistening in every eye. In the houses where they took refuge they installed themselves as best they could. If there were no chairs, some, worn out in body but not in mind, sat upon the floor. All were ready to copy decrees and proclamations; one dictated, ten wrote. They wrote on tables, on corners of the furniture, on their knees. Often there was no paper and not enough pens. These necessities often created obstacles at the most critical moments. At such moments in the history of nations a dry inkstand may be a public calamity. For the rest, cordiality among all — every shadow of difference effaced. In the

secret sessions of the committee, Madier de Montjau, the strong and generous hearted; the valiant and profound de Flotte, the fighting philosopher of revolutions; the exact, cool-headed, even-tempered, and unimpeachable Carnot; the eloquent and courageous Jules Favre, admirable in unassuming power, inexhaustible in resource and in sarcasm — brought their diverse mental qualities into unison, and forged the thunderbolts of war.

Michel de Bourges, sitting in a corner of the fireplace, or leaning on a table, wrapped up in a big coat, and with a black silk cap on his head, had an answer ready for every suggestion, met events with blow for blow, and was always on the watch for danger, difficulty, opportunity, or necessity, for his is one of the opulent natures whose resources of reason and imagination are never exhausted. Advice was interchanged, but never in conflict. These men were possessed of no illusions. They knew that the struggle was for life and death. They expected no quarter. They knew they were dealing with a man who said, "Spare none." They heard the sanguinary speeches of the so-called de Morny — speeches translated by Saint-Arnaud into decrees, and by the chartered prætorians of the streets into murder. The members of the committee and all the representatives attending the meetings knew that wherever they were taken they would be stabbed to death on the spot with bayonets. These were the chances of war. But every face bore the stamp of serenity — that deep serenity the offspring of a happy conscience. Sometimes serenity gave place to gayety. They laughed readily at anything — at this one's torn pantaloons; at that one's hat, borrowed to replace his own, lost in a barricade; at another's big muffler. "You can easily hide in that," they said. They were like children, ready to be amused. On the morning of the fourth, Matthieu de la Drôme came in. Having organized a sub-committee he came to make a report. He had shaved off his fringe of beard to escape recognition in the streets. "You look like an archbishop," exclaimed Michel de



Bourges; this made every one laugh. And all the time they knew that the noise they heard at the door or the sound of a key in a lock might perhaps announce the entrance of death.

The representatives and the committee were at the mercy of chance. More than once they might have been captured and were not, either because the police agents still possessed some scruples (where the deuce will scruples hide next?) or because they were doubtful of the final result, and were afraid to put their blundering hands upon the possible victors. If Commissary Vassal, who met us on the fourth in the Rue des Moulins, had wished it, we might have been taken on that day. He did not betray us. But these were exceptions. The pursuit by the police was none the less zealous and ferocious. At Marie's, it will be remembered, the police sergeants and gendarmes arrived ten minutes after we had left the house, and even searched under the beds with bayonet thrusts.

Among the representatives were several members of the Constituent Assembly, and at their head was Bastide. In 1848, Bastide was minister of foreign affairs. At the second nocturnal meeting in the Rue Popincourt, he was reproached for some things he had done.

"Wait till I'm killed," he replied; "then you may reproach me as much as you like. How can you distrust me," he added, "knowing that I am Republican to the backbone."

Bastide would not consent to call our resistance insurrection; he called it the counter-insurrection. "Victor Hugo is right," he said, "The Élysée is the insurgent." I was in favor, as the reader knows, of hurrying on the battle, of deferring nothing, of making no reservation. "We must strike the *Coup d'État* while it is hot," I said. Bastide supported me. Throughout the combat, he was impassive, cool, and yet jovial. At the Saint-Antoine barricade, when the *Coup d'État* muskets were levelled at the representatives, he said smilingly to Madier de Montjau, "Ask Schœl-



either what he thinks of the abolition of the death penalty." (Schœlcher's answer would have been at that critical moment, "It ought to be abolished.") In another barricade, Bastide was absent for a moment, and left his pipe on a paving stone. They saw the pipe, and thought him dead. When he came back, it was hailing musket balls. "Where's my pipe?" he said, lighted it, and went on fighting. Two bullets passed through his coat.

When the barricades were constructed, the Republican representatives were ready with their assistance. Nearly all the representatives belonging to the Left went to the barricades, helping in their construction or their defence. Aside from the great Saint-Antoine barricade, where Schœlcher did such admirable service, Esquiros went to the barricade in the Rue de Charonne; de Flotte, to the Panthéon and the Chapelle-Saint-Denis; Madier de Montjau, to Belleville and the Rue Aumaire; Doutre and Pelletier, to the mayoralty of the fifth arrondissement; Brives, to the Rue Beaubourg; Arnaud de l'Ariège, to the Rue Petit-Reposoir; Viguiier, to the Rue Pagevin; Versigny, to the Rue Joigneaux; Dupont du Bussac, to the Carré Saint Martin; Carlos Forel and Boysset, to the Rue Rambuteau. Doutre received a sword cut on the head, but was saved by his hat; Bourzat's coat was pierced by four bullets; Baudin was killed; Gaston Dussoubs was ill and could not go out, but his brother, Denis Dussoubs, took his place — where? — in the tomb. Baudin fell at the first barricade; Denis Dussoubs, at the last. I was not treated as well as Bourzat, for I had only three bullet holes in my coat. I cannot tell whence the bullets came; probably, from the boulevard.

After the battle was lost, there was no mad flight, no rout, no desertion. All remained concealed in Paris, ready to reappear. Michel in the Rue d'Alger, I, in the Rue de Navarin. The committee had another sitting on Saturday the sixth, at eleven o'clock at night. Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and I went to the house of a generous and courageous woman, Madame Didier. Bastide came there and said to me, "You will

either be killed here, or you are going into exile. I shall remain in Paris. Make me your lieutenant." I have related this incident before. They hoped for a resumption of hostilities on Tuesday the ninth, but it did not take place. Marlarmet had spoken of it to Dupont de Bussac, but the blow struck on the fourth had prostrated Paris. The populace would not stir. The representatives gave no thought to their own safety, or to a dangerous escape from France, until several days later, when the last spark of resistance had died out in the hearts of the people, and the last ray of hope had disappeared.

Several Republican representatives were workmen. They resumed their trades in exile. Nadaud has taken up his trowel again, and is a mason in London. Faure (of the Rhône), cutler, and Bansept, shoemaker, make a virtue of necessity, and practise their trades in England — Faure makes knives, and Bansept makes shoes. Greppo is a weaver, and as a proscrip<sup>t</sup> made Queen Victoria's coronation robe. Sarcasm of destiny. Noël Parfait is a proof-reader at Brussels. Agricol Perdiguier, called Avignonnais-la-Vertu, has resumed his leathern apron, and is a cabinet-maker at Antwerp. Yesterday these men sat in the sovereign assembly. One reads of such things in Plutarch. The eloquent and courageous Émile Deschanel, with his extraordinary talent for public speaking, has established a new method of public instruction at Brussels, in the form of lecture courses. To him belongs the honor of that fruitful and useful foundation.

Let us say, in conclusion, that the National Legislative Assembly lived badly, and died well. The moment of its downfall was disastrous to cowards, but the Right proved itself worthy, and the Left was great. Never before in history has a parliament been destroyed in this way. February blew upon the deputies of the legal constituency, and the deputies vanished away. Monsieur Sauzet sank from behind the tribune, and went away without taking his hat. Bonaparte, the true Bonaparte, made the Five Hundred crawl through the

windows of the Saint-Cloud Orangery, where they were somewhat embarrassed on account of their long cloaks. Cromwell, the oldest of the Bonapartes, when he achieved his Eighteenth Brumaire, met with little resistance, except in the form of imprecations from Milton and Ludlow, and so he could say, in his rude, titanic speech, "I have put the king in my knapsack, and parliament in my pocket."\* To find genuine curule dignity, we must go back to the Roman senate.

The Legislative Assembly, let us repeat this fact to its honor, was not daunted when it confronted the abyss. History will take this into account. After having betrayed so much, it might have been feared that the Assembly would end by betraying itself. It did not do so at all. The Legislative Assembly, we are obliged to remember, committed fault upon fault; the Royalist majority maintained an odious persecution against the Republican minority, which did its duty bravely by denouncing its enemies to the people. This Assembly lived long in fatally illicit intercourse with the criminal who at last strangled it, as a pickpocket strangles his concubine in his bed; but, whatever may be said against this unfortunate Assembly, it did not come to the miserable end that Louis Bonaparte hoped for; it did not die of its own cowardice. This was due to the fact that it was the child of universal suffrage. Let us remember this, for it is an instructive truth. The virtue of that universal suffrage which had engendered it, of that universal suffrage it had sought to slay, that virtue remained with it in its last hour. The blood of a whole people does not lose its vigor, even in the most decrepit assembly; at the supreme moment it reasserts its power. The Legislative Assembly, loaded down as it may be with formidable responsibilities, will, perhaps, receive from the hands of the future less reprobation than it deserves. Thanks to that universal suffrage which it had betrayed, and which had been its strength

\* Cromwell's words were: "Having the king in my hands, I have the parliament in my pockets." — *Tr.*

and support in its last moments, thanks to the Left, which it had oppressed, scorned, calumniated, and desolated, and which in return covered it with the glorious radiance of its own heroism, this paltry Assembly died an honorable death.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A PAGE WRITTEN AT BRUSSELS.

WELL, yes, I will kick open the door of this palace and go in with you, History ; I will seize all these criminals in the midst of their evil doings ; I will light up this abode of darkness with the full sunshine of truth ! Yes, I will let in the daylight, I will tear down the curtain, I will open the window, I will show it to all eyes as it is, infamous, horrible, opulent, triumphant, joyous, gilded, besmirched — this *Élysée*, this court, this group, this — call it what you will — this heap, this home of convicts, where every villany, every outrage, every abomination writhes and crawls, and mates, and breeds ; — this den of filibusters, pirates, perjurers, hypocrites, spies, swindlers, butchers, executioners, from the bandit who sells his sword to the Jesuit who makes an auction sale of God ; — this sink where Baroche elbows Teste, where each brings his own filthiness, — Magnan his epaulets, Montalembert his religion, Dupont his person, — and, above all, that inner circle, the holy of holies, the private sanctuary, the domestic bower where they drink, and eat, and laugh, and sleep, and play, and cheat, and hob-nob with highnesses, and wallow ; oh, what infamy is here — dishonor, pollution, shame, and opprobrium ; a red-hot iron, oh History, for all these faces !

This is where they amuse themselves, where they jest, and banter, and make game of France. This is where, with peals of laughter, they pocket millions in money, and millions of votes ! See them, look at them, they have made law a prostitute, and they are content ; justice is slaughtered, liberty is gagged, the flag is dishonored, the people are under their feet,

and they are happy. Who are they? who are these men? Europe does not know. One fine morning they were seen to come out of a crime,—this, and nothing more. A pack of rascals, who tried to make themselves famous, and are simply obscure. Look, they are all there!—look, I tell you, examine them, study them, recognize them if you can! What is their sex? To what species do they belong? What's this—a writer? No, a dog; he lives on human flesh. And that—is that a dog? No, a courtier; he has blood on his paws. “New men” they call themselves. They are new indeed!—anomalous, strange, uncommon, monstrous! Perjury, iniquity, theft, assassination, in charge of ministerial departments; swindling in the name of universal suffrage; government under false pretences; duty crime, crime called duty, cynicism glorying in atrocity,—from all of these their newness is compounded.

Now all is well; they have succeeded, the wind is fair, they give themselves over to joy. They have tricked France, they make her their spoil. France is a grab-bag, and they have a hand inside. Ransack, in heaven's name, get what you can while you can, draw out, pull forth, pillage, steal!—one wants money; another, place; another, a decoration; another, a plume on his hat; another, lace on his cloak; another, women; another, power; another, “points” for the stock exchange; another, a railroad; another, wine;—and all get their fill. Imagine a poor devil who three years ago was obliged to borrow ten sous from his porter, and who now, seated in luxury, can sign his draft for a million. To make themselves perfectly comfortable, to devour the state revenues, to live on the treasury like an improvident son, this they call their policy. There is a name for their ambition—it is gluttony. They ambitious? Absurd! They are gluttons. To govern is to gamble, and to gamble is to betray; they spy upon and betray each other. The little traitors betray the big traitors. Piétri has his eye on Maupas, and Maupas has his eye on Carlier. A privy where they do the *Coup d'État* in common; that is all. And no one there is sure of anything, either of glances, or smiles, or thoughts,

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or men, or women, or servants, or princes, or oaths, or birth. Each knows that he is fraudulent, and is convinced that he is suspected; each has some private end in view, each knows for himself alone why he does this or that; no one reveals his crime, and no one bears the name of his father. Ah, may God grant me life, and Jesus pardon me, but I will build a gibbet a hundred cubits high, and there, with nails and hammer, I will crucify Beauharnais, called Bonaparte, between Leroy, called Saint-Arnaud, and Fialin, called Persigny! And I will drag all of you there also, you accomplices — Morny, Romieu, Fould, the Jew senator, Delangle, who bears the brand of JUSTICE; Troplong, judicial glorifier of the violation of law, legal apologist for the *Coup d'État*, magisterial flatterer of perjury, juridical panegyrist of murder, who goes down to posterity with a sponge filled with mud and blood in his hand.

And so I begin the battle. With whom? With the present ruler of Europe. It is well that this spectacle should be given to the world. Louis Bonaparte means success, drunken triumph, gay and ferocious despotism expanding under victory, mad plenitude of power seeking bounds and finding none, neither in things nor in men. Louis Bonaparte holds France — *urbem Romam habet* — and he who holds France holds the world. He is master of votes, master of consciences, master of the people. He names his successor, reigns forever over future elections, disposes of eternity, and puts his seal upon the future. His senate, his legislature, his privy council, bow down and lick his feet. He holds bishops and cardinals in leash. He tramples upon the justice that curses him and upon the judges who adore. Thirty correspondents inform the continent that he has frowned, the electric telegraph vibrates if he lifts his little finger. About him sabres clash and drums beat. He sits in the shadow of the eagle, amid bayonets and strongholds, and free nations, fearing that he will steal their liberties, hide them from his sight. The great American republic even bends in his presence and does not withdraw its

ambassador. Kings, surrounded with their armies, look at him and smile, but their hearts are filled with fear. Where will he begin? With Belgium? With Switzerland? With Piedmont? Europe awaits invasion. He can do anything, and he dreams of all things.

And yet, before this master, this conqueror, this victor, this dictator, this emperor, this all-powerful sovereign, a solitary, homeless, despoiled, ruined, prostrated, proscribed man rises and attacks him. Louis Napoleon has ten thousand cannon and five hundred thousand soldiers; the writer has his pen and his inkstand. The writer is nothing, a grain of dust, a shadow, an exile without a refuge, a vagabond without a passport, but he has two forces on his side and fighting for him — Justice, who is invincible, and Truth, that lives forever. Certainly, for such a death-struggle, Providence might have chosen a more illustrious champion, a more formidable athlete, but what are men when ideas are in conflict? Such as it is, it is well, as I have said, that this spectacle should be given to the world. What is this spectacle? Intelligence, the atom, confronting strength, the colossus. I have only one stone in my sling, but it is a good one — the stone of Justice. I attack Louis Bonaparte now, while he is supreme; now, while he is master. He is in his zenith. So much the better. I could not choose a better time. Yes, I attack Louis Bonaparte, I attack him in the face of the world, I attack him in the presence of God and of men; I attack him resolutely, desperately, for love of the people and for love of France. He is to be emperor. So be it! At least one head will not bow to him. Louis Bonaparte may capture an empire, but there is one conscience that he cannot take.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### INFALLIBLE BENEDICTION.

THE pope approved. When couriers brought news to Rome of the event of December second, the pope went to a review and begged General Gêmeau to convey his congratulations to Prince Louis Napoleon. There was a precedent for such action. On December twelfth, 1572, Saint-Goard, ambassador from Charles IX., king of France, to Philip II., king of Spain, wrote thus from Madrid to his royal master, —

“News of the events of St. Bartholomew’s day have reached His Catholic Majesty. Contrary to his wont and custom, he has shown much joy, and has manifested it more openly than he ever has done for any of the good adventures and fortunes that have befallen him. For, going to find him at St. Hieronymus on Sunday morning, and being come to him, he began to laugh, and, with demonstrations of extreme pleasure and contentment, to praise Your Majesty.” \*

The hand of Pius IX. remained extended over France when it had become an empire. And an era of prosperity began under the shadow of this papal benediction.

\* La nouvelle des événements du jour Saint-Barthelemi est arrivée au roi catholique; il en a montré contre son naturel et coustume tant d’allégrie qu’il l’a fait plus magnifeste que de toutes les bonnes adventures et fortunes qui lui vindrent jamais. De manière que je le fus trouver le dimanche matin à Saint-Hiéronime, et estant arrivé auprès de luy, il se prist à rire, et avec démonstration d’un extrême plaisir et contentement commença à louer Vostre Majesté.” — *Archives of the House of Orange*, supplement, p. 125.

## CONCLUSION. — THE FALL.

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### CHAPTER I.

I WAS returning from my fourth exile — a Belgian affair, a trifling matter. It was in the closing days of September, 1871. I was coming back to France by the Luxembourg frontier. I had been asleep in the railway carriage. The train stopped suddenly and aroused me. I opened my eyes. The train had paused in the midst of a charming stretch of country. I was in that state of semi-consciousness which follows interrupted sleep; a half-dreamy, vague, uncertain veil of thought hovered between me and reality. My dormant senses blossomed uncertainly into life.

A sparkling river ran by the railway about an island of joyous green, where vegetation was so rank that the water-fowl hid in its dark recesses. The river wound along through a valley which was like one great garden. Apple trees there were that made one think of Eve, willows that had caught the grace of Galatea. It was one of the equinoctial months when we most keenly feel the charm of a waning season. If it be winter, we catch the melodious chant of coming spring; if summer, the uncertain glory of autumn shimmers smilingly upon the hills. The pleasant sounds that make up the chorus of the fields were lulled by the wind into murmuring harmony. The tinkle of sheep bells mingled with the humming of bees. The last butterflies flew about the first grapes. It is a time of the year when the joy of living is tinged with the unrecognized melancholy of approaching death. The softness of the sunshine was indescribable.

Broad fields marked off with furrows, simple roofs of peasant cottages, trees and shaded grassland, lowing cattle, the smoke of hamlets shot through with sunlight—these were the elements that made up the scene. There was a clang of anvils in the distance, adding the rhythm of work to the harmony of nature. I listened, I fell into a reverie. The valley was beautiful and peaceful, the blue heavens seemed to rest upon the sweet encircling uplands, birds sang far off, and close at hand were children's voices, and songs and voices mingled in an angelic symphony. I was wrapped about in universal purity; the grace and grandeur of the prospect sent rays of gladness into my soul. . . .

Suddenly, a fellow-traveller asked, "What place is this?"

"Sedan," another answered.

I shuddered.

The paradise had become a tomb.

I looked again. The valley was circular and hollow like the bottom of a crater; the tortuous river crept like a serpent onward; the tall hills in serried ranks surrounded the spot with triple walls of iron; once within, exit was impossible. It was like an amphitheatre. A disquieting verdure dominated the heights, like an extension of the Black Forest, and vanished into the horizon, an impenetrable network of gloom. The sun was like fire, the birds sang, the carters passed whistling by; there were sheep and lambs and pigeons, the leaves trembled and rustled, the dense herbage was starred with flowers. It was horrible. I could see the flashing sword of the avenging angel wave over this valley. The word Sedan had torn aside the veil. The peaceful landscape bore the impress of a tragedy. The very tree trunks had shapeless eyes that gazed—upon what? Some terrifying vision now lost to view. This was the spot! Here, thirteen months before, the monstrous adventure of December second had come to an end. Appalling shipwreck. He who traces the sombre pathway of destiny must do it with anguish of heart.

## CHAPTER II.

ON the thirty-first of August, 1870, an army was massed in the Givonne valley, under the walls of Sedan. The army was a French army — twenty-nine brigades, fifteen divisions, four army corps — ninety thousand men. The army was here for no ostensible reason, in aimless, scattered disorder, a heap of humanity cast into a corner waiting to be seized by some colossal hand. The army did not have, or did not seem to have for the time being, any uneasiness whatever. They knew, or at least they thought they knew, that the enemy was a long way off. Reckoning marches at four leagues a day, he was at three days' distance. However, as night approached, the commanders took some precautions. They shielded the army, which rested with its rear on Sedan and the Meuse, by forming two lines of battle, one with the Seventh Corps from Floing to Givonne, the other, the Twelfth Corps, from Givonne to Bazeilles — a triangle with the Meuse for hypotenuse. The Twelfth Corps, consisting of Lacre-telle's, Lartigue's, and Wolf's divisions, ranged on the right with artillery between the brigades, formed a mighty barrier with its two wings on Bazeilles and Givonne, and its centre at Daigny. Petit's and Lhéritier's divisions massed on two lines in the rear supported the outer barrier. General Lebrun commanded the Twelfth Corps. The Seventh Corps, commanded by General Douay, composed of but two divisions — Dumont's and Gilbert's — formed the other line of battle, covering the army from Givonne to Floing on the Illy side. This line was comparatively weak, too open towards Givonne, and on the Meuse protected only by Margueritte's and Bonne-



mains's cavalry divisions, and by Guyomar's brigade, resting in square upon Floing. Inside the triangle, the Fifth Corps, commanded by General Wimpfen, and the First Corps, commanded by General Ducrot, were encamped. Michel's division of cavalry covered the First Corps on the side towards Daigny; the Fifth rested upon Sedan. Four divisions, each disposed on two lines — Lhéritier's, Grandchamp's Goze's, and Conseil-Duménil's — formed a sort of horseshoe with the opening towards Sedan, and uniting the first line of battle with the second. Amiel's cavalry division and Fontanges's brigade acted as reserve to these four divisions. All the artillery was on the two front lines. Two portions of the army were in confusion, one to the right of Sedan beyond Balan, the other to the left of Sedan on this side of Iges. Beyond Balan were Vassoigne's division and Reboul's brigade; this side of Iges were the two cavalry divisions of Margueritte and Bonnemains.

These dispositions indicated a feeling of perfect security. In the first place, the emperor, Napoleon III., never would have gone there if he had not been entirely confident. The Givonne valley is what Napoleon I. called a "wash basin," and what Admiral Tromp called a "chamber pot." No enclosure more complete. An army in such a place is too well protected; there is danger that it may never be able to get out again. This objection was made by brave and prudent commanders like Wimpfen, but no one listened to it. In case of need, the imperial staff maintained that they always could be sure of reaching Mézières, and at the worst, the Belgian frontier. But was there any need of preparing for any such contingencies? Sometimes, foresight is offensive. Therefore all agreed in being entirely tranquil. If they had been uneasy they would have destroyed the Meuse bridges, but they did not think of any such thing. Why should they? The enemy was a good way off. The emperor, evidently well informed, insisted upon that point.

The army bivouacked, as we have said, somewhat in confu-

sion, and slept peacefully through the night of August 31, believing that the road to Mézières was open. They neglected the most ordinary precautions, they made no cavalry reconnoissances, a German writer\* asserts that they did not even throw out pickets. They were at least fourteen leagues or three days' march, from the German army. Where that army was they did not exactly know, but they believed it to be scattered about, they thought it had very little unity of action, that it was not well supplied with information, that it was advancing simultaneously upon several divergent points, and that it could not possibly concentrate upon a single point, like Sedan. They thought that the Crown Prince of Saxony was marching on Châlons, and the Crown Prince of Prussia on Metz. They knew nothing about the army, its leaders, its plans, its armament, its effective force. Was it following the strategy of Gustavus Adolphus? Was it maintaining Frederick II.'s tactics? No one knew. They were sure of reaching Berlin in a few weeks. The Prussian army? Bah! They talked of the war as if it were a dream, of the army as if it were a phantom. And during the night, while the French army slept, you shall hear what took place.

\* Herr Harwig.

### CHAPTER III.

AT a quarter of two in the morning, from his headquarters at Mouzon, Albert, Crown Prince of Saxony, set the army of the Meuse in motion. The Royal Guard was called to arms, and one division marched upon Villers-Cernay by Escambre and Pouru-aux-Bois, the other upon Francheval by Sachy and Pouru-Saint-Remy. The artillery of the guard followed. At the same moment, the Twelfth Saxon Corps was called out, reached Lamécourt by the highway to the south of Douzy, and marched upon Moncelle. The First Bavarian Corps marched upon Bazeilles, supported at Reuilly-sur-Meuse by a division of the Fourth Corps of artillery. The other division of the Fourth Corps crossed the Meuse at Mouzon, and was massed in reserve upon Mairy on the right bank. The three columns maintained close communication with one another. The advance guard were ordered not to begin operations before five o'clock, and, meanwhile, to take silent possession of Pouru-aux-Bois, Pouru-Saint-Remy, and Douay. They were in light marching order. The baggage trains did not move. The Prince of Saxony was on horseback on the heights of Amblimont.

At the same hour, at his headquarters at Chémery, Blumenthal set the Wurtemberg division at work building a bridge over the Meuse. The Eleventh Corps was astir before day-break, crossed the Meuse at Dam-le-Mesnil and Donchery, and reached Vrigne-sur-Bois. The artillery followed and controlled the road from Vrigne to Sedan. The Wurtemberg division guarded the bridge it had built, and held the road from Sedan to Mézières. At five o'clock, the Second Bavarian Corps, with artillery in the lead, was sent, one divi-

sion by way of Bulson to Frénois, the other, by way of Noyers, to take up a position in front of Sedan between Frénois and Wadelincourt. The artillery reserve was massed in batteries on the heights of the left bank of the river, opposite Donchery.

At the same hour, the Sixth Division of cavalry left Maze-ray and reached the Meuse at Flize by way of Boutancourt and Boulzicourt. The Second Division of cavalry took up a position to the south of Boutancourt, the Fourth Cavalry Division went to the south of Frénois, the First Bavarian Corps to Remilly, while the Fifth Division of cavalry and the Sixth Corps were massed in marching order on the heights, waiting for the dawn. The Crown Prince of Prussia was on horseback on the hilltop at Frénois.

At the same hour, other and similar movements were made on every side all around the horizon. The lofty hills were suddenly blackened with a swarm of armed men. Not a shout of command. Two hundred and fifty thousand men had silently encircled the Givonne valley. This circle consisted of the Bavarians on the right wing at Bazeilles on the Meuse; next to the Bavarians, the Saxons at Moncelle and Daigny; opposite Givonne, the Royal Guard; the Fifth Corps at Saint-Menges; the Second at Flaigneux; the Wurtembergers on the bend of the Meuse between Saint-Menges and Donchery; Count Stolberg and his cavalry at Donchery; in front, towards Sedan, the second Bavarian army.

All this took place in a spectral fashion, in definite order, without a whisper, without a sound, through forests, ravines, and valleys, — a tortuous and sinister march like the creeping of reptiles. Hardly a murmur was to be heard under the dense foliage. The silent combatants swarmed in the darkness and waited for the day.

The French army slept.

Suddenly, it awoke.

It was a prisoner.

That sunrise was a majestic spectacle to God, but a scene of horror to man.

## CHAPTER IV.

LET us make the situation clear. The Germans have numbers on their side ; they are three, perhaps four, against one. They own to two hundred and fifty thousand men, but it is certain that their line of attack extended over thirty kilometers. They have the commanding positions ; they crown the heights ; they throng the forests ; they are sheltered by the escarpments ; they are masked by the shade. They have an incomparable artillery. The French army is in a valley, with little artillery to speak of, without ammunition, and naked to a hail of lead. On their side, the Germans have surprise ; the French have only heroism. It is noble to die, but to surprise is profitable.

A surprise, — such was this military exploit.

Honorable warfare ? Yes. But if this sort of warfare is honorable, what sort is dishonorable ?

It amounts to the same thing.

So much said, the battle of Sedan is chronicled.

One would like to stop here, but that is impossible. Whatever horror the historian may feel, history is a duty, and duty must be fulfilled. There is no more inexorable road than the road of truth ; he who enters upon it must go to the end — he must — the guardian of justice is doomed to follow justice.

The battle of Sedan is something more than a contest of arms — it is a completed syllogism, a formidable stroke of destiny. Destiny never hastens, but she always comes. At the given hour, she appears. She lets the years go by, and, at the moment when she is least expected, she makes her advent. Sedan is the fatality of the unexpected. Now and

then, in the course of history, divine logic makes a break through barriers. Sedan is a sortie of Nemesis.

And so, on the first day of September, at five o'clock in the morning, the world was awakened by the sun, and the French army by a thunderbolt.



## CHAPTER V.

BAZEILLES vomits fire, Givonne blazes, Floing belches flame. It is like a furnace. The whole horizon is burning. The French army start, stupefied and affrighted, from their sleep in the midst of this crater, and collect into sombre groups. A circle of thunder surrounds them. They are hemmed in by extermination. Murder flies from every point of the compass. The French resist, and they are terrible, for they are armed with despair. Our cannon, nearly all of antiquated model and short of range, are almost immediately dismounted by the frightfully exact fire of the Prussians. Shells are rained into the valley till "the earth is ploughed up with them as if by a rake." How many cannon? Eleven hundred, at least. Twelve German batteries at Moncelle alone; the Third and Fourth Abtheilung, a formidable artillery, on the crest of Givonne, with the Second Horse Battery in reserve; the Saxon batteries and two Wurtemberger batteries opposite Daigny; the mounted Abtheilung, with the Third Heavy Artillery in reserve, is concealed in the trees to the north of Villers-Cernay, and from this dark border sends forth a terrific fire; the twenty-four pieces of the First Heavy Artillery are in battery in the glade which borders the road from Moncelle to La Chapelle; the Royal Guard's battery sets the woods on fire at Garenne; shells and balls riddle Suchy, Francheval, Poursu-Saint-Remy, and the valley between Heibes and Givonne; and the triple and quadruple ranks of cannon extend without a break to the hilltop of Illy, the farthest point on the horizon. German soldiers, seated or lying in front of the batteries, watch the work of the artillery. French

soldiers fall and die. Among the bodies covering the plain, one, that of an officer, will be found after the battle, and on it a sealed envelope, containing this order, signed NAPOLEON: "To-day, September first, rest for the whole army." \*

The gallant Thirty-fifth of the Line is almost annihilated by the overwhelming storm of shells. The brave Marine Infantry holds the Saxons and Bavarians at bay for a moment, but is flanked on every side and falls back. Margueritte's cavalry, launched against the German infantry, perishes half-way, "exterminated," says the Prussian report, "by well-aimed, continual firing." The field of slaughter has three issues, all three barred,—the Bouillon road by the Prussian Guard, the Carignan road by the Bavarians, the Mézières road by the Wurtembergers. The French having forgotten to fortify the railway embankment, it has been occupied by the Germans in the night. Two isolated houses on the Balan road might have been made the point of a prolonged resistance, but the Germans are there. The thick, dense forest between Monvillers and Bazeilles might have been used as a barrier between the Saxons at Moncelle and Bavarians at Bazeilles, but the French are forestalled; they find the Bavarians cutting away the undergrowth with their billhooks. The German army moves with wonderful precision in perfect harmony. The Crown Prince of Saxony is on the hilltop at Mairy, where he can overlook the entire engagement. In the French army the command passes from hand to hand. At the outset of the battle, at a quarter of six, MacMahon is wounded by the bursting of a shell; at seven o'clock he is succeeded by Ducrot, and at ten o'clock Ducrot is supplanted by Wimpfen. Every moment the wall of fire draws nearer; the roll of thunder never ceases; ninety thousand men brazed in a mortar. Nothing of the sort was ever witnessed before; never before was an army ever buried beneath such a flood of lead and iron. By one o'clock all is lost. The regiments

\* *The Franco-Prussian War*, 1870-71. Report of the Prussian Staff, p. 1087.

fly in disorder to Sedan ; but Sedan begins to burn, Dijonval burns, the hospitals burn. There is only one other chance of escape, and that is to cut their way out. The brave, stalwart Wimpfen suggests this plan to the emperor. The Third Zouaves, separated from the rest of the army, have already set the example by cutting their way through the enemy's lines into Belgium. A stampede of lions.

Suddenly, on the summit of disaster, above the dead and the dying, in the face of unsuccessful heroism, disgrace unfurls her banner : the white flag is hoisted. Turenne and Vauban were both present — one in his statue, the other in his citadel. Statue and citadel alike witnessed the appalling capitulation. Two virgins, one bronze, the other, granite, are prostituted. The noble face of France, our country, is covered with blushes of eternal shame.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE disaster at Sedan might easily have been avoided by anybody else; but not by Louis Bonaparte. He did not avoid it; he could not; it overtook him. *Lex fati*. Our army seemed especially to be arranged for the catastrophe. The soldiers were restless, uncertain of their position, hungry. On the thirty-first of August soldiers wandered through the streets of Sedan looking for their regiments and begging bread from door to door. We have seen that an order by the emperor appointed the next day, the first of September, as "a day of rest." The fact is, the army was exhausted, and yet it had marched by short stages. The soldiers had nearly lost the capacity for marching. For instance, one corps, the First, made only two leagues in one day (August twenty-ninth, from Stonne to Raucourt).

Meanwhile, the German army, controlled by autocratic commanders, and goaded on like Xerxes' ten thousand, made marches of fourteen leagues in fifteen hours, and so hemmed in the sleeping Frenchmen and took them by surprise. It was the custom for the French to be surprised. General Failly was surprised at Beaumont. During the day the soldiers took their guns to pieces to clean them, they slept that night without cutting the bridges that gave passage to the enemy, and they likewise neglected to destroy the bridges at Mouzon and Bazeilles. Before daylight on September first, an advance guard of seven battalions, commanded by General Schultz, captured Rulle, and so made sure of the junction of the army of the Meuse with the Royal Guard. At about the same moment, with characteristic German precision, the Wur-

tembergers seized the bridge at La Platinerie, and in the shadow of the Chevalier forest the Saxon battalions deployed in company front and occupied the whole road from Moncelle to Villers-Cernay.

So, as we have seen, the French Army had a terrible awakening. At Bazeilles, there was fog as well as smoke. Our soldiers were attacked in the darkness, and knew not where death was lurking; they fought from room to room, and from house to house.\*

Reboul's brigade went to the support of Martin, but both were repulsed; at the same time, Ducrot was obliged to rally his forces in the Garenne wood, in front of Illy; Douay was shattered and fell back; Lebrun alone held his ground on the Stenay plateau. Our troops occupied a defensive line of five kilometers. The French army faced the east, the left wing was to the north, and the extreme left (Guyomar's brigade) faced to the west; but whether they faced the enemy, they could not tell; he was invisible — extermination struck in the darkness; they confronted a masked Medusa. Our cavalry was in good condition, but useless. The battle-field, encumbered by woods, houses, farms, walls, was well adapted to artillery and infantry, but bad for cavalry. The little stream that runs through the Givonne valley, flowed for three days with more blood than water. Among other slaughter-pens, Saint-Menges was shocking.

At one time it looked as if there might be an outlet at Carignan, but it was soon closed. Then there was only one place of refuge — Sedan — encumbered with wagons, carts, carriages, hospital barracks, a veritable tinder heap. The heroic agony lasted ten hours. They refused to surrender. They burned with wrath, they yearned for the death which was awaiting them, and they were delivered into its hands. Three men, three brave soldiers, MacMahon, Ducrot, Wimpfen — succeeded each other, as we have said, in the command. MacMahon held

\* "The French were literally awakened from sleep by our attack." — HELVIG.

it long enough to be wounded, Ducrot held it long enough to make a blunder, Wimpfen held it long enough to conceive a heroic idea;—but MacMahon was not responsible for his wound, Ducrot was not responsible for his blunder, and Wimpfen was not to blame because egress was impossible. The shell that struck MacMahon delivered him from the catastrophe; Ducrot's blunder, the ill-timed order for retreat given to General Lebrun, may be explained by the horrible confusion of the moment, and was an error rather than a fault; the desperate Wimpfen would have needed twenty thousand soldiers to have cut his way out, and not more than two thousand were to be got together. These three men are exculpated by history; there was only one ill-fated general at Sedan, and that was the emperor. The knot that had been tied on the second of December, 1851, broke apart on the second of September, 1870. The carnage on the Boulevard Montmartre, and the capitulation of Sedan are two portions of a syllogism. Logic and justice are equally balanced. His was the deplorable destiny of beginning with the black flag of massacre, and ending with the white flag of dishonor.



## CHAPTER VII.

THE choice was between death and opprobrium; he must give up his soul or his sword; Louis Bonaparte gave up his sword. He wrote to William:—

“SIRE, MY BROTHER, — Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of Your Majesty. I am, Your Majesty,

“Your good brother,

“NAPOLEON.

“Sedan, September 1, 1870.”

William replied, “Sire, my Brother, I accept your sword”; and at six o’clock in the morning, on the second of September, a gilded open carriage and four crossed the blood-soaked and death-strewn plain, carrying a man who had a cigarette in his mouth—it was the Emperor of the French, on the way to surrender his sword to the King of Prussia. The king kept the emperor waiting. It was yet far too early. He sent Monsieur de Bismarck to say to Louis Bonaparte, that he “would not” receive him yet. Louis Bonaparte went into a hut by the roadside. It contained a table and two chairs. Bismarck and he leaned on the table and talked together. Lugubrious conversation. At the hour that suited the king, somewhere toward noon, the emperor got into his carriage and went to Bellevue castle, half way to Vandresse. There he waited till the king came. At one o’clock, William arrived at Vandresse, and consented to receive Bonaparte. He received him badly. Attila carries no dainty hand. The king, a blunt man, displayed toward the emperor a pity that was unwittingly cruel. Compassion in some forms is cruelty. The victor reproached the vanquished

for his victory. It was rough handling for an open wound. "What was your idea in declaring this war?" The conquered excused himself by accusing France. The distant cheers of the victorious German army cut short the interview. The king sent the emperor back in charge of a detachment of Royal Guards. This excess of ignominy is called an "escort of honor."

After the sword, the army. On the third of September, Louis Bonaparte delivered to Germany eighty-three thousand French soldiers, and, in addition to that, says the Prussian report:—

1 eagle and two flags.  
419 field guns, and mitrailleuses.  
139 heavy guns.  
1079 vehicles of all sorts.  
60,000 muskets.  
6000 horses, still good for service.

These German figures are not wholly trustworthy. According to the necessities of the moment, the Aulic chancellors inflate or reduce the disaster. There were about thirteen thousand wounded among the prisoners. The numbers vary in the official documents. A Prussian report, reckoning up the French soldiers killed and wounded at Sedan, estimates the total at sixteen thousand four hundred men. The number makes one shudder, for it was that very number of sixteen thousand four hundred that Saint-Arnaud made infamous on the Boulevard Montmartre, on the fourth of December, 1851.

Half a league northwest of Sedan, close by Iges, the winding Meuse makes almost an island—a canal cuts across the isthmus so that it is an island in reality. On this spot the eighty-three thousand French soldiers were penned in under the charge of Prussian corporals. A few sentinels guarded this army. They placed but a few in their insolent security. There the vanquished were kept for ten days, the wounded getting but little care, the well almost deprived of nourish-

ment. The German army chuckled around them. The heavens took sides against them, and the weather was frightful. Neither huts nor tents. No fire, not a bundle of straw. For ten days and ten nights these eighty-three thousand prisoners bivouacked with their heads in the rain, and their feet in the mud. Many perished of fever, wishing they had died in battle. Finally, ox-wagons came and took them away.

The king put the emperor somewhere, — Wilhelmshöhe.

What a tatterdemalion: a disembowelled emperor!

## CHAPTER VIII.

I SAT there lost in thought. I looked at the plains, the ravines, the hills, and shuddered. I would have explored the terrible spot, but sacred horror held me back. The Sedan station-master came to my carriage, and explained the scene before me. Through his words I seemed to see the shadowy gleams of battle. Those cottages in the distance, standing here and there in the sunlight, replaced others that had been burnt. Nature, the great restorer, had repaired, and cleaned, and garnished, and put everything again in its place. The ferocious tumult of humanity had vanished. Eternal order had taken its place. But to my mind, the sun shone in vain, and all the valley was smoke and darkness. Far away on an eminence at my left, I saw a great castle; it was Vandresse which once had lodged the King of Prussia. By the roadside, half way up the height, I saw three pointed gables among the trees, another castle, Bellevue, where Louis Bonaparte had surrendered to William; there he had delivered up our army, there, being kept in waiting, and requested to exercise a little patience, he had stood in pale and silent disgrace before the door until it should please the other to open to him; there the King of Prussia had kept the sword of France waiting upon his threshold. Lower down, nearer the valley, they showed me a sort of hut at the entrance of the Vandresse driveway. There they told me that the Emperor Napoleon III., while waiting for the King of Prussia, had alighted from his carriage, ghastly pale, entered a little courtyard, where a chained dog was growling, sat down on a stone close by a dunghill,

said, "I am thirsty," and a Prussian soldier had brought him a glass of water. A terrible end for the *Coup d'État*. He who drinks blood never quenches his thirst. An hour was to come when this unhappy wretch should utter a cry of fevered agony, and ministering to his shameful need, Prussia should give him to drink of the bitter dregs of destiny.

Beyond the road a few paces away, five pale trembling poplars shaded a house front, whose single story was surmounted by a sign, and on the sign in big letters was written the name of Drouet. I grew haggard. For Drouet I read Varennes. Fate with a tragic purpose had brought Varennes to Sedan, joining catastrophe to catastrophe, binding together with the same chain the emperor who was imprisoned by a foreigner, and the king who became the prisoner of his people.

The plain was veiled from me in a mist of reverie. The Meuse ran red with blood; the island, whose verdure I had admired, was, in reality, a tomb. There fifteen hundred horses, and as many men were buried, and there the grass grew thick and rank. Mounds of coarse-growing herbage were scattered through the valley, and each of them was a regiment's sepulchre. Here Guyomar's brigade had been annihilated; here Lhéritier's division had been exterminated; here the Seventh Corps had perished; here, before it had reached the enemy's infantry, General Margueritte's command had fallen before the "well-aimed and continual" Prussian fire. From these two heights overtopping the circle of hills, — Dagny, opposite Givonne, two hundred and sixty-six metres high, and Fleigneux, opposite Illy, two hundred and ninety-six metres high, — the batteries of the Prussian Royal Guard had crushed the French army. The stroke came from above with the majestic authority of destiny. These had come to kill, the others to be killed. The valley for a mortar with the German army for a pestle, — this is the battle of Sedan. I looked, I could not take my eyes from this field of disaster — the undulating country, which had afforded no protection for

our regiments, the ravine where the cavalry had been demolished, the whole amphitheatre of catastrophe, the sombre escarpments of Marphée, the copses, the slopes, the precipices, the forests teeming with ambush, and in the terrible shadow, O thou Invisible One, I saw Thee !



## CHAPTER IX.

NEVER was downfall more disastrous. No expiation comparable to this. The unprecedented drama is in five acts that exceed in ferocity the dreams of Æschylus. "The Ambuscade," "The Struggle," "The Massacre," The Victory," "The Fall." What a sequence, and what a climax! No poet could have invented such a thing. God alone was capable of Sedan. The divine law of proportion is infallible. For a worse than Brumaire there must needs be a worse than Waterloo. The first Napoleon, as we have said elsewhere,\* boldly faced his destiny; he was not dishonored by his punishment—he fell with his eyes open. He returned to Paris with a full knowledge of the merits of those who overthrew him, he ranked each proudly, according to his deserts, esteeming Lafayette, and despising Dupin. At the last moment he saw what fate had in store for him, he did not allow his eyes to be bandaged, he accepted the catastrophe, and in some measure made it yield to his will. Here there is nothing of the sort. It almost seems as if the traitor were struck by treachery. He is an unhappy wretch, led by destiny, and knowing not whither he is to go. He was at the summit of power, the blind master of a foolish world. He desired a popular assurance, and he got it. He had this same William at his feet. At that moment his crime suddenly seized him. He did not fight against it; he was a convict taken to the scaffold. He was ready to accept the terrible fate that awaited him. He was patient, and even docile. He had no army, and he made war; he had Rouher, and he provoked Bismarck; he had Lebœuf,

\* *L'Année Terrible.*

and he attacked Moltke. He put Urich in charge of Strasbourg, and put Metz in the care of Bazaine. He had one hundred and twenty thousand men at Châlons, and might have protected Paris, but he knew that his crime had risen there, and was threatening him, and he fled from the city. Purposely, and yet against his will, willing, and yet unwilling, deliberately, and yet unwitting, he, a miserable prey to the destroyer, led his army to the field of doom. With frightful resolution he chose the death-trap, for he was no more conscious of error then, than he once had been of crime. He must bring matters to an end, but his end was that of a fugitive. He was not worthy to confront the blow that felled him. He bowed his head, he turned and fled, God struck him down in his disgrace. Napoleon III. as emperor wielded the thunderbolt, but the thunderbolt slipped from his grasp and smote him behind his back.

## CHAPTER X.

LET us forget the man, and think of humanity. The German invasion of France in 1870 was one prolonged period of gloom. The world was surprised at this eclipse of a nation. Five black months, that was the siege of Paris. To make night is a proof of power, but the proof of glory is to make day. France radiates daylight. Hence her immense popularity. With her, civilization has its dawn. When the human mind would see clearly, it turns to France. Germany, in 1870 cast the world into five months of darkness, the world to which France had given four centuries of light. To-day, more than ever, the civilized world has need of France. Her peril was the proof of her renown. The ungrateful apathy of governments only increased the anxiety of nations. Paris threatened, the peoples feared decapitation. Would they allow Germany to go on? But France was equal to her own salvation. She had only to rise in her strength. *Patuit dea.*

To-day she is greater than ever. What would have been the death of another nation was scarcely a wound to her. Surrounded by darkness, her light shone all the brighter. What she lost in territory she gained in radiance, and so her spirit of fraternity is spontaneous. Above her misfortunes she sits and smiles. No yoke of Gothic empire rests upon her shoulders. She is a nation of citizens, and not a herd of subjects. Frontiers? Will there be any frontiers twenty years from now? Victories? France has had her past victories in war; in the future she will have the victories of peace. The future belongs to Voltaire, and not to Krupp. The future is a book, and not a sword. The future is life,

and not death. In all polities opposed to the polity of France, there is an element of decadence. It is vain to look for life in bygone institutions; he lives on ashes who seeks to nourish himself upon the past. France has the light-giving faculty; no catastrophe, political or military, can destroy her queenly sway. When the clouds have passed, we still can see the star.

The star knows nothing of wrath or bitterness. Light knows no disquietude, for it is light. Light is supreme; the human race has no other object of desire. France knows that she is loved, because she is worthy of love, and the greatest of all powers is the power of inspiring love. The French Revolution is for all the world. It is a perpetual battle for justice, a perpetual victory for truth. Man stands upon justice, God stands upon truth. What can be done against such a revolution as that? Nothing; it must be accepted, and the nations accept it. What France gives, the world takes. There lies the whole secret. An invasion of armies can be resisted, but there is no resistance to an invasion of ideas. It is the glory of barbarism to be conquered by humanity, it is the glory of savagery to yield to civilization, it is the glory of darkness to give place to light. For this reason, France rules by the wish and consent of all; for this reason, being without hatred, she has no fear; for this reason she is fraternal in her guardianship, and maternal in her watchful care; for this reason she cannot be humiliated, or angered, or overthrown; for this reason, — after so many trials, so many catastrophes, so many disasters, so many calamities, so many downfalls, — she is still incorruptible and invulnerable, and still from the heights she stands upon, she stretches down a helping hand.

When we look closely at this old continent, now stirred by new influences, we see the strange and majestic evolution of the future going on before our eyes. As light is composed of seven colors, so civilization is the product of seven peoples. Of these, three — Greece, Italy, and Spain — represent the

South; three — England, Germany, and Russia — represent the North; France, the seventh, or rather the first, is at once North and South, Celtic and Latin, Gothic and Greek: in her firmament two lights meet and mingle, across her bosom two hands are clasped in the bond of unity. Such is the glorious prerogative of France; in her skies both sun and stars are shining, in her empyrean the halo of the Orient gleams amid the glittering splendor of the North. In darkness, her light glows brightest, in the black night of war and revolution her refulgence is unshadowed, and her aurora is indeed perpetual dawn. At some day, not far distant, the seven nations of humanity will unite and blend, like the seven colors of the prism, into one celestial, radiant whole; and beneath the majestic rainbow of the “United Peoples of Europe,” the enraptured world will dwell forever, lapped in the miracle of eternal peace.







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